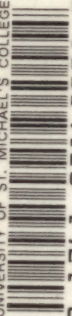


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HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR
SAILOR AND JESUIT



HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, R.N.

1852

Frontispiece.

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR

SAILOR AND JESUIT

BY

HON. MRS. MAXWELL-SCOTT

OF ABBOTSFORD

WITH TWO PORTRAITS AND A MAP

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1901

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LIST OF PORTRAITS

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, R.N., 1852 . . . *Frontispiece*

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, 1881 . . . *To face page 207*

MAP OF THE ZAMBESI MISSION, S.J. . . . *At end of book*

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE been asked by those whose wishes, as Cardinal Newman says, are at such moments a command, to compile this little memorial of their brother. It has been a labour of love, and I can but regret that it should be so unworthy of its subject; but all who knew and loved Schomberg Kerr will be able to fill in for themselves the many things wanting in this portrait of their friend. I must add here a few words concerning his family.

All passes quickly, and there are not many now alive who remember the happy family circle at Huntlyburn — Lord and Lady Henry and their six children. My own first recollections belong to the year 1856, the days when Schomberg was a midshipman, just returned from the Crimea; and a little later come visions of Henrietta riding down to Abbotsford with her father, and having tea with the little cousin. A few years later again, and Henrietta had realised her wish of devoting herself to God's service, and the three brothers were scattered in different parts of the world — William pursuing a successful career in India, whence he returned in 1866, and shortly afterwards entered the Society of Jesus; Schomberg at sea; and Francis also in India with the Rifle Brigade.

There was a strong family likeness between them. Schomberg was always unmistakably his mother's son, and early in life showed that he inherited from her that power of organisation and untiring activity that distinguished her in spite of her constant weak health. Francis was more like his father, very handsome, and the type of a soldier, with all a soldier's good qualities. He joined the Rifle Brigade, and in 1870 married the eldest daughter of Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, and after what seemed so brief an interval of happiness was taken from his wife and family in the prime of his life at Malta in 1884.

During the years that followed, Schomberg, as far as his duties permitted, devoted himself to the interests of his sister-in-law and her children, and was the great family adviser and helper for them as for so many others. Schomberg's second sister, Mary, married in 1871 Mr. John Kenyon. To her, and to William, still with us, I may only allude here, but this memoir shows how intimately their lives and interests were interwoven with Schomberg's own.

Of those gone from us, and whose names occur in these pages, none, perhaps, took a greater part in the family life than Schomberg's aunts, Cecil, Lady Lothian, and Mrs. Hope of Luffness. To all the younger generation, on both sides, they were second mothers in kindness and affection, as well as intimate sharers and helpers in their parents' joys and sorrows.

Unfortunately for us, very few family papers have been preserved, and it is especially disappointing that

Schomberg's letters to his sister Henrietta have, with one exception, been destroyed—probably by his own express wish. He, on the other hand, treasured her letters to the end, and they were among the very few things he habitually carried with him.

With this lack of material a real life of Schomberg would be impossible, and I must disclaim all pretension to such an attempt. I have but gathered together the material afforded by his journals and letters, and by the reminiscences of some of his most intimate friends, in an endeavour to give some impression of his character and aims. The journals, although often interesting in the experiences they record, and the descriptions of his travels and his work, tell us very little of his inner life and feelings; and this is to be expected from one so reserved and so humble about anything to do with himself; but, as a friend has well said, although they do not profess to reveal the man, they often betray him, especially when read in the light of the testimony of those who knew him well, and who could see the results of his self-denying labours.

In conclusion, I desire to express my grateful thanks to all those who, by their kind co-operation and advice, have helped me to prepare this volume.

M. M. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, *May* 25, 1901.

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR

SAILOR AND JESUIT

CHAPTER I

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR, R.N., S.J.

HENRY SCHOMBERG KERR was the second son of Lord Henry Kerr, son of the sixth Marquis of Lothian, and of Louisa Dorothea, daughter of General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, son of John, second Earl of Hopetoun.

Schomberg, as he was usually called, to distinguish him from his father, was born on August 15, 1838, at the Rectory, Dittisham, and was baptized on September 24 by Lord Henry, who was then rector of the parish. Dittisham is a small village picturesquely situated on the river Dart, nine miles below Totnes, at the point where the Dart widens and becomes a tidal river, flowing between high banks clothed with trees, till it reaches Dartmouth, and loses itself in the sea. The village stands on rising ground, in the midst of plum trees, for which the neighbourhood is famous, and the Rectory, placed higher still, looks down on the village and river, and on the quaint horse-ferry, even now the only approach from the Torquay side.

The living had been presented to Lord Henry by his

cousin, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and was his home from 1830 till he resigned the living in 1851. In his boyhood he had wished to be a sailor, but at his father's wish he had given this up and entered the Church. This early desire of his father's, as well as the surroundings of his own daily life—in which the river and the sea were such prominent features—may probably have influenced Schomberg in his choice of a career in after days.

A happy, innocent childhood offers few incidents to the biographer, but in this case we already possess a record of the home life at Dittisham in the Memoir of Schomberg's sister, Madame Henrietta Kerr, and our readers will pardon us if we sometimes refer to what is also, in many ways, a history of Schomberg's life. "The children at Dittisham," says Madame Kerr's biographer, "certainly had a very happy time, and many things combined to add to their happiness. Their little Exmoor ponies were a great delight, but better even than these, perhaps, was their father's boat on the river, light enough for the boys and their sister to row, and safe enough to sail. It was before the days of steamers on the Dart, and the railway to Totnes was quite a recent event, but expeditions by road or river made the most enjoyable holidays." The favourite *ploy* (to use a well-remembered expression) was to Governor Holdsworth's residence, Brookhill, beautifully situated on a richly wooded bank opposite Dartmouth Castle; but there were occasional visits to cousins in North Devon, and near Exeter and Plymouth, which were looked forward to with great delight.

Those who were privileged to know Lord and Lady Henry Kerr will realise what their example and teaching must have done for the moral training and education of their children, who were also, almost from

their babyhood, taught a very practical love for the poor. "Lady Henry, although always more or less of an invalid, devoted her unfailing energy and charity to aiding her poor and sick neighbours. She was the doctor for all the illnesses in the parish, and as soon as her children could walk she would send them to carry medicines and food to the sick poor. She would insist on their looking at the wounds, withered limbs, or deformities of the poor people, and taught them to make themselves useful in the cottages, which they visited, by tidying or other good offices. She would train them also to charity by encouraging them to leave part of their meals, in order to have more to take to the sick, and she endeavoured to make them choose Fridays and Vigils for this mortification. This, however, they afterwards naïvely confessed, was felt the less, because on those days she always gave them cold mutton and rice puddings, or any dishes which she knew would not be likely to tempt their appetites."¹

The first marked incident in Schomberg's life is thus described by his sister Henrietta: "When I was five," she writes, "the birth of a sister made a great stir in the nursery, and no words can describe my irritation and distress at being no longer the object of universal attention. My eldest and third brothers immediately transferred their allegiance to her, and a very wholesome epoch of teasing and humiliation began for me. It was in one of these moments that, having hidden in the garden to cry, my second brother (Schomberg) came to look for me, and made me climb with him to the top of a hayrick, and there promised me solemnly that henceforth he would always be my friend and champion. I made him the warmest protestations in return, and

¹ Life of Madame Henrietta Kerr.

amongst other things promised to adopt the same career in life as he. He said we ought to take an oath over it, but no one knew how to set about it. We knew that Abraham and Isaac had taken oaths, but we did not know how; so, joining our hands together, we told Almighty God that we intended to do as Abraham and Isaac had done. He kept his word to me through life."

From some notes, written in after years by Schomberg, relating to this beloved sister, we also glean a few pleasant details of their mutual occupations. We learn how, in the holidays, Henrietta was almost "a fourth brother," sharing their pastimes, and whether with ball, dog, spade, or paddle holding her own, and when "papa took the boys" with axe and saw to thin the plantations, Henrietta would beg to come too, and enjoyed it as much as the others. "And this constant companionship," continues her brother, "made her worth many sisters, her brightening and softening influence tempering not only the home but every aspect of home life, so that the schoolboys were really toned down, and went back to their masters with something of that gentleness of look and manner which ordinarily only home and a sister's smile can give."

The children's grandmother, Lady Hope, to whom they were all devoted, was constantly at Dittisham, and among many visits from other relations one is specially described as a most bright and happy one, when Schomberg's uncle, Mr. James Hope, the much loved "Uncle Jim," and his betrothed, Charlotte Lockhart, accompanied by Lady Davy, spent some days at Dittisham. This was in 1847, and we may suppose that the question of Schomberg's school life was already being considered. Glenalmond College, in Perthshire, which was to be his first school, and of which his uncle was one of the chief

founders, was opened in the course of this year, and in the following September Schomberg entered.¹

It is tantalising to have no record of his first experiences of school life. We can but picture to ourselves the daily life of a Glenalmond scholar, which, in the days we are referring to, had a tinge of mediævalism and even of poetry. Glenalmond presented more the aspect of an ancient college than of a modern school, and the whole early discipline of the college, especially in the matter of "surveillance," was in sympathy with the old traditions. A quaint little example of training in good manners, quite in keeping with the future Wykehamite's famous motto, is specially recorded. It was usual, it seems, for the boys to present their masters daily with bouquets of flowers gathered from their own gardens—heather, or bluebells, or the like. In many of these customs, and in the architecture of the chapel, which greatly resembles that of Merton College, Oxford, we may recognise the influence of Mr. Hope's mediæval studies and predilections. After spending a year at Glenalmond, Schomberg was sent to Winchester. The cathedral and college of Winchester possess an interest and charm all their own for those who visit the beautiful old city, and Wykehamites seem to retain a very special affection for their college. In the words of a contemporary poet, its—

". . . rugged chambers old
In their gloom and rudeness hold
Dear remembrances of gold."

¹ This college had been founded by some of the leading Scottish Episcopalians, and W. E. Gladstone, and J. Hope, of the new Anglican High Church Party. The headmaster, or warden, was Charles Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld and St. Andrews), late sub-warden of Winchester; and the sub-warden was H. S. Moberly, also connected with Winchester. The new college was therefore looked upon as an affiliation from the foundation of William of Wykeham.

And certainly the beautiful buildings of the school and chapel, the clear stream hard by, and the green hills famous in college customs, must ever remain a pleasant memory.

Schomberg was a true son of Winchester, and when, in 1887, the present writer had the pleasure of revisiting the college with him, she well remembers the delight with which he saw the familiar scenes, and the keen interest he took in recalling and describing college customs. While passing under the second gateway, he pointed out to her with special pleasure the statue of our Lady which still remains in its niche, and which the boys daily honour by lifting their caps as they pass under the archway.¹ Wykeham had a singular devotion to our Blessed Lady, and at least two other statues of her remain, unmutilated, in the college buildings, bearing witness to this devotion.

To return, however, to the year 1850, the official notice of Schomberg's entrance into the college,² and a few details of his school life are all that remain to us of those days. On his arrival, Dr. Barter, then warden, and a neighbour and beloved friend of the Kerrs in

¹ "When impious men bore sway
And wasted Church and shrine,
And cloister and old abbey,
And works of men divine;
Though upon all things sacred
Their robber hands they laid,
They did not tear from Wykeham's gate
The Blessed Mother-Maid."

—LORD SELBORNE.

² "Henry Schomberg Kerr (born August 15, 1838, Dittisham). Lieutenant, Royal Navy. Second son of Lord Henry Francis Kerr, descendant of third Duke of Schomberg." Thus runs the entry in the present college register.

Devonshire, took a marked interest in him and placed him under the kindly "tutorship" of Mr. W. Pode, one of the leading boys of the school, and belonging, like himself, to a Devonshire family. Mr. Pode tells us that he was much liked and respected as a thoroughly good and high-principled boy, and that he did well in his studies. The Dean of Lincoln, in his interesting contribution to "Winchester College" by "old Wykehamites," gives so graphic a picture of the state of the college about the time Schomberg joined, that we cannot refrain from quoting the following passage:—

"The picturesque hardness of the life which the Trollopes have described to the world had disappeared under the kindly rule of Warden Barter. We had not to wash at a frozen conduit, nor to breakfast at ten o'clock on bread and cheese and beer, nor to dine at six off wooden trenchers. The trenchers were there still, but side by side with modern plates. But we still slept in the old wooden beds in chambers, and sat at 'scobs' in school. We spent our days (until we were prefects, *plena potestate*) between Seventh Chamber passage and Mead's wall, only going out of college on Sunday to the midday service at cathedral, and on week-days to 'Hill's,' and then, as the *Tabula legum* enjoined, *sociati incedentes*. We still took the oath in chapel to observe the statutes. We were asked in Election Chamber if we could sing, and answered, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' We still said 'standings up,' and went up to 'Pulpiteers,' and wrote 'vulguses' and 'varsings,' and understood the point of view of days when a false quantity was serious enough to give its name to a corner of Mead's."

Notwithstanding the milder discipline instituted by

Warden Barter, and the kindly rule of Schomberg's "tutor," Winchester school life must have been rough enough; and the walk to "Hill's" before breakfast on cold mornings, to say nothing of the severe discipline of the prefects, must have been good training for his naval life.

CHAPTER II

EARLY NAVAL DAYS

WHILE Schomberg was thus spending his last two years of school life at Winchester, his father, with so many other great and good men, was passing through the crisis of his religious life. Although by no means so high a Churchman as Newman, Pusey, Hurrell Froude, and others, Lord Henry was deeply interested in their writings and opinions, and gradually adopted many of the changes brought about by them in the Anglican ceremonial. He established week-day services in the church at Dittisham, the Communion service was held every month instead of twice a year as hitherto, and the diary, which he kept very regularly, shows us how earnestly and zealously he laboured, in these and other ways, for what he considered to be the spiritual welfare of his parishioners. Cardinal Newman's conversion was at first a great shock to him, for as yet he felt little attraction to the Catholic Church, although he was unconsciously advancing towards the truth, aided, no doubt, by his unselfish work for the souls under his charge, and his own sincere and earnest endeavour to do God's will in all things.

In 1849, the judgment given in the celebrated Gorham case was to him, as also to his brother-in-law, Mr. James Hope, the event which finally shook his confidence in the Church of England; and from that moment he began to entertain thoughts of resigning

his living and becoming a Catholic. He left Dittisham in 1851, spending the next few months in study and prayer for guidance. He was received into the Church at Clifton, August 24, 1852, and his reception was followed shortly by that of Lady Henry and five of his children. Schomberg was just going to sea when his father took this great step, and, as we shall see, did not enter the Church until May 1855.

On July 15, 1852, he had been appointed to his first ship, H.M.S. *Vengeance*, as naval cadet, and he joined the following month.

In the unfortunate absence of any letters or journals relating to these early naval days, we very thankfully avail ourselves of the description Schomberg gives us of life on board H.M.S. *Vengeance*, in a short paper written in 1895, to commemorate his friendship with the late lamented Admiral Sir George Tryon. This graphic picture of a "middy's" life in the days just before the Crimean War has a special, and we may almost say an "old-world" interest, now that our "wooden walls" have given way to the modern battleship, and to the consequently altered conditions of life.

"It was in August 1852," writes Schomberg, "that I first met George Tryon, midshipman of H.M.S. *Vengeance*, captain, Lord Edward Russell. The Mediterranean Squadron, which was then in the zenith of its power and prestige, was anchored in Salamis Bay, and evening evolutions aloft were actually going on as I stepped on board. Great was the excitement on the crowded deck, and it was with some difficulty I threaded my way aft, scrambling over flakes and coils of rope, to report my arrival to the commander. Tryon, as mate of the signals, was also on the poop, and so had already noticed and reported the approach of the cutter of

H.M.S. *Sampson*. He was tall and handsome, quite six feet, and finely proportioned. His eye was quick and penetrating, his glance enough to show that he was master of his department, though a midshipman's patch still decked his jacket. However, I had not many moments then, for the sharp voice of the commander addressing a younger mid. rang through the first lull, 'Take this youngster below.' This was my introduction to the present Sir William Robert Mends, one of the smartest officers that ever graced the quarter-deck.

"In those days the old style still prevailed. The post-captain lived in state and retirement. Like the Scotch parson, he was often invisible for six days of the week, and incomprehensible on the seventh. The commander practically governed the ship, and to be brought before the captain on Thursday mornings was a terrible thing, resulting generally in 'four dozen' or a 'week's cells'—the time being spent 'one or both legs in irons.' Lord Edward, however, was the kindest of men, and took great interest in his ship. In those days there was not much red tape; provided a captain did his duty by dining with the admiral, and kept agreeable relations with the flag-captain and other brother chiefs, he and his ship were sure to get on. The *Vengeance*, moreover, was exceptional. She was an 84, built on the lines of the old *Canopus*, a prize from the French during the war of fifty years before. Below, her lines were good, and though to some degree wall-sided, with tumble-in decks above, and in this sense a box of guns, yet as a line-of-battle-ship she was one of the most successful types of her times, combining an average weight of metal with swiftness and quick manœuvring powers. Indeed, in this latter respect, the

Vengeance was second to none. Her quickness in stays was remarkable, and no ship held a better wind. In heavy weather she beat the *Phaeton*,¹ and in light the *Arethusa*, the two crack 50-gun frigates of the time. 'Aloft,' too, the *Vengeance* would yield the palm to none. The cock crowned the main-truck, and the paying-off pendant tipped the waters far astern. Things were then at their best in the Royal Navy. It was the last of the poetic days of mast and sails and volunteer crews. Our men were mostly splendid fellows, who, like many others when ashore, graced the 'Hand' or the 'Hoe,' waiting the pendant of some well-known captain to be hoisted on board some favourite ship, and then, if the commander pleased them, they would enter in numbers. In this way a smart ship would get a smart crew, for every man would show his 'parchment,' and the officers could select whom they would.

"The crew of the *Vengeance* numbered 750 men all told. They had been three years together, and officers, seamen, and marines were proud of their ship. . . . Every forenoon, when not one of fifty ever-ready excuses could be brought to bear, such as weather, watch, evolutions, general quarters, all midshipmen and cadets underwent two hours with the naval instructor. . . .

"The stay in Salamis Bay was not long. On leaving, we cruised up the Adriatic as far as Corfu, and then the whole squadron met, and many for the last time, as the fortifications were destroyed and the islands given up some years after. These beautiful spots were a favourite rendezvous and afforded plenty of fun ashore, so the youngsters of the period condemned the act of Mr. Glad-

¹ The *Vengeance* was nicknamed the "Wind's Eye Liner," and the *Phaeton* the "Wind's Eye Frigate."

stone and his political friends right roundly. Malta and Gibraltar were our next places of call, and then, in the fall of the year, the *Vengeance* passed the Straits and steered homewards.

"We had not been out long when one morning, just after breakfast, there was a sudden commotion on deck. The weather was fine and clear, and the calm surface was just broken by a gentle ripple, but Tryon and his signal-watch had caught the first appearance of a white squall and given the alarm. All plain sail was set and the men at morning quarters, but in a trice 'Clear lower deck' rang through the ship, the helm was put up, halyards lowered, sheets let go, but before sail was shortened and royals furled the squall struck the ship. It came on at first as a low foaming wall, not unlike a tidal wave. Then, as it neared and gathered strength, the wind, driving the surface water ahead, raised a bank of mist and spray, enveloping first the horizon and then the ship. The cross jack-yard snapped in two like a broomstick right over Tryon's head. Away went the foretop gallant mast, sprung at the cap, and the main topsail and others were badly split. The squall, however, passed away almost as quickly as it came. No one was seriously hurt, and the damages aloft were quickly made good. The mate of the signals, on those occasions, sometimes took charge of the mizzenmast, and on that day he was able to put in practice some of his theories in replacing the lower yard.

"At Lisbon the *Vengeance* joined the Channel Squadron, which was indeed waiting our arrival. We anchored there, not far inside the bar, and after a detention of some days from rough weather the admiral made a venture at putting to sea. The paddle steamers

took the 'wooden walls' in tow and made gallantly for the bar; but the sea was running heavily and the ship became unmanageable, so we had to let go our tugs and bear up for the anchorage. The *Vengeance*, at one moment, was in danger of injuring herself and her consort, who, I well remember, when on the top of the bar dropped anchor just under our bow. Lord Edward was in a great state, and shook his glass mightily at the benighted captain. However, the jib and staysail were quickly up and saved a collision. Afterwards Captain —— came on board and confessed his mistake, which appeased our chief. Next day we tried again, and passed the bar successfully.

"We then made sail and took our appointed station. All were on the alert, and the spirit of emulation ran high, as amongst these channel-gropers we had the prestige of our own squadron to sustain. . . .

"Whatever else we did we were sure to 'reef topsails' every evening, and as our sails were fitted with buckets we naturally beat them all hollow, so one morning the admiral ordered us to fit the spare set with points like the rest of the squadron and send them up. But this made little difference; our men were so nimble and sharp from constant practice, and possessed so much goodwill, that no Channel crew could touch them. The smartness aloft was really marvellous; 'reef topsails' was the work of seconds—always under the minute, 'shift topsails,' 2 minutes 10 seconds, &c., so in other departments, especially in gun-drill, the times were equally good. All this was mainly due to the fine spirit and training of our commander, William Robert Mends. . . . On going to sea I had often heard my father and my elders say, 'It all depends on his first ship,' little knowing what it meant. But now, after the lapse of forty

years and more, I can say that as an officer and seaman those few months with Mends had the greatest effect on me, and indeed shaped my career. He formed us to love order and active habits, and besides gave us a taste for our profession. I can see him now, standing on the quarter-deck, taking in all at a glance; I can hear his sharp, commanding voice, which made every one jump, and brooked no delay. Woe betide the youngster lolling on a gun-carriage, late for duty, or who had overlooked a swabtail out of place. Punishments then were thought less of than now. There was plenty of water grog and black lists, No. 1 and No. 2, nor were cells and cat-o'-nine-tails of rare occurrence; indeed, a tradition still held that not long before, in one smart ship, the 'gratings' were always rigged, and the last man up from below and down from aloft, were then and there 'seized up.' As for brats of midshipmen, what with mastheading, leave-stopping, extra watch on deck, and frequent cobblings in the gun-room below, they were well kept in order, and lost most of their angles, but not their spirit.

"On arrival at Plymouth the *Vengeance* was paid down, and the crew granted six weeks' leave."

(The *Vengeance* returned home towards the end of the year, and Schomberg spent some time with his parents at Tunbridge Wells; but in the early spring of 1853, he set sail again in her to join the Mediterranean Squadron as he himself relates.)

"War was brewing in the East, and the combined Squadrons were assembling in Besika Bay, where we lay for six months, anchored in two long lines of battle. There was mutual curiosity, but not much intercourse between the two squadrons. We felt things were better as they were. The French presented a very good appear-

ance, and their battleships almost numbered ours. The English had the inshore berth, and we generally lay with our heads up stream; but one day we all unexpectedly swung round, when the *pars altera*—i.e. the other side of our neighbours—presented a sorry appearance, quite the opposite of the usual ‘spit and polish.’ Occasionally, too, there was a whisper of keel-hauling, suggested probably by the yard-arm whips for hogging ship. They were fairly smart and neat aloft, and their boats pulled a stroke which was novel to us, and not calculated to come in first. Altogether ‘Johnnie Crappo’ amused and interested us. After some months, however, it became very dull, and so we were glad enough to drop down off Tenedos Island, where we were alone for some weeks, shaking off an epidemic of Levant fever. We were also visited by swarms of locusts, which clung to masts, rigging, and decks.

“At last, after many rumours, the combined squadrons weighed early one morning, and neared the Dardanelles. The sailing ships were taken in tow. The *Vengeance* had two steamers¹ ahead, but as we entered the narrows we stemmed the stream but slowly. Somewhere about Sestos and Abydos the grand French new two-decker *Napoleon*, quite the finest ship on the station, with two line-of-battle-ships astern, passed us as if at anchor. It was humiliating for the moment. We had the *Agamemnon* and the *Sanspareil*, but neither was her equal. Arrived off the Bosphorus, in due course we passed up the Golden Horn, and anchored finally in Beikos Bay, a sheltered reach on the Asiatic shore, with a good view of Therapia and Buyukdere across the stream, where dwelt the ambassadors, and notably Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. A Turkish squadron was cruising in the

¹ The *Retribution* and *Sampson*.

Euxine, and suddenly one morning we heard of their destruction at Sinope, one vessel only, if I remember right, escaping with the news. Immediately the squadrons weighed, and made for their relief, but in the Bay of Sinope there was not a ship to be seen; some had foundered at their anchors, others were wrecked on the beach, not a few blown up, while the Russians had made off to their lair. It was said they had surprised their enemy, creeping in under cover of a fog, and laying their ships alongside almost without being seen. The foreshore was strewn with relics, and I noticed a ship's anchor that had been blown some seventy yards inside the water line. After discovering the state of things, and rendering what help we could, Admiral Dundas, despatching Sir Edmund Lyons in the *Agamemnon* to the north with secret orders, returned with the squadron to winter quarters in Beikos Bay. Christmas was approaching, and we were glad enough to find shelter from the wintry Black Sea weather.

"Our anchorage was snug; but it fell to my lot, as midshipman of the jolly-boat, to turn out each morning at 3.30 A.M. and take the stewards across to Therapia. It was a cold job, especially when the north wind made a funnel of the upper Bosphorus; but it was better than washing decks, with lanterns and bare feet, on a frosty morning. We generally got back when morning evolutions aloft, the ensign, and the band had ushered in the official day. The captain and officers did what they could to make the 'New Year' merry. There were sports and games ashore and on board. I remember we acted 'Macbeth' to the satisfaction of a large audience. . . . We were all glad when suddenly we received orders to enter the Black Sea. Baljik Bay became our principal anchorage, and from thence we

cruised all about, sighting Sebastopol, and the Russian fleet safe within. Our presence did not tempt them out, but they had one or two fast steamers which at times ran along the coast. Fogs were frequent, and so we mostly kept the open sea. Line-of-battle was the ordinary formation—the *Ville de Paris* and *Britannia* leading—frigates and other smaller vessels keeping their appointed stations. One morning, after the leading flagships had exchanged compliments, they simultaneously hoisted the signal, 'Chase to windward,' to two ships of each squadron; in other words, for a race in the wind's eye. On board the *Ville de Paris* the pendants of the *Jupiter* and *Algiers* were flying, and on our side the *London* and *Vengeance* answered the signal.

"Directly the flags left the masthead, we hauled out of our respective lines, which were then close hauled on the port tack, the French being to windward and the wind north-east. But smart ships, besides quickening their pace, can always lie a point and more nearer the wind than the average line-of-battle can; so we all four soon crept to windward and ahead. The breeze was light, all plain sail was set, every bowline out, and the best quartermaster 'conned' the ship. We knew our respective merits pretty well. The *Jupiter* was much like a smaller edition of ourselves, and in a sense we chummed. The *London* was a finer vessel, bound, we thought, to be a good second. We had met before in the Channel Squadron. The *Algiers* was comparatively a new vessel we knew very little of. She was of more tonnage, and evidently sailed well. She had a novel bow, which attracted attention, I remember, and as the breeze freshened her entrance became more marked, the divided waters being shot up in a singular way. In the *Algiers*, however, we saw our chief rival, and all on

board, from the captain to the cook, were interested in the chase. . . . This trial was a test, not only of the powers of the ship, but also of seamanship and navigation. Tides and currents have a great effect, and a close observation of these, tacking at the right moments, may often decide the day. The sails were well set. There was not a fault to be found. The yards braced up as they had never been before—tacks and sheets hardened home from time to time, and bow-lines rehauled—the weather leashes just touching the wind. But notwithstanding, the *Algiers* was still to windward.

“As the day sped on, the contest became closer. We trimmed ship, ran in our lee guns, and shifted the position of others. Later on, hammocks were piped down, and the watch below, taking a 32-lb. shot with them, turned in. This bit of jockeying gave spring to the ship, and we shot ahead. The old ship quivered. We were at our best, and this a sailor can tell with the same preciseness as a jockey. During the afternoon we worked well to windward, and generally gained in stays. Meanwhile the combined squadron kept on their course, and were far away to leeward, but quite within signal distance. Sunset found the *Algiers* and the *Vengeance* closing on opposite tacks. We had been some miles apart, but were equally determined not to try conclusions. Both hugged the wind, and as we drew near, it was difficult to say which would pass to windward of the other. We were on the port tack, and it looked at one moment as if we should have to bear up, but the wind favoured us in the nick of time and we held our own, till, under the bows of the *Algiers*, we put our helm down. This brought her close under our stern, and not being able to weather, she passed under our lee. Strong language was heard on board the Frenchman, as her flying boom

crossed our taffrail, but we could not comfort them. The *Algiers* was now becalmed; we forged both ahead and to windward. The 'recall' was made, and we all bore up together. Thus ended an interesting day.

"Shortly after this event we returned to our anchorage in Baljik Bay. It was the end of April. War had been declared, and the combined forces were pouring into Varna. Operations on the Danube had already commenced, and so, after a short delay, the squadrons weighed again, and appeared this time off the fortified town of Odessa—quite the most important centre in the Southern Empire. The line-of-battle-ships anchored in the open roadstead; but the steamers, and some boats, manned and armed, went into the harbour and bombarded the forts for some hours. A Frenchman came out with a red-hot shot in her bow, but there was not much havoc done on either side, though the forts were silenced for the nonce, and unfortunately some damage was done to the town. I remember landing after the war, and seeing several shots nicely painted and set in the inner walls of the governor's house, where they became quite interesting decorations.

"The prettiest evolution, however, of the day was the action of the 50-gun frigate *Arctusa* with an outlying battery, which was signalled to attack. The wind was off shore, and, making all sail, she worked her way to closer quarters in fine style, engaging the enemy at the same time. It was a novel sight, a spectacle, the ideal of a sea and shore fight, which our generation never saw before or after. We sailed away, without further decisive action, and shortly after returning to our anchorage, the *Vengeance* was ordered round to Varna. In taking up an inshore berth we had to thread our way amongst the crowded shipping, and

the smart manner in which the ship was handled, and the way she responded to every call, won the admiration of all. On shore among the troops there was much suffering from sickness and short commons. Most of us had some friend amongst them, and we did our best to relieve them. . . . Not long after, when furling sail on dropping anchor again in Baljik Bay, I was in the mizzen-top, and the captain of the top, coming down from the topsail-yard, pointed over the high land, saying, 'There is the cholera cloud.' A hot breeze presently passed over the ship, but we had no time to think much about it, as Tryon was calling out from the deck, 'Silence aloft, clear the top.' At nine that night a suspicious case was brought before the doctor, and by midnight the captain had reported a case of cholera to the admiral. We were sent to sea that very moment, a common rendezvous being appointed. One by one the squadron followed us, till the line-of-battle was formed again. It was a dismal six weeks' cruising about, without anything to enliven us. Morning and night, each ship signalled the number of sick and dead, and Tryon made his report. We had 100 on the sick-list at one time. The ship's company had not a panic, but every man that had a stomachic pain took it from fright. The immunity of the officers was remarkable. It was put down to better living. But the gun-room mess did not shine in those days; we had more than our share of salt horse—I mean real junk, fit for a snuff-box. Every night watch, as each man answered his muster, he got a tot of grog, and this did much to encourage the men. Splicing the main-brace had a magic effect in those days. . . .

"We buried twenty-five men; and a funeral at sea is a very impressive sight. It is curious to remark, but a

flogging and a funeral were the two things that stirred men to the depths, and tested the spirit of a ship's company. Both were public acts, carried out with some ceremony, and both left their mark. We were glad, then, when the plague ceased, and convalescence allowed us to assemble once more off Baljik's Heights. We found we had lost but few, compared with some others, notably the flagship *Britannia*, which lost some 140 men, including the whole of one mess of thirty and more. . . .

"After much hesitation, the invasion of the Crimea was decided upon, and by September 8 all had put to sea. We numbered about 800 vessels, perhaps the largest Armada, tonnage as well as numbers considered, that the world had ever seen. The English navy did not appreciate carrying troops, and their dislike was respected. The French had no choice; their men-of-war were crowded. However, we carried extra boats and barges of every size, as expeditious landing was all-important. Captain Mends, who was now flag-captain to Sir Edmund Lyons, was charged with all arrangements, and very full and elaborate they were. We had all to make a copy of his instructions. Fortunately the weather favoured the expedition from first to last. On nearing the Crimea we anchored in the open sea out of sight of land, whilst the leaders chose the point of disembarkation and made their final plans. On the night of September 13 we weighed, and by daylight we were timed to be in position, stretched along the coast, a few miles north of Eupatoria. After breakfast, all being ready, the landing commenced. There was great rivalry and great goodwill. Within an hour from the signal, 10,000 men were on the beach, and among the first heavily-laden cargoes to reach the shore was

George Tryon's. The landing operation lasted three or four days, and when complete, the ships accompanied the soldiers along the coast.

"On the memorable 20th day of September the fleet, anchored off the Alma, watched the battle. That day the signal department kept their watch aloft. Many officers joined them, but the volumes of smoke and the broken ground marred the general view. The charge of the French and the Turks up the heights, the flank movements assisted by the steamers' guns, and the retreat of the enemy, were distinctly visible; but of the English army we could distinguish but little, though I remember well 'the grey charger.'¹ The following days were spent in embarking the sick and wounded and landing stores for the army, and then the allied fleet sighted Sebastopol; but what was our sorrow when we saw a line of low mastheads keeping the port. We then learnt that the whole of the garrison had been on Alma's heights, and that now, as a last resort, they had sunk their ships across the entrance and effectually barred us out. We gloomily anchored off the Katcha, feeling our chance had gone.

"Our stay there was broken by many an incident. On October 17 operations by sea and land commenced, and there was a general bombardment, in which all the ships took part. The old wooden walls were towed into position, and we let go our anchor about 1500 yards off Fort Constantine, and there we remained peppering for three or four hours, and being peppered, fortunately without much loss. Shots passed over and fell all about, but we were only hit some score of times, and had but two men wounded. It was humorously said that the two lords, *Vengeance* and *Bellerophon*

¹ Probably Sir George Brown's.

(Lord George Paulet), were the last out of action; but the honours of the day fell to the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, who, being able to close with the batteries, fought well and suffered much.

"On November 5 we got glimpses of Inkerman from the Katcha, but could not follow the battle; and finally, the great gale on November 14 worked great distress. We were on a lee shore—escape was impossible—but the *Vengeance*, though holding the inshore berth of the line, with three anchors down, rode out the storm like a duck. But there were three French liners ahead, and they all three sprang their rudder heads. Another, the *Henri Quatre*, was stranded at Eupatoria. The *Britannia* had many feet of water in her hold. Under our stern lay the *Sampson*, with decks swept, and all three masts carried away by merchantmen dropping foul, as they drifted on shore. She looked a complete wreck, tossed about in the trough of the sea. It was at this moment that, forgetting herself, she hoisted the signal on a jurymast, 'Permission to engage the enemy' (the Cossacks were harassing the wrecks ashore); she got it, and opened fire abaft with her 68-pounder. It was a fine sight. Her captain, Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, was a chip of the old block, and it was said that it was only in such moments that he was seen to smile. I, too, have reason to be grateful to this brave old salt, for, on the passage out, he put me into a canvas rig, dipped my hands into the tar bucket, and sent me aloft—and certainly I never saw him smile.

"Another critical incident was the escape of the *Terrible*, the largest and most powerful paddle-wheel steamer we had. She had done good service, and had chased the *Vladimir* into port more than once, but now she was fast drifting, and was already inside the outer

line of breakers, and well-nigh the second. At this moment her paddles revolved, and she was very slowly rounding to, when a heavy sea struck her amidships. The weather paddle-box boat, weighing many tons, was lifted bodily in, and fears were entertained that the sea, which had broken over her, had put out the fires. It was a moment of anxiety, and none could help. Happily, however, she battled on bravely, and after a time weathered the breakers, and steamed out nobly. Not another ship could have done it. But the losses of the allies, both on shore and sea, were very great—that of the *Prince* off Balaclava being at once the saddest and most serious.

“After this experience, and winter being upon us, the ships were withdrawn into safer quarters, and many went home. The *Vengeance* lingered in Kasatch Bay for some little time, and then also followed the rest.”

Owing to the kindness of one of Schomberg's greatest friends, a brother officer on H.M.S. *Vengeance*, we are able to supplement his own narrative by a few words, which show the impression he made on his companions:—

“We served together from 1852 to end of 1854 on the *Vengeance*,” writes Admiral Pollard. “It was then our lifelong friendship was formed. He was about four years younger, and so I had it in my power to help him in various ways. His straightforward and courteous disposition made him a general favourite, and to myself he was most loving and kind. I remember well at the attack of the allied fleets on Sebastopol my dear friend two or three times came to my quarters to see if I was all right. He was full of courage, and perfectly calm.”

Another brother officer on the *Vengeance* has also kindly recorded his recollections of Schomberg in those

his earliest naval days: "I first knew Schomberg Kerr," says Mr. Allen, "in 1852, being messmate with him on board H.M.S. *Vengeance*. He was a general favourite, both good-tempered and good-natured. Youngsters on board are always ready to provide nicknames, so gladly welcome any peculiarity of their messmates by which to recognise them. Evidently the only flaw they could detect in Schomberg Kerr was a slight lisp; having settled that, he was supposed to answer to the name 'Thomberg.'

"In September 1854 the battle of Alma was fought. We arrived off the Alma the day previous to the battle. Schomberg Kerr was told off for the duty of assisting in disembarking and landing of troops from a number of other ships, merchant transports and men-of-war. The *Vengeance*, with other ships, was told off for particular service, that of attacking the Russian squadron in the event of their coming out of harbour. The battle of Alma was, however, fought by the military. Such only of our steam vessels as could approach in shallower waters were engaged, and made use of their guns as opportunity offered.

"At the bombardment of Sebastopol, October 17, 1854, we were more fortunate. The sailing ships, of which the *Vengeance* was one, were towed into action by steamers. The *Highflyer* steam corvette, commanded by Captain John Moore, a nephew of Sir John Moore of Corunna, was lashed on our off side. On the afternoon of that date the engagement took place. All ships struck lower yards, and topmasts had the rigging 'snaked,' which is done to prevent its falling on the men below should it be shot away. While the *Vengeance* was being towed in, the lower deck was cleared for action, and everything unnecessary removed. We,

the gun-room officers, dined *à la Turque* on the floor. I remember cold mutton was the nature of the feast. Schomberg Kerr's station during engagement was on the main deck quarters, under the lieutenant in charge. The bombardment lasted from two in the afternoon till after dark. We were struck by a shot below water-line, and had four feet of water in the hold; some ships were, of course, in a much worse plight, the *Arethusa* being very badly damaged under water. When the engagement was over, we anchored out of range, the ship was heeled over, and the leak temporarily repaired. Next morning every one had a headache from the din. The sound had been heard thirty miles off, at Eupatoria.

"As senior assistant paymaster, it was my duty to see the midshipmen's log-books present on the captain's (Lord Edward Russell's) table on Sundays by 9 A.M. Those whose logs were not complete, or not present, were ordered to stand on the 'bits' for two or more hours, according to the demerits of the case. I never saw Schomberg Kerr 'adorning the bits' as it was called, although he belonged to a boat, and his duties would often call him away from the ship at uncertain periods; he always managed to write his log up on Saturday nights. For the benefit of land-lubbers I must explain that the 'bits' are blocks of wood fixed round the mast for reeving ropes through, and being on the upper deck, placed those under punishment in a somewhat conspicuous position. Middies were, however, to be found (especially when the ship was in harbour, and the temptation for delay greater) who did not object to spend a few hours on the Sunday afternoons on those unenviable elevations."

We may conclude this chapter by a few words

written by Schomberg's uncle, General Lord Mark Kerr, then commanding the 13th Regiment, in his journal, under date, Gibraltar, March 14, 1855: "Schomberg Kerr's ship, the *Vengeance*, comes into harbour, Lord Edward Russell the captain, and a capital man too. Schomberg is with me as often as he can get on shore, and has a room in the convent" (then Government House).

CHAPTER III

HUNTLYBURN

DURING Schomberg's absence, Lord Henry had chosen a new home in Scotland, Huntlyburn, near Melrose, and when Schomberg reached England in May 1855, he went north to join his family there.

Huntlyburn, formerly known as Toftfield, had been added to the Abbotsford property by Sir Walter Scott in 1817, and became the home for many years of his friends the Fergusons. At Miss Ferguson's wish the name of the then "substantial mansion-house" was changed to Huntlyburn, from the mountain rivulet which passes through the garden, and is famous in tradition as the scene of meeting between Thomas the Rhymer and the Fairy Queen. The view from the house, of the valley of the Tweed, with Melrose Abbey in the foreground, is very beautiful, while to the right the Eildon hills look down on the surrounding country—"Three crests against the saffron sky; beyond the purple plain."¹ Huntlyburn had the advantage of being close to Abbotsford, where Schomberg's uncle and aunt were now settled, and of being within easy distance of Lord Lothian's seats of Newbattle and Monteviot, and a life of constant happy intercourse for the three families, lasting for many years, now commenced.

To picture Huntlyburn as it was when Schomberg

¹ "Sunset on Tweed," A. Lang.

first saw it, let us turn once more to his sister's biography. As the house was too small for the family, "Lord Henry and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hope Scott, conceived the happy idea of a further addition which would leave the old drawing-room, a large well-proportioned room, with a curiously carved ceiling, free to be used as a domestic chapel." Lady Henry's room and the new drawing-room below it were part of the additions. The latter "looked down the valley of the Tweed in one direction, and towards the Eildon hills in another. The drawing-room was a bright, pretty room, and caught all the sunshine of that northern latitude. The furniture was old, but beautifully kept, the ornaments few and dainty, the pictures on the walls were portraits or pious subjects. Two of them were remarkable: they were a drawing by Richmond of Lord Henry, and a copy of his crayon of Mr. Hope Scott. On one wall there was a stiff old portrait of Lady Hope, and another of a round-faced, round-eyed sailor boy in his first midshipman's jacket.¹ Below the windows was a Scotch lawn. There were flower beds and rhododendrons near the house, and beyond this a coppice and kitchen garden sloped down towards the burn."

We know little of Schomberg's visit, except that during it he took the most important step of his life, and was received into the Church. As early as February 1853, as we learn by a letter of Lord Henry's, Schomberg had felt drawn to the Faith, but his return to his ship gave him, at that time, no opportunity for serious study or instruction. In the two years of his absence he must have thought and read and gradually prepared himself, for he evidently returned home with

¹ See Frontispiece.

the intention of becoming a Catholic. This intention, however, he at first kept to himself, and his reception came to his family as a joyful surprise. Jessie Milton, a valued servant and friend in the Kerr family, who was then at Huntlyburn, remembers the following little incidents regarding this event. It seems that, on Whitsunday, May 21, Schomberg's family were astonished to meet him returning from an early Mass at Galashiels when they were driving thither for the High Mass. That night he asked Milton to call him at four o'clock next day, and he went off to Galashiels and was received into the Church that morning by Father Egan, then in charge of the mission, whom he had visited several times for instruction. When breakfast time arrived Schomberg had not returned, but about ten o'clock he appeared, saying, "I am now as much a Catholic as any of you." Lady Henry, weeping for joy, rang the bell to tell Milton the good news, and the family and household went up to the chapel to thank God for the great grace bestowed upon Schomberg. He made his First Communion on May 29 in the Huntlyburn chapel, and was confirmed by Bishop Grant at St. George's, Southwark, on the 5th of June following, before joining his new ship, H.M.S. *Sphinx*.¹

The *Sphinx* appears to have gone out at once to the Crimea, and we catch glimpses of Schomberg in the entries of his uncle's diary. On August 31 Lord Mark writes (near Balaclava), "I go aboard the *Sphinx* and see Schomberg (his ship is here outside the harbour), with Sir E. Lyons and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, for a

¹ Schomberg brought home Russian medals and other mementoes of the Crimean War, which were treasured at Huntlyburn, and a dog which went by the name of Nackimoff, and which he had found lying beside his dead master, a poor Russian soldier.

few hours." And again on November 4, "Then visit the *Sphinx* and see Schomberg."¹

In the spring of 1856 Lord and Lady Henry Kerr, accompanied by their eldest son William, went abroad for some months, before the latter sailed to follow out his career in the Indian Civil Service. In the autumn they joined Lady Lothian and her daughters at Méran, and the large family party moved on into Italy, hoping to meet Schomberg, who was to have leave to join them from the *Sphinx*.

How they met in the end must be told in Lady Henry's own words by an extract from a letter to an old friend to whom she sent, from time to time, the family news. The letter is dated Mentone, November 7, 1856: "Our sailor's joining us was a special Providence. . . . At Milan we found a letter from himself from Scutari, and one from his admiral, saying that just as he was packed up and ready to start the smallpox had broken out in his ship, that this necessarily cancelled his leave, and he must go into quarantine indefinitely. No more news of him, and nothing for it that I saw but *Aves* that could help. Well, we arrived accidentally as to date at Venice, and the family were at dinner when the courier came and told me privately that our boy was in

¹ On the title-page of a prayer-book given to Schomberg by his father before he left home we find the following sentence written in pencil: "They that fear the Lord have hoped in the Lord. He is their helper and protector" (written when sitting on a tombstone one Sunday afternoon at Buyukdere, Constantinople, 1855 or 1856). The first page of this book also contains a list in Schomberg's handwriting of his successive ships from this date, and their cruises, which runs thus: "H.M.S. *Sphinx*, Crimea; (Flag) *Indus*, North America and West Indies; *Exmouth*, Mediterranean; *Cyclops*, Red Sea, India, Ceylon; *Phacton*, North America and West Indies; (Flag) *Duncan*, North America and West Indies; *Lily*, Newfoundland and home; *Bellerophon*, Channel."

the town! He had cleverly found him out, and in a few minutes more he arrived himself, having missed all our letters, arrived from Trieste that day, and was going on next morning in a search for us, which must have failed. Can't you fancy the commotion and clatter. This was a very cheerful beginning to our three weeks of Venice, which we thought more of fairyland than we had expected to meet with on this matter-of-fact globe. . . . We all enjoyed it much, and the five young people (especially my two) were as happy as possible."¹

William sailed for India from Venice, and the Kerrs returned to England by Marseilles, fearing that Schomberg would be obliged to sail from there for Constantinople to rejoin the *Sphinx*, but on November 11 they got the good news that he could return to England with them. After reaching home he spent a fortnight on board H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth, and another young brother officer from the *Sphinx*, who was also on board waiting for a ship, gives the following anecdote: "When going to Mass on Sunday with Schomberg he asked me what I intended giving at the offertory. I said sixpence, and that I generally gave that amount. 'Be generous,' he said, 'give a shilling, give a shilling,' in his charming, coaxing way. I did give a shilling, and his remark at that time, I have always felt, has coloured my offerings ever since."

On December 11 Schomberg was appointed to H.M.S. *Indus*, flagship of the North American station, commanded by Vice-Admiral Houston Stewart, and served

¹ Both William and Schomberg became proficient in the art of rowing a gondola, and the name of "Il Furioso" given to Schomberg by the gondoliers was long remembered in the family.

on her first as midshipman, and then as "acting mate" and "mate" for more than two years.

During this time the *Indus* was, as is usual, stationed at Halifax for the summer months, making cruises to the West Indies during the winter. We are indebted to Mrs. Langton, with whose family Schomberg was intimate at Halifax, for a few memories of those days. Schomberg was constantly at —, and took particular pleasure in having long talks with her aunt, to whom he would speak of his own family, and from whom he would try to learn all he could of the daily Catholic practices and devotions, of which absence from home and his naval duties had given him, as yet, few opportunities of hearing. It seems that Schomberg had already, by his attention to duty and the manliness and earnestness of his character, won the entire trust of his superiors, and at Halifax he was permitted to take not only the Catholics of his own ship to Mass on Sundays but those of the other men-of-war which might be in harbour, having leave, as a special privilege, to march them up to the cathedral, a mile and a half from the dockyard, instead of going to the chapel there. This involved going through the principal streets of the town, and the sight of the men and their very youthful leader would create quite an interest. "Mr. Kerr," however, maintained strict discipline, and never lost a man from the ranks.

During Schomberg's absence there was much sorrow at Huntlyburn and Abbotsford. Mrs. Hope Scott, whose health had long been delicate, died in Edinburgh on October 26, 1858, and shortly afterwards her little son, the Walter in whom such bright hopes had been placed, joined his mother, to be followed almost immediately by his baby sister Margaret. During this time of sad-

ness Lord and Lady Henry devoted themselves to helping and comforting their brother. In the following winter they, accompanied by Henrietta, went to Hyères, and were there when Schomberg reached England in the February of 1859. He returned to go through his examination for promotion, and it is in the letters of his mother and uncle that we can follow the few events of the months he spent on shore. On February 13 Mr. Hope Scott, writing from Ryde, where he and his only surviving child had gone for a short time, says, "I have little chance of writing coherently, for Schomberg Kerr is playing with Mamo close beside me. . . . He and Walter, I am sorry to say, have both failed in their examinations at the college, owing, I believe, to some omissions in keeping books. It matters little to Schomberg, who has served six years and will try again in a month." And again, on February 16, we find "Uncle Jim" writing to Lord Henry: "You will have heard from Schomberg of his somewhat chivalrous attempt to pass the five years' examination, when he might have waited for the six years' one with a certainty of success. However, his failure seems to have arisen not from want of ability or knowledge, but from omission to keep some book or other, and is of little importance to him . . . he seems well, and is as nice as ever."

After the second ordeal, which was successfully passed in March, Schomberg joined his family at Hyères for a charming fortnight. Count and Countess François de Stolberg and Count and Countess de Lœe were also wintering at Hyères, and there were constant pleasant meetings and excursions; as Lady Henry writes at this time: "Schomberg's visit brightened us all, and, added to the glorious sunshine, made us all 'very jolly' in a

certain sense ;” and she adds, “Henrietta and Schomberg quite shared in the friendship (with the Stolbergs and de Lões), and the *duty* of spending half the day in the open air entailed many hours and expeditions together.”

A friend, who also remembers these Hyères days, tells us of the impression Schomberg made on her, and her words seem to strike the keynote, if we may so call it, of his early character, his devotion to duty. “My reminiscences of him,” she writes, “are centred in his admirable practical love of duty. There was a serious earnestness in everything he did. I remember during that first winter or early spring at Hyères, where he spent a few weeks on leave, the fervour of his growing faith, for he had not long been received into the Church. At the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament he would walk up that dear old church of St. Louis and kneel during the service at the altar rails, unconscious of doing anything unusual.” It was at this time also that Schomberg paid his first visit to the shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde at Marseilles, to which he ever after had a special devotion.

In April he joined H.M.S. *Ermouth* for a short time, and went out to Malta; but by August he was appointed to H.M.S. *Cyclops*—Captain Pullen in command—and joined her in Suez Roads. Schomberg, now Lieutenant Kerr, spent the next two years in the East, and from this time his “log-books” give us some information as to his movements, although such entries are often disappointing and tantalising to the landsman.

From August 29 the *Cyclops* made various short cruises, twice visited Kurrachee harbour, and finally reached Bombay on March 28, 1860. After leaving Bombay, Schomberg wrote a long, journal-like letter to

his mother, one of the very few we possess, from which the following is taken :—

“MY DEAR MAMMA,—You have probably already conjectured that we are again at sea by the size of the paper, and if so you are not far wrong, as we left Bombay on Saturday morning. I have such a quantity to write and tell you about, however, that I do not know where to commence; but perhaps it may interest you to know that it has struck eight bells (noon), and so I had to leave off to say the *Regina Coeli*. . . . I have to communicate (especially for papa's benefit) another little fact, which is that I have bought Lett's Diary for 1860, and kept a journal since the day we sighted Bombay; so I think the aforesaid journal, having weathered the last-named place, stands in a fair way of being continued.¹ Now we are out of Bombay I am rather glad we got away, as time and money slip away without much to show for either (though, of course, I'm an exception), and besides, the credit of the Royal Navy (which is rather at a discount sometimes) has to be looked to, as people in general are rather fond of commingling us with the Indian Navy, and putting them on an equality with us; in fact, what can be more disgusting than to see in the list of the distribution of the Indian Navy, published in the Bombay paper—‘*Cyclops*,’ *Pullen*, *in dock*. One would think we were a collier, or something of the kind. Yes, the Indian Navy is a curious *service* (if it may be called so), and one I should not care about any of my youthful friends taking to.

“*Wednesday, May 9th*.—I had the middle watch last night, and it rained, lightened, and thundered; and it

¹ This journal cannot be discovered.

was hot and close and otherwise unpleasant. I do not approve of being about four and a half hours out of bed in the middle of the night. We had a glorious spell, however, at Bombay. Five weeks without any watch at all. The island was a very jolly place, and I only wish we had been there another fortnight or so. Armstrong and Thompson went on leave, and so I was commanding officer for ten days, and had plenty to do. Those two fellows, together with 'Brewer,' Marine officer, are capital fellows. . . . We form clubs together, and call ourselves the *Co.*, and have to return calls and dinners, &c.; in fact, keep up the name of the ship, which is rather a good one in these waters, I can assure you. Yes, this is certainly a very comfortable ship, as we have a very jolly mess, but still, at the same time, it is not a ship to get pushed on in the service. I might call it lost time almost, so if we were going to stay out here any time I should consult old Hope on the subject. I wonder if the report of Lord Edward Russell is true: it would be rather a long job to go to the Pacific for three years.

"Ascension Day.—Rolling off the Great Bass Rocks, south-east coast of Ceylon.

"We have had some harbour work, which you know interrupts letter-writing. This antiquated tub reached Colombo last Friday morning. We remained at anchor there all day, but weighed again in the evening, and stood on for Galle, as it is an open roadstead, and a heavy swell setting in, renders it an unpleasant anchorage. Colombo is a beautiful place, with a very picturesque and clean little fort, and the surrounding country is one mass of tropical verdure, with rivers, lakes, and capital roads, and I believe the scenery on the Great Kandy Road (leading to the ancient capital of that

name in the interior) is unequalled. Every one we met on shore was delighted to see us, particularly the soldiers, who were as kind as possible, almost running after us to come to tiffin, dinner, &c., but unfortunately we had to go to sea that night, so all our fun was stopped. The cinnamon gardens, which belong to the Government, and are on a large scale, are well worth seeing, but the boats, or rather canoes, are the most extraordinary things; but I'll get a model instead of writing a long description. The Government monopolise the whole pearl fishery, and this year they cleared £36,000; the shells, or properly speaking the oysters, are sold as they are caught to buyers who are on the ground, and then they take their chance on opening, and of course some are more lucky than others. One man this year only bought five oysters, and was fortunate enough to find in one of them a pearl worth £20. There is to be a fishery next month near Trincomalee, so if we are anywhere near I will try my chance and buy a few. We went into Galle Harbour (as it is called, although there is very little of a harbour about it) on Saturday forenoon, and picked up the master who is sent out to survey this coast, and he says, according to his instructions, it will take us about three months, so we are looking forward to a good rolling match, as on this side of the island there is no shelter at all, in fact, Trincomalee is the only sheltered anchorage in Ceylon, so I daresay we shall go there occasionally for a few days. Point de Galle is a pretty, clean little place, thickly studded with cocoa-nut trees close to the water's edge, and reminds one more of some of the Pacific isles, from what one reads and hears of them. There is a very nice church too, and the Singalese and other castes' methods of prayer are rather curious. On Monday evening we

left for the scene of *our* labours (although the lieutenants have nothing to do with it, and I think we are more in the way than anything else), and arrived at the Bass Rocks next morning, where we have been knocking about since. There are two reefs of rocks about twenty miles apart, and six or seven miles from the shore, very dangerous, as they are just awash and in the track of ships rounding Ceylon, so the authorities want to put some kind of light on them, and consequently our surveying department are going to make a report on the subject.

“Saturday, May 18th.—Here it is blowing like blazes, and we are under weigh, sounding as usual. We anchor every night alternately at the Great and Little Basses, and as they are exposed to the full swing of the south-west monsoon (which is now set in), we have a sweet anchorage; my port has not been open since we left Galle.

“The Australian mail steamer by which we expected our letters broke down after leaving Aden, and had to run to Bombay, so we shall not get any till we return to Galle, which will be about Monday, as our coal is getting short.

“In haste. Heads of Intelligence.

“Friday, May 25th, Point de Galle.—Arrived here on Tuesday. Squally, rainy weather; about 3 P.M. a heavy squall. P. and O. S.S. *Malabar*, with Ambassadors on board (on the eve of sailing), dragged her anchor, knocked a hole in her bottom, and obliged to run her ashore on the beach to save sinking. All lives saved. The *Malabar* went down abaft so quickly that ‘no baggage’ was saved, and half the mails are lost, together with £250,000 in specie. . . . When I said ‘lost,’ the ship is now intact, and so in all probability

the specie and baggage will be fished up, though the latter will not be much use. Lord Elgin, Baron Gros, and all the passengers have lost everything belonging to them, except what they had in their cabins. The exposed harbour of Galle and surf on the beach is greatly against diving, so it is proposed to let her remain entire until after the south-west monsoon, when the weather will be finer. . . . We go to Trincomalee next (about the middle of June), which will be about our earliest opportunity for receiving or sending letters. William¹ is intensely kind, and we keep up a kind of correspondence. . . . *May 28th.*—Ambassadors, passengers, mail, &c., all wait for next mail, as the former are no more use than I am without their credentials.—
Your affectionate son, H. S. KERR.”

It was whilst the *Cyclops* was at Trincomalee that Schomberg paid a visit to his brother William in Tanjore. The latter had begun his official career as assistant to the commissioner appointed to take over the Raj of Tanjore, when at the death of the last Rajah the British Government decided not to continue in favour of his little daughter the semblance of regal state and the independent jurisdiction allowed to her father within the walls of the fort and town.

The district of Tanjore is the richest in Southern India, and no doubt partly for that reason, as well as on account of its proximity to the great shrine of the goddess Cavery at Strirangam, was the headquarters of Brahminism, and thickly studded with pagodas, some of them of great size and magnificence. William usually lived at the Residency, but, like the other English officials, he was the owner of a bungalow at

¹ His eldest brother, then at Tanjore.

Point Calimere, a natural preserve, formed by an inlet of the sea, and abounding with deer, antelope, and wild pig. His visit, therefore, gave Schomberg an unusually good opportunity of becoming acquainted with Indian and Anglo-Indian manners and customs. The southern portion of Tanjore is included in the Jesuit Mission of Madura, and we can imagine the pleasure of the fathers at being able to give their native congregations the very rare encouragement of seeing two real Sahibs at Mass and Holy Communion in their little chapels.

The circumstances of Schomberg's return journey to his ship were characteristic. He had to choose between going to one of the larger ports higher up the coast and waiting there for a European ship going to Ceylon, or chartering a native craft to make the run over to Trincomalee from Point Calimere. He chose the short route, and embarked in an open native boat with a crew of whom not one spoke or understood a word of English, but who, of course, had minute instructions from his brother William to take their passenger direct and safe to Trincomalee. The crew, doubtless, did their best, but an unlucky change of wind caused them to take more than double the usual time in the passage, and to arrive at Trincomalee somewhat pinched for provisions, and only in time to find that the *Cyclops* had sailed for Colombo. There was a chance, however, of catching her there by a solitary pony ride over the hills and through the forest to Kandy and then on to Colombo; so Schomberg hired a pony and set off at once, and, as far as is known, rejoined his ship without any serious misadventure from wild elephants or other obstacle.

Early in May 1861 the *Cyclops* reached England, and Schomberg spent the next few months on shore. Lord

and Lady Henry and Henrietta had again spent the winter at Hyères, at the end of which they made a short visit to Rome, returning to Huntlyburn towards the end of June, when he joined them. This summer was a very happy one. Besides Schomberg, his eldest brother, his soldier brother Francis, and his younger sister Mary were at home, and there were many pleasant doings. In a letter, written just after her return home, Henrietta says, "We are a very happy party here, fiddling, guitaring, concertinaing, pianoing all day long, and never, of *course*, attempting anything *like* harmony." And again in August, "We are such a party, six gentlemen, as Uncle Mark is here; I suppose most of them will be off to the shooting soon. They seem to think it impossible not to be on the moors on the 12th."

In September William and Schomberg went north to visit the Hope Scotts¹ at Dorlin, the beautiful property on Loch Shiel, purchased by their uncle some years before, a visit to which Schomberg thus playfully refers in a letter written at a later date to his little cousin: "Do you remember when we were young and foolish, I mean when *you* were eight or nine years old, how we used to build houses on the top of the rock at a place called Dorlin, and how naughty you and William were, and how good I was—how you ate all the goodies Doyly sent . . . and how on your ninth birthday you suddenly turned into a young lady and wouldn't have any more pranks?"

In spite of the pleasant family gatherings and visits,

¹ Early in this year Mr. Hope Scott had married Lady Victoria Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of Henry Granville, Duke of Norfolk, and sister of the present Duke, and they and Mr. Hope Scott's little daughter were spending the autumn at Dorlin.

these months must have had a certain sadness for Schomberg, as they were the last that he and Henrietta were to spend together at home. As early as 1856 Henrietta had spoken to him of her dawning wish to live only for God, and in her childish way she had mapped out a plan of life both for herself and Schomberg. "The first time she ever heard of a hermit," says Henrietta's biographer,¹ "she determined to lead a life like his, and this hermitage, which by the way was to be shared by this same brother, became a kind of dream to her as the ideal of happiness. They were to take a farmhouse by the sea very far north, and live there together, doing all the work themselves, and hardly ever speaking, 'serving God like the ancient hermits.'"

Brother and sister united also in longing to be martyrs, and agreed together to pray for this grace for themselves and for one another.² In reading such things it is difficult to avoid thinking of St. Teresa and her brother, and their youthful desires of serving God,³ and if Henrietta's ideal was to change somewhat, she, like St. Teresa, in the end obtained the wish of her

¹ Life of Madame H. Kerr, p. 35.

² Mother Kerr in after life expressed, only a few days before her death, her last regret that all hope for her was gone, and that only Schomberg still had a chance.

³ "One of my brothers," says the saint, "was nearly of my own age, and he it was whom I most loved, though I was very fond of them all, and they of me. He and I used to read lives of saints together . . . and I used to discuss with my brother how we could become martyrs. . . . As soon as I saw it was impossible to go to any place where people would put me to death for the sake of God, my brother and I set about becoming hermits; and in an orchard belonging to the house we contrived, as well as we could, to build hermitages by piling up small stones one on the other, which fell down immediately; and so it came to pass that we found no means of accomplishing our wish."—From the saint's Life of herself, edited by David Lewis (Burns & Oates, 1870), pp. 4, 5.

heart, a grace shared by Schomberg later on. In these last home-days the brother and sister probably often talked together of Henrietta's growing vocation, and as even earlier than this Schomberg himself seems to have had some idea that his own path in life was not finally fixed, he would no doubt speak of this to her.¹

¹ See Schomberg's letter to his mother, p. 49.

CHAPTER IV

H.M.S. "PHAETON"

SCHOMBERG was appointed to H.M.S. *Phaeton*, then commanded by Captain G. Tatham, on October 31, and joined her at Sheerness early in November.

On November 21 the *Phaeton* left England, and after calling at Jamaica on December 27, proceeded the following day to Vera Cruz, where she anchored on January 4, 1862. The lovely bay of Vera Cruz¹ must have presented a gallant appearance in those early days of 1862, crowded as it was with the allied fleets of England, France, and Spain,² and even our log-book becomes exciting with its announcements of the arrival of English men-of-war, the French admiral and squadron, and notices of the courtesies exchanged by the three admirals, and of a visit of ceremony paid to H.M.S. *Phaeton* by the Mexican General Miramon, which his tragic death a few years later by the side of the Emperor Maximilian renders memorable.

¹ It is impossible to speak of the *harbour* of the Vera Cruz of those days, as the bay was so shallow and rocky that in the wind known as the "norther" ships had to put out to an anchorage two miles from shore.

² The allied fleets representing their separate countries were assembled to obtain redress of various grievances, and to endeavour to settle the question of the future government of Mexico, then practically in the hands of President Juarez. By April the Spanish and English fleets left Mexico, the French forces alone remaining in the country, and, as we know, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria ultimately ascended the ill-fated throne of Mexico.

It would be useless for our present purpose to enter into the intricate Mexican questions of the day, and the only part Schomberg appears to have taken in the political proceedings was when he accompanied Captain Tatham and a party representing the allied forces to Mexico City, then even more interesting than it now is, when electric light and tram-cars slightly diminish the romance attaching to Montezuma's capital. Probably, also, Schomberg and his friends, as they rode up, took the line of route followed by Cortes three hundred years before, at which the more modern traveller can only glance as he ascends to the *tierra fria* by the wonderful mountain railroad.

Many years later Schomberg wrote as follows of this trip to his cousin, then in Mexico:—

"MY DEAR MAMO,—I now hear of the telegram and [decision to visit] Mexico—a bold measure, but really *the* place to see in those parts. Indeed, there is nothing to compare with it in beauty and interest, as far as I know, in Northern America. I saw it as A.D.C. to Captain Tatham in 1862. We were a party of six, including two Spaniards and two Frenchmen, representing the Allied Powers. Juarez was President. His opponent, Miramon, we afterwards shipped off to Havanna. We did it in royal style. I wish I could think you were doing it half so comfortably. Now I hope there is a railroad. Salute 'Orizaba' and the other grand peaks for me, as well as the venerable remains of bygone grandeur. We lodged in the Emperor Iturbide's palace, now a hotel. . . . I look upon that trip as the best in my life. Tell J. I had the best game of cricket I ever had in my life in Mexico City. . . . Do not loiter in the 'Tierra

Caliente,' nor anywhere in the low countries. In conclusion, commend me in the churches, and at the altars make reparation for me."

Although the departure of the English fleet was determined in April, the *Phaeton* remained on or near the Mexican coast until September, anchoring now "off Vera Cruz," now at "Rio Grande del Norte," or at "Tampico" or "Sacreficious. On April 27 the ship was at Havanna, where she "saluted Spanish flag with twenty-one guns." Here, also, was H.M.S. *Ariadne*, commanded by Schomberg's friend, Commodore Dunlop, who, as the log-book tells us, came on board the *Phaeton* to inspect the ship's company. On July 21 we find the *Phaeton* anchored off Rio Grande, and with this note, "Received from shore sixteen boxes said to contain 32,000 dollars." And again, on the 25th, "Received to 77,614 dollars from shore," so we may presume that the Mexican Government were making good their debt to England.

Finally, on August 19, after having (on Schomberg's own birthday, the 15th) "crossed royal yards and dressed ship in honour of the fête day of H.I.M. the French Emperor," the *Phaeton* proceeded to sea, and after calling at Tampico and Vera Cruz reached Havanna. She left on October 1, and reached Halifax harbour on October 17.

From this date till July 1864, when Schomberg left the *Phaeton* to join the *Duncan*, there is little of interest to record of the ship's movements. The *Phaeton* alternated between Halifax and the West Indies. Two letters of Schomberg's break the silence of these years. In the first, written to his little cousin from St. Kitts on January 26, 1863, he gives an amusing description of

the island: "Now you must look in the map," he writes, "and see where St. Kitts is (less known as St. Christopher's). My old friend Columbus was so charmed with the island that he called it by his own Christian name. . . . This island is something like a large edition of the Eildons, rising to two or three points in the middle, with sides covered with sugar tumbling into the sea; but for all that, as I said before, it's a very lovely island, and not to be sneezed at in any way."

The second letter is written to Lady Henry from Barbadoes on October 9, 1863, and refers to the accomplishment of his sister Henrietta's long-cherished desire. This beloved sister had entered the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart Order, at Conflans, near Paris, on September 8, and on receiving his mother's letter telling him of the last days passed together, he replies: "You can fancy with what interest I looked forward to receiving your last, and though, as I expected, you had not time to say much, yet enough to show me how all had been blessed, and how happy Henrietta must be now she has realised wishes that have been uppermost in her heart for years. The idea carries me back to the time when she and I first talked of it, which, I think, must have been about November 1856, though I have no distinct remembrance till early in 1859, when we were at Hyères, and then even I thought it would prove more a dream in 1863 (like my case) than an accomplished fact. I must say I did not bargain to see her no more in the world when I left in 1861, but better as it is, God and Our Lady are sooner pleased, and Henrietta herself is happier, and will pray for us all the more, and for what is right for me, so *Deo Gratias*. . . . I was in hopes of being able to write to Henrietta, but tell her I heard a Mass said for her this morning (October 9),

the first opportunity I have had for more than three months."

In the following September Schomberg's valued friend Captain Tatham was obliged to return to England invalided, and Captain S. Le Geyt Bowyear succeeded him in command of the *Phaeton*.¹

New Year's Day 1864 found the *Phaeton* at Bermuda, and on March 1 the log-book announces the arrival in harbour of H.M.S. *Duncan*, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., an arrival important to Schomberg as marking a fresh step in his career. Before we follow him on board the *Duncan*, however, it seems well to pause for a moment and gather together the scattered threads of our narrative, and to form some little idea of his character and characteristics. In features and natural temperament he, perhaps, most nearly resembled his mother and sister Henrietta, and the boy of the "bright eye and open countenance" had now become a man of noble appearance, with a singular charm of manner. Unfortunately for us, Schomberg's portraits—especially the later ones—give only the rather stern and even sad expression which characterised his features in repose, the result, probably, of his early initiation into the graver experiences of life, and of his own earnest, resolute soul; but all who knew him will recall the way in which his face would light up in conversation, his beautiful and winning smile, while his intimates were well aware of the affectionate, sensitive nature that lay beneath the habitually calm and grave exterior. They recognised and loved what one of his old friends calls his "rare sunny nature" with his 'warm-hearted love for his family and friends.'

¹ Captain Bowyear had succeeded Captain W. R. Mends as Commander of the *Vengeance* when Mends was promoted in 1852.

We have seen how thoroughly Schomberg devoted himself to the duties of his profession, and we have had glimpses of his zeal for all the practices of his faith, and of his care for the souls of others, manifested in a mature degree unusual for one so young.¹ In fidelity to his spiritual duties, he thus set an excellent example to all the Catholic members of the crew, and took care that those under his charge should have the fullest opportunity of practising their religion. Some notes of a very intimate nature, and which show his spirit of prayer and self-denial, remain to us. They are jotted down in pencil in a little French book of devotions, and although it is now impossible to give the exact date at which they were written, the resolutions which they record probably formed a part of Schomberg's daily life for years. The notes are as follows:—

"*Rosary* (to say) five sorrowful mysteries every first and middle watch.

"*Meditation*, on the sufferings of Our Lord, daily.

"*Wine*, abstain from, on Wednesdays and Fridays; value of allowance, 2s., to be given to charity.

"*Second course*, abstain from.

"*Entrées*, do., on Wednesday and Friday.

"*Fish*.—Eat fish, when able, in preference to meat.

"*Meat*.—Not to eat oftener than twice in a day.

"*Fish and Meat*.—Never at the same meal.

"*Milk and Sugar*.—Abstain from milk and sugar on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday."

These little revelations of Schomberg's inner life help us to understand his constant aspirations after a higher

¹ In a MS. book belonging to this time we find memoranda written by Schomberg relating to the Catholic churches in the different West Indian Islands, containing practical details of the hours of services, and evidently intended to assist himself and his men.

state, as well as his devotion to his daily duties—God's present will for him—and his unselfish spirit, which was among other things often shown by his taking the duties of his brother officers, thus freeing them for more congenial occupations. "Oh, Kerr will do it!" was an expression often heard when the question arose of a party of sport or pleasure, which might come in conflict with certain duties on board—and so he did.

CHAPTER V

H.M.S. "DUNCAN"

ADMIRAL SIR JAMES HOPE, K.C.B., in command of the North American station, was a near relative of the Kerrs,¹ and took a sincere interest in his young kinsman, an interest he showed by assisting Schomberg very effectually in his career, although the admiral's strong sense of discipline led him, we are told, to appear even more strict and particular in his official dealings with him, on his own ship, than with others.² Sir James, in appearance and manner, was the ideal gentleman and officer of the old school, and his fine naval career, and his reputation, at the time of which we write, of being our "fighting admiral," led all young officers to wish to be under his command, and Schomberg was considered to be in great luck when he was appointed to the *Duncan*. His early friend, whose words we have already quoted, tells us that he was consulted on the matter. "I did not meet him" (again), writes Admiral Pollard, "until 1864 in the West Indies. I was honoured by Sir James Hope, by his asking my

¹ Sir James Hope, born 1808, died 1881, was son of Sir George Hope, and by his mother, Lady Jemima, grandson of James, third Earl of Hopetoun, and thus second cousin to Lady Henry Kerr.

² "The admiral had the highest opinion of him," writes a friend of those days, "and expressed it to the archbishop, but never spoke to him except on duty all the time he was in his ship," but for all this, Sir James, as another friend adds, gave Schomberg the "good thing" when it occurred.

opinion of my dear friend. This I gave, and urged that Sir James could not promote, or have in his flagship, a better officer than H. S. Kerr. The promotion came, and my dear friend showed himself a thorough good officer, doing great credit to Admiral Hope's selection." So the appointment was made, and on July 26 the log-book of H.M.S. *Duncan* notes that Lieutenant Kerr joined the ship, then at moorings off dockyard, Halifax, where she remained till the following December.

As flagship, the *Duncan* was, of course, the centre of a good deal of hospitality and gaiety. We hear of fortnightly dances on board, in addition to dances and picnics ashore; but Schomberg does not seem to have cared for such festivities, and took little part in them, except when, to use his familiar expression, "duty called," and then he did all in his power to make things go well and cheerily. He was fond of all country sports and pursuits, and enjoyed expeditions of the kind with his brother officers. Two such trips are mentioned in the following charming paper, which we owe to the kindness of Admiral Ernest Rice, himself one of Schomberg's friends on the *Duncan* :—

"Schomberg Kerr and I were lieutenants together for nearly three years in H.M.S. *Duncan*, flagship of Admiral Sir James Hope, on the North American and West Indian station.

"The *Duncan* was commissioned at Portsmouth in 1864, and I believe there were one hundred applicants for the six appointments as lieutenants in that ship. It was just after the Mason and Slidell affair, and matters were not looking at all peaceful between this country and the United States, and as Sir James Hope was then considered our fighting admiral, we all thought an ap-

pointment to the *Duncan* was as good as a commander's commission.

"I was gunnery lieutenant, and Kerr was a watch-keeper and somewhat senior to me.

"He was a charming messmate, and we soon became friends; he was a first-rate officer, firm, calm, and judicious, and the men would do anything for him. Schomberg was fond of sport and country life, and we often had trips together. On one occasion at Jamaica, when I was recovering from a sunstroke, we went up to a sugar station called Worthy Park, belonging to Lord Shrewsbury. Here we spent a week exploring the caves in the St. Anne's Mountains, shooting quail in the sugar-canes, and wild guinea-fowl in the plains, and I ascribe my complete recovery in a great degree to his thoughtful care of me.

"In Nova Scotia we often went back into the country for a couple of days for woodcock or fishing, staying in small farmhouses, and living on eggs and milk and the result of our day's sport, a very pleasant change after life on board ship. At these times we often shared the same room, and I remember how much I admired his simple and unostentatious goodness; he always knelt at his bedside at night, however long and tiring a day we had had. On one occasion, when I said I was too tired to say my prayers, he replied, 'God knows that as well as you, and does not want long prayers; kneel down and thank Him for all His blessings.'

"In these days, when the exercise of a man's religious duties is provided for and protected by those in authority, this may not seem anything worthy of remark, but thirty years ago a young man who had determined, as Schomberg Kerr had, never to be ashamed of confessing his faith and hope in Christ Jesus, publicly and pri-

vately, had often to undergo much covert ridicule and many hard sayings.

"The last time we met was in 1888 at Southsea, where he came to see us on his way to Bournemouth. In the course of conversation I said by way of a joke, 'They ought to have made you a bishop by this time, Schomberg.' He answered, to my astonishment, 'They did offer me Bombay, but I preferred missionary work.' And so he went on to his glorious and happy end. I say happy, because he bore it in his face. When he left the room my wife said, 'I never saw perfect peace and goodness written so plainly on any man's countenance.'"

We are fortunately able to supplement Admiral Rice's allusion to the expedition to Worthy Park by some entertaining notes of Schomberg's regarding their stay there. "Worthy Park, sugar estate," he writes, "twenty-seven miles from S. Jago de la Vega, and some 1300 feet above the sea level, is pleasantly situated in a vale completely surrounded by hills which rise to 300 or 400 feet above it. At first sight, as one crosses the summit of the hills, it looks something like what might be an extinct crater, were it not for the green corn-fields and cultivated land. The road down the hill as well as the main line through the estate, as we approached the house of Mr. Heath, the overseer, was in excellent keeping. On arrival we were welcomed by Mrs. Heath, Miss Heath, and some seven other children . . . our introduction was stiff and formal. All the conversation was on our side. We were much relieved at the sight of Mr. Heath, who burst into the room some half-hour after ourselves in a jolly, hearty manner, and evidently very glad to see us. In his blunt, honest way he told us what to expect, and what not,

and that we were to be quartered in another house, where an old servant named Mary would look after us. At this announcement I looked somewhat astonished (without thinking), whereupon old Heath said, 'Don't you think I am going to have you here, we've got quite enough already to look after; but anything you ask for *within reason* you shall have, and at all times we shall be glad to see you, so come down when you like and make these girls play and sing.' After the old gentleman's oration we all looked more at home, so in ten minutes' time we bowed ourselves out, intending to return in the evening. As we left, Mr. Heath said, 'By-the-bye, I believe I'm to dine with you to-night by way of introducing you to the place.' We acquiesced, and so on we went under his escort to the palatial residence of the late proprietor, built on some rising ground a few hundred yards from the domain. We soon entered the house, a perfect type of an old West Indian Hall, with its spacious airy rooms and polished oak floors. 'Mary' was introduced, and showed us round the different rooms prepared for our arrival, consisting of a dining and drawing-room, and two bedrooms with a four-poster in each, which delighted our eyes. An hour after, while we three were chatting away in the balcony, talking over olden times, and looking at the remains of what once was a fine house and property, Mary announced dinner, when we sat down to a wholesome, plain meal, and satisfied our thirsty souls with some good claret, and better ginger wine, which our host assured us he made himself. After a cigar, being tired, we separated for the night, and soon rolled into our four-posters, but being bothered by one mosquito each, we both passed rather a disturbed night. Up at seven, and roamed over the estate with our guns; put up some quail here

and there, shooting and bagging a certain proportion. In at ten, and passed the day quietly, but most enjoyably!"¹

After drawing a comparison between the state of Jamaica in the old days and its appearance in 1865, Schomberg continues, "Here, in this sunshiny vale, where Mr. Heath and his family seem to set such a bright and industrious example, the inhabitants appear to be happy and contented. I have heard no murmuring, and the labourers respect their master, who treats them civilly, and at the same time knows how to deal with them. There are some 400 or 500 living in the valley, including women and children, of which some 200 or 250 are employed on the estate. Everything is done by task work. On Monday morning the work-people are engaged for the week, all in their different employments . . . one hand can earn as much as 1s. 6d. per diem, while he may only do sixpenceworth if he prefers. Some set to work very early and hard, and finish at one or two, and others, more lazy, only commence at eight or nine. In engaging people for the week the old maxim of first come first served is strictly attended to, and Mr. Heath tells me he always, even in crop time, has to turn away forty or fifty over and above what he can employ. . . . This estate, which is so snugly situated, cut off by the circuit of hills from the rest of the world, comprises some 4000 acres of arable land, of which 500 is in sugar, and yielding at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ or some 2 cwt. at present an acre."

¹ Lord Henry, writing to Mr. Hope Scott in February 1866, says. "We have a very satisfactory account of Schomberg from a cousin of mine just returned from Jamaica; one very satisfactory of his health, and in other respects such as a parent may think too good to be true, and others less partial too good to believe."

The summer of 1866 was memorable as witnessing the successful completion of the laying of the great Atlantic cable, and Schomberg took an active part in this interesting event. The whole history of the cable reads like a romance, and its final success bears testimony not only to the great talent and perseverance of its originator, Mr. Cyrus Field, whom it cost twelve years of constant toil and anxiety, but to that of all who assisted him in the gallant fight with crushing disappointments and failures, a fight, as Mr. Field's biographer calls it, "against the elements and against the unbelief of men."

By July 25, 1866, the huge steamer *Great Eastern* and her escort¹ was nearing Newfoundland, and here we must avail ourselves of Mr. Henry Field's admirable book² to follow the movements of the expedition. The diary of Mr. John C. Dean, Secretary of the Anglo-American Cable Company, who was on board the *Great Eastern*, is given by Mr. Field, and we find the following, under date July 25: "Fog and thick rain, just the weather to expect on approaching the Banks of Newfoundland. The convoy keep their position, and though sometimes the fog hides the ships from our view, yet we know where they are by their signal whistles. . . . By arrangement with Sir James Hope, the Admiral of the North American station, who has received instructions from the Admiralty to give the present expedition every assistance in his power, a frigate or sloop will be placed in longitude 48° 25' 52", which is just thirty miles from the entrance of Trinity Bay and sixty from

¹ The *Great Eastern* was accompanied by H.M.S. *Terrible*, the S.S. *William Cony*, the *Albany*, and the *Medway*.

² "The Story of the Atlantic Telegraph," by Henry M. Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.

Hearts Content.¹ She will probably have only a kedge in that position which shows the 'fair way' right up the bay, and if it be clear we ought to see her about day-break on Friday morning." Captain Anderson of the *Great Eastern* had timed the departure of that vessel from England so that the American coast should be reached at the moment of full moon, but when the time came, in consequence of fogs and cloudy weather, the moonlight unfortunately only "gleamed faintly through the vaporous air, and the fleet seemed like the phantom ships of the Ancient Mariner drifting on through fog and mist."

Meanwhile the ship promised by Sir James had been despatched. This was H.M.S. *Lily*, and her commander was Schomberg. Captain Heneage of the *Lily* had been forced by ill-health to give up his command, and on July 20 Sir James had appointed Schomberg to replace him as acting commander for the present duty, and, as it proved eventually, to take the ship home to England. On Friday, July 27, according to expectation, the *Great Eastern* sighted the *Lily*. Mr. Deane's diary tells how "H.M.S. *Niger* and the *Albany* were seen approaching, and the latter signalled that 'the *Lily* was anchored at the station at the entrance of Trinity harbour, as arranged with the admiral.'" Foggy weather still prevailed, and an iceberg, apparently fifty or sixty feet high, was sighted. "Good fortune, how-

¹ "The little harbour that bears this gentle name, is a sheltered nook where ships may ride safe from the storms of ocean. It is but an inlet from the great arm of the sea known as Trinity Bay . . . on the beach is a small village of some sixty houses. . . . The place was never heard of outside of Newfoundland till 1864, when Mr. Field sailing up Trinity Bay in the surveying steamer, *Margaretta Stevenson*, Captain Orlebar, R.N., in search of a place for the landing of the ocean cable, fixed upon this secluded spot."—Note to p. 340, "Story of the Atlantic Telegraph."

ever, follows us, and scarcely has eight o'clock arrived (on the 28th) when the massive curtain of fog raises itself gradually from both shores of Trinity Bay, disclosing to us the entrance of Hearts Content, the *Albany* making for the harbour, the *Margaretta Stevenson* steaming out to meet us, the pre-arranged pathway all marked with buoys by Mr. H. S. Kerr, R.N., and a whole fleet of fishing boats fishing at the entrance." Hearts Content gave the *Great Eastern* a hearty welcome, and she in return dressed ship, fired a salute, and gave three cheers, and "at nine o'clock ship's time," continued Mr. Deane, "just as we had cut the cable and made arrangements for the *Medway* to lay the shore end, a message arrived giving us the concluding words of a leader in this morning's *Times*: 'This is a great work and a glory to our age and nation, and the men who have achieved it deserve to be honoured among the benefactors of their race.'" Schomberg was one of the first to send a telegraphic message by the cable—addressed to his parents at Huntlyburn.

The *Great Eastern* had still another, and an even more difficult task to perform—that of finding and recovering the lost cable of the previous year, and when she left Hearts Content for this purpose on August 9, the *Lily* accompanied her down Trinity Bay, having on board the Governor of Newfoundland, Mr. Musgrave. Schomberg, as senior naval officer of the Newfoundland Division, had paid his Excellency all the naval courtesies, and on visiting him at St. John's on August 5, found that he wished to go to Hearts Content to see the *Great Eastern*. Schomberg, therefore, finding, as he writes to Sir James on August 6, "that the duties of the station would permit my placing the services of her Majesty's ship under my command

at his disposal, I did so, and on the written request of his Excellency, I now intend conveying him to Hearts Content and back, leaving St. John's to-morrow morning, the 8th inst. . . . I shall therefore have an opportunity of seeing Captain Anderson and the officers connected with the expedition, and so complete personally any measures that I think may further the service on which I am engaged."

On August 20 Schomberg again reports proceedings to Sir James :—

"H.M.S. *Lily*,

"At HEARTS CONTENT, *August 20, 1866.*

"SIR,—Since my letter by last mail, I have the honour to report my proceedings as follows :—

"On the morning of Wednesday the 8th, having embarked his Excellency the Governor and party, I left St. John's for Hearts Content, where I anchored in the evening.

"On arrival I received your telegram of the same day, which I answered next morning, and which I now beg to acknowledge by letter. I immediately forwarded your orders to Mr. Kerr, who remains engaged on his surveying duties, in the *Margaretta Stevenson*, in Conception Bay. I have directed him, for the present, to keep within the line of telegraphic communication so far as will insure his receiving a message with no greater delay than thirty-six hours, which will give him ample time to meet me at the rendezvous.

"In furtherance of your orders, I also addressed a letter to Captain Commerell of H.M.S. *Terrible*, enclosing a copy of your telegram.

"The following morning, the 9th, his Excellency expressing a desire to accompany the *Great Eastern* out of harbour, I agreed, and parting company shortly

after, returned to St. John's the same night, when his Excellency disembarked.

"I then completed coal, and Wednesday the 15th instant promising a clear, calm day, I left early and weighed the *Lily's* buoy, and finding the buoy itself, as well as the gear connected with it (save the flag and staff), as good as the day it was put down, I relaid it in the new position, ten miles due north.

"I remained at the rendezvous that night, to enable me to verify the position in the morning, when I left for my present anchorage, where I purpose awaiting tidings of the expedition.

"I am in hopes that by next mail, whether the second expedition is successful or not, that the *Terrible* and the *Medway* will have returned, and the second Gulf cable been laid, in which case it is my present intention to complete coal at Sydney and, resuming the duties of the station, commence with the west coast of Newfoundland to the Labrador, and so round to St. John's by the 15th October. This arrangement, though differing from that proposed by Captain Heneage in his letter addressed to me on the 1st August, I deem from circumstances to be advisable.

"The mail is due here to-morrow, but not in time to answer any despatches that may arrive. On arrival at Sydney I will communicate by telegraph.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "H. SCHOMBERG KERR,
"Acting-Commander.

"Vice-Admiral Sir JAMES HOPE, G.C.B.,
Commander-in-Chief."

The scene at Hearts Content, when the *Great Eastern* and her consort ships returned on September 7

bearing the recovered cable of 1865, may be imagined. "As the ships came up, the harbour," writes Mr. Henry Field, "was covered with boats, and all were wild with excitement, and when the big shore end was got out of the *Medway* and dragged to land, the sailors hugged it, and almost kissed it in their extravagance of joy; and no sooner was it safely landed, than they seized Mr. Field, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Clifford in their arms, and raised them on their heads, while the crowd cheered with tumultuous enthusiasm." The *Lily*, as we know, was not at Hearts Content for this joyful scene, and her last duty with regard to the cable is connected with an unpleasant rumour which arose later to the effect that the newly-laid cable was likely to be tampered with by ill-disposed persons. Schomberg's official report to Sir James of this alarm, and of his action in the matter, is interesting, and we give the letter in its entirety:—

"H.M.S. *Lily*,

"At St. John's, NEWFOUNDLAND, *October 6, 1866.*

"SIR,—Having executed your instructions so far as regards the service ordered in Newfoundland, I have now the honour to submit a detailed report of my proceedings.

"On my arrival at St. John's on the 26th of September, I found that his Excellency the Governor was absent from town, and as he was not expected to return for some days, I communicated by letter your views in regard to your enclosure to me, a copy of which I also forwarded, which in the absence of his Excellency the Government acted upon: and having learnt their views, which were in accordance with those the Governor had expressed to me verbally on a

previous occasion, I proceeded on the 29th September to Hearts Content, where I communicated with the Traffic Superintendent of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company — reading him extracts from your instructions to me bearing on the subject in question. Mr. Collet quite coincided with the views there expressed, insomuch as, if police and precautionary measures were necessary for the protection of the cable, the Company would have to defray the expenses; but he informed me that having learned on reliable authority, in answer to inquiries made by the Directors regarding the authenticity of the letter in question, that the writer did not exist in Toronto; and further, that in common with his associates, he now believed the document to be a base fabrication, written for fraudulent purposes; and so, though very glad to concert with me in considering what measures it would be best to adopt, should an attempt to injure the cable become likely, he would not feel justified in leading the Company into any expense, while in his opinion no danger existed.

"In these views I agreed, and as my own experience, strengthened by the opinions of the respectable residents in the neighbourhood, did not lead me to suspect that there was any desire on the part of the inhabitants to damage the cable, unless tampered with by evil-disposed persons from abroad, whose presence could be quickly detected—beyond proposing that certain of the servants of the Company should be clothed with authority to arrest and detain such suspicious persons—I did not see what measures for the protection of the cable could be adopted.

"Under these circumstances, after despatching the telegraph message ordered by you to the Secretary of

the Admiralty, I therefore returned to St. John's, where on arrival in company with Mr. Collet, I had an interview with the Governor, and after fully discussing the subject, his Excellency forwarded me a letter, a copy of which I enclose, in answer to mine, which I think shows there is every desire on the part of the Newfoundland Government to meet the wishes of the Company, should they at any future date consider precautionary measures advisable.

"My movements have been delayed by the severity of the weather; and although no detailed reports have come to hand, I fear there has been a considerable loss of property.

"As I have received no answer from the Secretary of the Admiralty, I purpose leaving for Spithead this evening, if the easterly gale abates, otherwise early in the morning; and with this letter I have now the honour to enclose all station order books, Admiralty communications, &c., as directed by your sailing orders. —I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "H. SCHOMBERG KERR,

"Acting-Commander."

"To Sir JAMES HOPE, G.C.B.,
Commander-in-Chief."

CHAPTER VI

VOCATION

THE autumn of 1866 appears to have been unusually stormy, and the homeward voyage of the *Lily* was made under very great difficulties. How serious the danger was may be gathered from Schomberg's letter to his father, written when the worst was over, and the same family friend, by whose reminiscences we have already profited,¹ tells us that she thinks it was during this anxious time that Schomberg finally resolved to devote his life to Almighty God in the priesthood, as he told her that he thought Our Lady had heard his prayer and promise on this occasion. Possibly also the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde which Schomberg sent to the church at Halifax was a thank-offering for the safety of the ship. This seems probable from Schomberg's special reference to Our Lady under that title in his letter, and from his making in the following spring a pilgrimage to the shrine at Marseilles, for which, as we have said, he had a particular affection.

The letter, dated "October 22nd, 250 miles from Scilly," is as follows:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I intended on starting to write a sort of daily journal, but we have had such rough times that it has been generally out of the question. I named eighteen days to the governor before leaving, and I think if all continues well that'll be about it. He

¹ Jessie Milton.

said, 'Oh! you won't be so long running across,' but when he gets the news by the Atlantic telegraph, of our arrival, the eighteenth day will be far gone. We made a fair start, but after that I hardly thought such a succession of disagreeable, heavy weather was possible, even in the Atlantic in October. We have been washed by the seas and heavens incessantly—one of the former, 'a green ditto,' came down in my cabin, and another started the solid work forward. Yesterday night we were running before a tremendous heavy sea, expecting to see one on board every now and again, and though we got the crest of one or two, we are still alive, and glad enough to arrive safely. The *Lily* is a good sea-boat, though of course very wet, a dry deck being almost unknown; and so altogether I don't think William would have enjoyed himself, as our weather has been generally bad elsewhere of late as well as on passage. If he had come directly I was appointed, he would have had what the niggers call *a nice time*, but afterwards, *no*; (barring the pleasantest of companions!). . . .

"Expect to pay off a week after arriving at Sheerness, at least that is the day I shall give in, and before going north I have at least a day's work in London, and so this day fortnight will be about the time for H. B. (Huntlyburn). . . . I have a sort of sneaking idea that William will be down at Portsmouth or Sheerness.

"Appointed to *Phaeton* 31st October, and it will be just over five years since I left Huntlyburn, and now returning happy and well, for which I am duly thankful. I little thought that I should be away so long, and won't try it again, for a constant ship life roughs one in all senses of the word.

"23rd, 10 P.M.—Here we are in the lap of luxury. Just made a capital landfall of the Scilly Island, with

a fair wind, fair weather, full moon, and plenty of coal, going ten knots. One soon forgets one's woes and troubles, like a young bear; but there have been moments on the passage when, was it not for my faith in Notre Dame de la Garde, I doubted the little ship surviving to reach the old country, but now all is sunshine. *Telegraph Office, 25th.*—All night at Spithead. No orders from Admiralty yet. Love to mamma and all.—Your,
H. S. KERR."

The *Lily*, as we see, reached England on October 24, and while Schomberg was busy with the duties of paying off the ship, Lord Henry and William went down to greet him on his return. "You will like to hear of Schom.," writes Lord Henry to Mrs. Hope (from London, November 2); "William and I went to Sheerness the day before yesterday and saw him on board his ship, the *Lily*. He seemed very well and merry, though his expectations of promotion have fallen a good deal since his return to England. . . . He is coming up to London to-morrow evening for Sunday, and is to be paid off on Wednesday, when he will, I think, go to Arundel."

On the 8th, accordingly, Schomberg went for a very brief visit to Arundel Castle, whither his father and William had preceded him, and Lord Henry writing from there says: "The duchess most kindly asked us all here. She is partial to sailors, and wished much to see Schom., who was in her father's ship for a time."¹ The prospect of Schomberg's promotion was the interesting question of the moment, and a few days after his return to London he sent the welcome news to his cousin, Mamo Hope Scott, in the following words: "You will

¹ Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, afterwards Lord Lyons.

be glad to hear that the First Lord of the Admiralty is a gentleman . . . and I am a *commander*."

Soon after this the Hope Scotts left England to winter as usual at Hyères, and Lord Henry and his sons went down to Huntlyburn. It was a very happy time of reunion for the family, and Lady Henry writes to Miss Edgar: "We have had great blessing to thank God for. William's restored health, our sailor's safe return after five years, and, above all, thank God for the goodness and faith of both."

The Christmas time was very gay at Huntlyburn; several young friends were invited, and a play was acted and a dance given to celebrate the return of the brothers after their long absence.

During the months that followed Schomberg was able to be much with his relations and to enjoy many interests on shore. Still, as we follow him through this period of his life, we become conscious that his old desires and aspirations were maturing and taking shape, and that in spite of his early and well-earned promotion, and of the promising future it opened to him, in spite still more of his affectionate attachment to family and friends, he was very seriously occupied with the thought of that higher life and sacrifice of himself to Almighty God, to which he was beginning to feel he was actually called.

In February 1867 Schomberg left England with the intention of spending a short time in Paris before going to Rome to see his sister Henrietta, who was then at the Convent of the Trinità di Monti. His object in staying in Paris was to improve his French, and, with his usual thoroughness of purpose, he made the best of his opportunities. As the opening of the Chambers in 1867 is now matter of history, his amusing

account of what he saw, written to his cousin at Hyères (February 14), may be quoted:—

“MY DEAR MAMO,—I hope that you are enjoying as fine weather as we Parisians. To-day has been beautiful, and I have just returned from the Place Carousel, where I went to see the fun in opening the French Chambers. The place was crowded, and I got a capital bird’s-eye view *en haut d’un fiacre*. The empress gave me a bow all to myself, and so did the young prince, but the emperor I did not invite, as we are not on speaking terms. Many envious eyes gazed on me as I paced *en haut de mon fiacre*, for it was a solitary cab amongst many carriages in waiting for swells they had deposited at the Palais du Louvre. *Mon cocher* enjoyed his franc, and I my *belle vue*. . . . I hope to be at Hyères before many weeks, though as regards my French, I suppose the longer I am in Paris the better.”

It had been arranged that Schomberg should travel to Rome with the young Duke of Norfolk and his tutor, and they were to meet at Hyères. He reached the pretty little Provençal town first on March 9. At that time the Hope Scotts were established at the Villa Favart, on the east side of the town, and Schomberg’s friend, Mr., now Admiral, Rice and his sister occupied a neighbouring villa. The Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Ornsby soon arrived, and the following days were spent in many pleasant meetings and expeditions, to which there are constant references in the diaries of Mr. Hope Scott and his daughter. No doubt the memories of his earlier visit increased Schomberg’s pleasure in revisiting Hyères, memories especially of Henrietta and their first grave talks.

The start for Rome had been fixed for March 19, and on the previous day Schomberg went to Marseilles to visit the shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde, to which he had so much devotion, a visit of thanksgiving for his safe voyage back from Newfoundland. He notes in a diary in which he kept a partial record of this time abroad: "*Marseilles, March 18th.*—Started from Hyères by last train for Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, in readiness for a grand pilgrimage to Notre Dame de la Garde. . . . Hard day's work packing up and saying good-bye to all hands at Villas Favart and Venadou." "*Tuesday, 19th, St. Joseph's Day.*—Up and out a little after seven. Arrived at Notre Dame de la Garde in nice time for High Mass and Benediction, and saw the church afterwards. . . . At twelve went to station, breakfasted, and off by the express to Nice. At Hyères met Mr. O. and the duke. Pleasant drive to Nice, where M. Steinbruch, Hotel d'Angleterre, received us in great state."

The party continued their journey in the comfortable and peaceful Vetturino fashion to Genoa, which they reached on March 22. On the next day Schomberg's journal has the following note:—

"Mass, breakfast, and out by ten o'clock. Inspected numerous palaces, &c. Paid my respects to my old friend the Annunziata, which looked as nice as ever." On March 25 he writes again: "Communion at the Annunciation Altar of the grand Annunziata. Benediction at same church; very grand sight; church crowded." One afternoon he visited the docks. "Inspected, P.M., some ships in harbour—*L'Affondatore*¹ and *Regina Maria Pia*; former two turrets, one gun in

¹ The *Affondatore* was built in England by the Millwall Shipbuilding Co., and is still afloat, 1898.

each broadside, some twenty ports each side, but neither of them struck me as being anything particular."

The travellers left Genoa on March 26, and after stopping at Pisa, Florence, Siena, and Orvieto they reached Rome on April 3. Schomberg's diary for that day ends with the characteristic words: "Walked up to the Trinità and thought of Henrietta."

Possibly his sister was then unwell, or in retreat, for they do not appear to have met till a few days later. The party remained in Rome for some weeks; the time was spent, as by most visitors to the Eternal City, in visiting the great basilicas and the chief places of interest, and in joining in the Holy Week and Easter services. Rome was still unchanged in those days, and we can gather from Schomberg's journal how thoroughly he appreciated the beauty and solemnity of the ceremonies, and the privilege of seeing the Pope officiate on several occasions. On April 13 the travellers had an audience with Pius IX.,¹ and on the 17th they assisted at his Mass and received Holy Communion. That evening they were present at the Benediction of the Relics from the Loggia in the Dome of St. Peter's—"very imposing and grand," writes Schomberg, "in the dusky light."

His visits to Henrietta were, of course, one of his chief pleasures during this time. We can imagine how much there was to talk over concerning the six years that had elapsed since the brother and sister had met, years which had brought to Henrietta an ever deepening happiness in her vocation. Schomberg's journal

¹ Schomberg notes that the Holy Father "gave a special blessing to Henrietta's crucifix." This crucifix, Henrietta's constant companion in life and on her death-bed, was left by her to her brother, who used it till his own death in 1895.

gives only the briefest references to these visits; such entries as, "Saw Henrietta at eight o'clock," "Henrietta as usual," "Henrietta, a long visit," are all that remains to us of these frequent and intimate talks, but we know that he consulted her on the subject which most occupied him—his future life. It was indeed a time of great mental anxiety for Schomberg. On one side he could not but be conscious that he had not only won success in his profession, but that it afforded him many opportunities of working for God and for the welfare of others; while on the other hand his wish to give up the world and devote himself wholly to God's service in the priesthood was becoming stronger. It seems clear also that he already felt drawn to the Society of Jesus.

A Jesuit father who met Schomberg in Rome has very kindly placed at my disposal his recollections of their intercourse, which help us to see the tone of his thoughts at this time.

"Very soon after his arrival in Rome with the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Ornsby I made his acquaintance," writes Father Delaney. "I said Mass for the party in St. Ignatius's room at the Gesu, and we breakfasted with Father General, and a day or two later they came to hear Mass in the room of St. Aloysius in the Roman College where I was then living. Mr. Kerr came soon after to see me at the college, and we had frequent long conversations, in which he told me of his life in the navy, and of the difficulties that Catholic sailors laboured under from the want of Catholic navy chaplains, and the fewness of Catholic officers. Apropos of this point, there was visiting Rome at the same time a clever young Catholic lawyer from Halifax, a Mr.

Kenny, who had been educated at Stonyhurst.¹ He also came often to see me, and told me of Schomberg Kerr's work amongst the Catholic sailors on the Newfoundland station, where Mr. Kenny and his family had seen a good deal of him. He described Schomberg as having acted the part of a most zealous missionary, keeping a list of all the Catholic sailors on the station, and looking after their wants spiritual and temporal, bringing them to Mass and the sacraments, and taking care of them generally. It frequently happened that Mr. Kenny and Mr. Kerr called on me the same day. Kenny asked me, 'What is bringing Kerr here so often? Every time I come to see you I meet him coming or going away.' Oddly enough Kerr had just asked the same question in the same words about Kenny. At the time neither of them had, so far as I can remember, ever spoken directly of the question of vocation, but both seemed much interested in the details of our life at the Roman College, and in the life of the Jesuit generally. Kerr especially was particular in his questions about two English naval officers, Captain Wood and Lieutenant Augustus Law,² who had become Jesuits; and he asked many questions about

¹ Writing of those days Father Kenny, after referring to Schomberg's ship the *Lily*, says that he "used to like to visit the shrine of Mater Admirabilis, *Our Lady of the Lily*, at the Sacred Heart Convent of the Trinità. Later on, when I heard of his having entered the society, I thought this was a pretty coincidence, and that *Our Lady of the Lily* might have had much to do with his happy decision."

² Many years later, one of Schomberg's friends wrote these words: "Those who have known our three sailor Jesuits, Fathers Wood, Law, and Kerr, will at once acknowledge how kindred a spirit possessed them, in the strength of their attachment to their old sea life, in the bright and genial, yet intense thoroughness of their sanctity, and in that ready devotedness of life in the service of God and of souls which made them to be true martyrs of charity and zeal."

them: how they got on; whether they seemed to find much difficulty in the new life, and whether it was not found a great drawback to their usefulness in the society to have received only the very limited amount of early education which naval cadets, entering the navy at thirteen or fourteen, can have acquired at that age; whether they did not find it very hard to begin as mature men the additional studies necessary for a Jesuit priest. Strangely enough I did not at the time even surmise that there was any special object in these inquiries, which I answered as best I could. Of Captain Wood I could tell him nothing; but I had lived at St. Acheul with Mr. Law, and had heard about him afterwards, and I was able therefore to answer for him and for his enthusiastic love of the Jesuit life—the only endurable alternative to which, as he often declared, was the life in the British Navy, the same obedience, the same manly contempt of bodily comforts, the same indifference to place or surroundings, being found in both. In fact, to the end of his days a martyr to missionary zeal in South Africa (where Father Kerr himself also gave his life), Father Law bore the stamp of the sailor as clearly as that of the priest. It was only at my last meeting with Father Kerr in Rome that it flashed across my mind that he was in doubt about his vocation. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I was going to pay a visit at the Convent of Trinità di Monti, and just outside the door I met Schomberg. He seemed much agitated, rushed over to me and said, ‘Oh, Father Delaney, I have had bad news! I have just been summoned to go back to my ship.’ I had heard that he had been appointed commander of the *Bellerophon*, and I replied, ‘Well, I was just on the point of congratulating you, but you seem to think it not a

matter for congratulation.' 'No,' said he, 'it disarranges all my plans. I had counted on six months' leave at least (I am not sure if he did not say a year), and I wanted it all to look about me. You must pray and say Masses for me that God may guide me to do what is best.'

This interesting letter helps us also to realise Schomberg's perplexity when he received, on April 22, the unexpected and gratifying offer from his old friend, Captain Tatham, of being his commander on H.M.S. *Bellerophon*. We find, both in the hasty notes of Schomberg's diary and in Lord Henry's letters, traces of this perplexity. For some months Schomberg had, no doubt, been praying specially for light and guidance as to his vocation, and on the day after the news came we find the following words in his diary: "*April 23rd.*—Trying to settle about *Bellerophon*. Mass and Communion at Blessed Berchmann's Altar in his room." Forced, under these circumstances, to make a speedy decision, he followed what appeared to him to be his present duty, and accepted the appointment to the *Bellerophon*. He had, in consequence, to shorten his stay in Rome, and accordingly started for England on April 27. The journal tells us that on that day he saw the Pope passing, and received his blessing, a fitting close to his visit.

Schomberg reached London on May 3, as we learn by a note in Mr. Hope Scott's journal, which adds that he went down to Huntlyburn on the 8th. After a short visit home, he joined H.M.S. *Bellerophon* at Portsmouth. During the few weeks he passed on the ship, and in spite of the anxiety and uncertainty as to the future which weighed upon him, Schomberg made

a deep impression on his brother officers, one of whom writes as follows: "I was a midshipman on the *Bellerophon* in 1867 when he was appointed commander, but he only remained in the ship about six weeks, and left her to retire from the service altogether. It was during those weeks that I knew him, and that he made such a deep impression; so that his personality is almost as vivid to-day (1898) as it was then. Though only a midshipman I had much to do with him, and his high sense of duty, and devotion to it, his wonderful knowledge of men and insight into character, and the calm strength and good judgment of his rule on board made me admire and love him with all the fervour of a boy. Nor was I the only one; he made the same impression on the ship's company, and it was with unfeigned regret that we saw him leave the ship."¹

The circumstances under which Schomberg was led to decide on leaving his ship and making trial of the vocation to which he aspired are remarkable. He has left no record of them himself, but we gladly avail ourselves of the recollections of his friend, Rev. W. Amherst, S.J., then in charge of the church at Galashiels. After he had left the *Bellerophon* he had a talk with Father Amherst about his vocation, in which the latter at first took the same view as that of Schomberg's other friends, who saw the good he was able to do in his profession.

"When Schomberg first spoke to me about joining the Society of Jesus," says Father Amherst, "we were walking on the road to Galashiels; he did not speak of it as a thing settled. I am sure of this, because if he had done so I should not have taken the line I did in speaking to him. He was so fine an example of a

¹ Letter from Admiral Beaumont to Mrs. Maxwell Scott.

Catholic in the navy, and it was so clear from his character that he would have had an immense influence for good, that I really did feel that unless it should turn out that his vocation was an exceptionally strong one, he would do more good in his profession than in the priesthood, where the work he would have to do and his success in it were both doubtful. I felt rather sorry that he should think of leaving the navy for good, and as I thought he had not positively made up his mind, I spoke to him in the sense of the observations I have made above."

The following incidents were also related to Father Amherst, either by Schomberg himself during the same conversation, or by Lord and Lady Henry Kerr, and I give them in Father Amherst's words :—

"A few days after he had joined the *Bellerophon* in good health, a complete prostration of all energy of mind and body came over him. He reported himself to his captain as totally unfit for work. Captain Tatham had especially asked for Schomberg as his commander, knowing his character for energy of mind and body; and supposing the indisposition to be something accidental and temporary, told him to consider himself off duty and to go and lie down in his berth, and try what complete rest would do. Schomberg got no better, and Captain Tatham said: 'I can give you a fortnight's leave; go to your father and mother in Scotland.' He went, and according to my recollection there was, when he was at Huntlyburn, little or nothing the matter with him. At the end of the fortnight he rejoined his ship, feeling quite competent for duty. But very shortly after, I think only a day or two, the same prostration of all energy of mind and body again seized him, and he could do nothing. His captain then told him that,

having already given him leave for a fortnight, he could give him leave for only three days, and that if he wished for an extension of that time he must make a personal application to the Admiralty."

It must have been about this time, probably during the first fortnight's leave, that Schomberg consulted another priest friend, the Rev. Robert Whitty, S.J., who advised him to return to his ship. When the experiment again failed he applied to his captain, to whom he spoke frankly of his state of mind. Captain Tatham replied, "That if it were any one else, he would treat the matter merely as a passing whim, or a mere religious scruple, but that, knowing Kerr as he did, he could not view it in that light in his case, and therefore, if he might offer counsel in such a question, he would advise him to see it out, to get a prolonged leave of absence, and to make trial of the proposed change of life." Schomberg acted on his advice, and left H.M.S. *Bellerophon* on June 5.

A few days later, he and his two brothers, for his soldier brother had also returned from India, went down to Huntlyburn. Towards the end of June Schomberg went to the house of the Jesuit Fathers at Dalkeith, to make a retreat, in order to decide, in prayer and recollection, upon his next step. The notes he has left relating to this time, and the reasons he sets down for his final decision, are very striking, and we are happy to be able to give the following extracts from them, gathered together by an intimate friend of Schomberg's,¹ and introduced by him as follows:—

"In order to guard himself against mere heated feeling, or, on the other hand, the effect of prejudice in

¹ Rev. D. Considine, S.J.

his choice of a state of life, Schomberg resolved to use the method suggested by St. Ignatius to persons in the same case as himself. They are advised to set down as fully and honestly as they can the advantages to be found in the new manner of life under consideration, and afterwards its drawbacks; they are to do the same with respect to the mode of life in which they are already engaged, that by carefully comparing and balancing the different statements they may be helped to decide between the rival claims. Accordingly, he drew up three lists, one containing 'Reasons for leaving the World and entering the Church,' another giving 'Additional Reasons for becoming a Religious' (*i.e.* reasons in favour of embracing not only the ecclesiastical but also the religious state), and a third setting forth *per contra* the 'Reasons for remaining in the World.' If reasons were to be numbered rather than weighed, the issue of this comparison would be clear enough, for whereas there are twenty-eight arguments brought forward in favour of the 'Church,' and some sixty more in favour of the religious state, the cause of life in the world is supported only by nine. The bulk of the reasons used have little of novelty in them, as was to be expected in so well-worn a theme, but some of them are interesting as throwing light on the personal history of the writer. Thus, after avowing the great love and admiration he has for a celibate life, he goes on to speak of 'the wonderful way in which I have been kept from attachments, love-making, &c. Even the temporary affections I have felt have been for those with whom marriage is out of the question, or others whom I have loved for their love of God.' Again, 'I have often thought that even if I remained in the world I would endeavour to remain unmarried. I

promised God long ago at sea, when I had no opportunity of settling my vocation, that I would not engage myself in this world till I knew His will concerning me.' He gives the true explanation of his seeming fondness for social gatherings. 'I have endeavoured to like balls, parties, picnics, &c., thinking it a social duty, and have always been the first in promoting them when opportunity offered, on that account *solely*, and not from any enjoyment on my part. . . . Persons used to say, "*Mr. Kerr is too good and pious to dance, and thinks it is wrong.*" I used to laugh at them, for I had no such reason, though I always preferred the church to the ball-room naturally somehow. In 1859 I made a sort of promise with my sister that we would both serve God in religious life. I have never forgotten it. She never wavered, and has been in the Convent of the Sacred Heart four years already, and has since been praying daily for me. I cannot allow her to beat me in heroism for God. I believe if any of my mess-mates in the last five years' cruise were told that I had become a priest they would say, "*I always thought so,*" or at any rate would not be at all surprised. And I write this with all humility.' He adds, 'I have often promised to decide my vocation by making a retreat and fairly considering the question, but I have never been game to try, always putting it off, or accepting some accidental excuse as God's will, fearing it might end in my being called.' Among the attractions to him of the Society of Jesus he reckons its refusal of all ecclesiastical dignities, and the hatred borne to it by the world. 'No religious order is so hated and despised by the world.' What may be called the counter-statement, or the case for the world, so covers the whole ground and is put so well that it may be here given in full:—

“‘REASONS FOR REMAINING IN THE WORLD.

“‘1. Because I am told that my example in the world, and especially in my profession, is edifying as a Catholic.

“‘2. That should I ever take a high position, the value of my example would increase.

“‘3. That after spending so many years in the world it is unlikely that God should call me from it.

“‘4. That being accustomed to a roaming, unsettled life, I may not be able to suit myself to a sedentary one and overcome all the difficulties of beginning life again.

“‘5. That in point of learning I am especially deficient, having left school at the age of thirteen and never received any regular education since.

“‘6. That my health and head may not stand the work.

“‘7. That hitherto my success in the navy has not been owing to any ability, scientific or intellectual qualities, which I do not possess, and which are almost necessary qualifications for a Jesuit, but entirely to my way and manner of doing executive work which comes natural to me; and, secondly, the influence I have gained over my superiors and others by a steady, respectable life.

“‘8. Danger of breaking down and consequent unsettledness.

“‘9. Though many have joined the society at a later age, yet without doubt they were educated to a more advanced time of life, their minds were broken into study and they knew how to apply what they learnt. I don't know that I ever attended a lecture in my life, and, while a youth, had a horror of all books. My principal reason for going to sea was to get away from school. I remember well leaving Winchester to the consternation of every one.'

"A critic might perhaps object that the eighth reason is practically the same as the sixth, except that it points attention to the consequences which might follow if the novice were obliged by ill-health to return to the world. Yet on the whole it will scarcely be denied that this draft sums up forcibly and fairly what could be said against a very grave and a very bold step. If repentance was to come after the step was taken, at any rate Schomberg would feel that he had not plunged into the dark, but had looked well before him and towards every quarter of the compass until he knew exactly where he stood, and what it was he was quitting and whither he was setting his face."

The light so ardently sought for was not refused, and on the last day of his Retreat, which was, that year, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Schomberg offered his future life to God in the Society of Jesus. Lord and Lady Henry, with all the generosity of their fervent faith and unselfishness, gave their full consent to his wishes. They, like him, made their sacrifice thoroughly and cheerfully, without counting the cost.

When Henrietta heard of Schomberg's vocation, she wrote the following charming little letter of congratulation, which, with many others of her letters, makes us regret doubly that none of Schomberg's to her have been preserved.

" July 9th.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—What can I say to you! I am too happy either to write or think. Your letter came two hours ago. This morning we were renewing our vows at Mass at 5.30 (which we generally do on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, but which was deferred this year on account of the bustle and crowd), and my chief

thought was, 'How happy I should be if old Schommy were one day to be doing as I was.' I could scarcely think of anything else. I fancy our Lord must have smiled to see my anxiety, knowing as He did that in the course of the day I should get your letter. How I do thank Him, and that good Mater Admirabilis. I have just been to her, and knelt down in the place where you knelt that last evening you were here, and now I have but a few minutes for writing. I shall have a great many, though, to pray for the old boy. He must not be surprised if he has the devil after him during these two months of interval—it is a good sign. I wonder much whether you will feel like I did during the three years I spent at home after my vocation was decided. It seemed to me that my wish for religious life vanished from the moment I decided to follow it. The devil, whose great object it is to disturb one's peace of mind, takes one by one's weakest point, and as with me in those days it was a great matter to *feel* well disposed and fervent, he used to torment me by making me *feel* quite the contrary. Happily, however, he has no power over one's will, which is all that God looks to and rewards, and one of the great graces of the novitiate is to make one understand the immense difference between one's upper will and one's sensations. I am sure, though, that you are already learned in all that. I shall go on praying more than ever—our Lord, now your sole Master as He is mine, will crown His other graces by the greatest of all, perseverance. How thankful I am to think that every instant of your life is going to be employed in His service. Good-bye, and *Deo Gratias* once more.—Your affectionate sister,

“H. KERR.”

One of Schomberg's letters announcing his decision to his cousin—the present writer—remains to us, and by its tone we can judge of the grave happiness which that decision had brought to him. “On the Feast of the Sacred Heart (28th ult.),” he writes, “I offered my life to God in the Society of Jesus through the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and on the 8th September I enter the Novitiate. This may or may not astonish you, and you may be sorry or glad, but in any case I know you will thank God with me, and so share my happiness. I have had the idea for many years, but I will not now give you a history of my inner self in general, and the last few weeks and months in particular. Some day we will have a talk about it. In the meantime you must write me a little word telling me your feelings about it, &c. And now, my dear Mamo, thank God with me for His great mercies.”

At first only Schomberg's nearest relations and friends were made acquainted with his determination, and, as was natural, many affectionate regrets and even misgivings as to the wisdom of his decision mingled with their admiration of the motives which led to it.¹ On looking back, however, to this summer of 1867, it always appears, to the present writer, to have been an excep-

¹ Mr. Hope Scott wrote to Lord Henry on July 6. “Tell Schomberg that my hopes and prayers go with him, and that I can no longer doubt that he is called.”

The feelings with which his step was regarded by his naval friends are well expressed by the following extract from a letter written after his death: “I am sure you will forgive me,” writes one of his former captains, “for in some degree claiming a share in your grief at the death of my old shipmate and friend. If he had stayed in the navy, his fine, straightforward character would have led him to great distinction, but he sacrificed a promising career for that which seemed to him ‘the better part,’ and has now gained a martyr's crown in the dismal land to which duty had devoted him.”

tionally happy one. Lord and Lady Henry were surrounded by all their children. The large family parties at Huntlyburn and Abbotsford, often augmented by visits from the Hopes and other relations, met almost daily. Lord Henry and his sons would ride down to Abbotsford for Mass and breakfast; pleasant riding expeditions took place, and often the evenings were also spent at Abbotsford, Lady Victoria's delicate health preventing her from leaving home. On these occasions music was one of the favourite occupations, and in this Schomberg, who shared his father's and brothers' tastes, took a special part with his cheery songs. The Queen's visit to Abbotsford on August 20 also helped to make this a memorable summer, and added a little pleasurable excitement to the home life.

In the midst of all this there were moments of grave talk, precious to look back upon, and which lent a deeper interest to what appeared on the surface to be merely a cheerful holiday time. In August Henrietta, whose thoughts were affectionately occupied with her brother's last days at home, wrote to him as follows:—

“I am counting the days as they pass, and following you as they pass and bring the 8th nearer. I feel as if your plunge were giving me a fresh start, and I have great projects of a new existence in union with our Blessed Lady, and a little too in union with that big brother of mine. . . . I am sure, too, that it is a great help to start well and manfully as you will do, and as I hope, with God's grace, to do again. I will ask to make my day's Retreat on the 8th, and I will beg our Blessed Lord to say to your soul some of those wonderful words of His which heal all wounds, cure all ailments, and make the bitterest and hardest things seem sweet and

easy. How true are the words of 'The Imitation,' 'When Jesus is present all is easy,' and when one does not feel His presence, one knows He is at hand watching one's struggles, and ready to help and even console one as much as is necessary. How happy it does make me to think of your vocation."

And so the time passed, and the moment of separation approached. Schomberg made several little visits to Luffness, Monteviot, and to see other friends, before going south, but the last days were spent quietly at Huntlyburn. On September 6 he left home to enter the Jesuit Novitiate at Roehampton, and it is remembered that Lord Henry in his unselfishness left him with his mother for most of the day, and then rode into Melrose in the evening to see him off. Partings such as these are sacred, and we can but guess what they cost Schomberg. We only know that he was given grace and strength to make the final sacrifice bravely and cheerfully.

A few farewell words, written on the afternoon of September 7, to his cousin, remain to us:—

"MY DEAR MAMO," he wrote, "the hour is getting nearer and nearer, and I feel that you are helping me, my dear child. Continue to do so, and I for you. Good-bye, good-bye, to your papa and self.—Your affectionate cousin,

"H. SCHOMBERG."

We will conclude this part of Schomberg's life with his mother's words, written a little later, to Miss Edgar: "William went to help his brother out of the world, and into the novitiate. The sailor's vocation was all

joy." And again, referring to the time when William had joined his brother, "Our two eldest sons, William and Schomberg, the sailor, were both called by God last year, and both entered the Jesuit Novitiate. He on September 8, William on St. Stanislaus' Day, November 13, and so both have now half proved their wonderful vocations."

CHAPTER VII

RELIGIOUS LIFE

“ Let us not degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God.”

—BLESSED IGNATIUS AZEVEDO, S.J.

IN entering upon this period of Schomberg's life, the ten years of preparation for the priesthood, the years in which he was learning to be a true son of St. Ignatius, Blessed Azevedo's words seem to be singularly appropriate. If, through his early years, *duty* was Schomberg's watch-word, the higher signification of the word, the absolute devotion of himself to God's greater glory and to souls, was to be the keynote of his life as a religious and a priest. During this time of study and prayer before his ordination Schomberg's family and friends saw little of him, and only a few letters have been preserved; we are indebted, therefore, to the kindness of several of his brothers in religion for the valuable and interesting reminiscences contained in this chapter. The first of these, written by one who was his brother novice at Manresa, helps us to follow his new life from the very moment of its commencement.¹

Henry, accompanied by his brother William, arrived at Manresa a few minutes after 9 P.M. on September 7, and was received by the Master of Novices, Father Christopher Fitzsimon, and the Minister of the House, Father John Baptist Bodoano, and after some good-humoured banter as to which of the visitors had really

¹ Rev. D. Considine.

come to stay, for William's arrival was unexpected, it was time to part, and the elder brother left Henry to himself and his own thoughts on his first night of residence at Manresa. What those reflections were, and, indeed, what had been the thoughts uppermost in his mind during the last few weeks, have fortunately been set down for us by the subject of them, in a short retrospect inserted in his journal of the Long Retreat.

So far then, from the prospect of his trial clouding his spirits as the hour drew near, he had been conscious of an unusual lightness of heart. This seemed to him all the stranger because it could not be traced to any increase of fervour or greater pains taken in his devotional exercises, on the contrary, as he owns with sorrow, he was conscious of certain infidelities committed at this time which filled him with so keen a remorse that he began to ask himself, almost in doubt, whether his call was truly from God, or whether the sceptics who treated it as a dream might not after all be right. The truth is, that on the eve of a great enterprise so novel, so solemn, as is the entrance upon religious life, the mind of any thoughtful man cannot help being agitated by many fears and misgivings. The uncertainty of the future, the knowledge of his own frailty, the possibility of illusion, even objections which have already been fully discussed and dismissed as vain, haunt and disturb the imagination even if they do not shake the will. In the kind of panic or tumult of thought which ensues, it is not surprising that a man is often not a good judge as to his own real sentiments, and in his bewilderment fails either to see clearly what is passing within him or to explain to himself correctly what he sees. So it happens that he takes for a treason of the will what is mere nervousness, due to a vivid

realisation of difficulties near at hand, or to those natural sinkings of heart which are beyond our control, and from which the bravest are not exempt. But these painful doubts had soon faded from Schomberg's mind and a great calm returned, not to be again broken even by the parting from home until the great probation had begun.

As soon as they were alone Father Fitzsimon asked his new novice whether he was ready to go to the common refectory and make a fair beginning of the life next morning, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, took his leave.¹ Accordingly, at a quarter past eight on Sunday morning, Henry, with some thirty other novices, many of them "new" like himself, sat down to breakfast. The "new hands" were assigned a long table to themselves, at one end of which he had been placed, and he was glad to recognise at the other a friend whom he had met before in Nova Scotia. All the other faces were new to him; but they were most of them youthful enough, those of young men ranging from seventeen to twenty-one, and none of them whiskered, he was careful to notice, except his own. Meanwhile the older novices, for all their demureness, made as good use of their eyes as he did himself, since he remarks, "I fancy all the greenhorns were pretty well measured up and down, and in and out, by the older ones," who, no doubt, surveyed the new-comers with critical glances very much as drill-sergeants might a new batch of recruits.

¹ A characteristic trait of Schomberg at this time is told as follows: when the novice master, Father Fitzsimon, heard that his name was Schomberg, he remarked, "Why, there is no saint of that name." "Then it is your business to make one," Schomberg promptly replied. Among his fellow religious, however, he was called by his first name, Henry.

By the Jesuit rule a period not exceeding twenty days is to be spent by those who have been admitted as candidates in the state of what is called *first probation*. During this time they are treated as guests, and are not allowed to join the general body of the novices. Two or more novices, however, who go by the name of "guardian angels," are appointed to take them in hand, and it is their business to give any explanations which may be needed of the short abstract of the society's rules with which candidates are furnished, to introduce them to the practice of meditation, to employ them in the manual works by which humility is exercised, to teach them the usages of the house and the order of the day, and, in a word, to acquaint them as fully as time permits, with the character and routine of the life which they are going to lead for the next two years. This process, which "Brother" Henry Kerr, as he will henceforward be known, terms "gradually opening their eyes," he underwent with his fourteen companions in the greatest good-humour. The tradition lived afterwards that they were a particularly frolicsome company, and gave their "angels" no little trouble by their high spirits; in any case the series of gentle shocks and surprises must have been much more startling to him than to those who had been Catholics all their lives, and most probably had been educated at some Jesuit school. However, his cheerfulness never failed; difficulties he had none, and he was himself astonished to find how naturally and easily he settled down in his new position. He felt himself young again, a boy once more, and he gave himself up to all that was asked of him with the happy enthusiasm of youth, needing the curb rather than the spur; he even began to

grow uneasy because he had so little sense of repugnance or restraint. But this "running rather loose" and the "slack rein," as he describes it, has its own place in the preparation of a Jesuit novice, and serves as a sort of prologue to the more serious business which follows; in the present case it did not last beyond a week, for "we new hands" were brought up short and suddenly on Saturday evening by the opening of the Long Retreat.

I must ask my readers to be content with only a few extracts from the "Log of the Long Retreat," in which the new novice noted down most carefully the good or ill success of each meditation, and the thoughts hopeful or desponding that from time to time affected his soul. He entered into the Retreat, he tells us, with great awe, for he had been taught to regard it as of the highest importance, not only for its own sake as a spiritual work, but because of the power which was ascribed to it of trying the soundness of religious vocations. And now would his own be able to stand this master test, or would the "whole vocation structure crumble away" at its touch? At first his mind misgave him, but he put the doubts firmly away and with a brave heart entered the Retreat, determined to do his best whatever might be the result. As so often happens with regard to our fears, the reality proved far easier to bear than the anticipation of it; the four meditations and one consideration a day did not overtax his strength, and their all-important subjects never failed to seize his attention and to imprint themselves deeply on his mind. Meanwhile, no temptations from without were allowed to hinder the good work being done within; his conscience was greatly moved but not disturbed,

even by the self-searching necessary for his general confession of his whole life, and when the sacred words of absolution were pronounced, even the body seemed to feel and to share in the blessed lightness of the soul. On Sunday, September 22, all the exercitants, clad in the Jesuit habit for the first time, received Holy Communion. His own account of himself on that Sunday morning was, "I must confess I was very happy. I don't know what there was, but I felt a something that made me such as I cannot describe. My spirits remained the same: I mean that though I would not do wrong I was quite too ready for a lark and joke *out of times*, and frequently did (*sic*), I'm afraid. I little thought at home that my beginning and life here would be so easy, and that I should feel so well. I did not take St. Winefride's water for nothing; may she continue to protect my health, if it is God's will!"

Schomberg was indeed exactly in the dispositions that St. Ignatius requires for the study of the life of the God Man that was to be the work of the next ten days of the Retreat. The portrait of our Blessed Lord as He lived and moved and spoke, is now drawn for us, feature by feature, line by line; it grows upon us with every stroke, unfolding, explaining, endearing itself more and more; becoming more and more human and yet not less divine, seen to be more imitable by us, more possible, more necessary for us. The novice felt the fascination, although he could not analyse it; and the workings of his mind show themselves in his brief notes.

In the portion of the Retreat devoted to the contemplation of the Passion Schomberg's notes are very short, but one is conscious of a solemnity, a deeper

tone of feeling, but there is also more self-possession and calm; no personal references, everywhere definite, set resolutions against individual faults. It is as though the contemplation of the sufferings of the God Man was too absorbing to allow of any return upon self.

If the third week closes what may be called the *constructive* part of the exercises, the function of the fourth and concluding week is chiefly to confirm and make more stable what has already been resolved upon. The note of this week is one of joy, suitable to the mysteries of our Lord's risen life, which are now the subjects of meditation, not however of mere selfish rejoicing on account of our redemption, but primarily for our Lord's sake, because His sufferings are over, and henceforth He dies no longer. Of course His resurrection is the cause and promise of our own, His glory is the earnest of our eternal recompense if we are faithful to His teaching, and He has gone before us to prepare for us a mansion in His heavenly kingdom. We cannot therefore congratulate Him on His triumph and pause to reckon up the fruits of His victory over death and sin without being ourselves encouraged afresh to serve so good a Master and to work for so high a reward. However, in this rough world there is not much time to spare for rejoicing when so many pressing duties require our attention; the apostles on the Mount of Ascension were recalled to themselves and to the stern present by angelic messengers, who asked, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here looking up to heaven?" So the Retreat closes with a *Contemplation on Spiritual Love*, setting forth the proofs of God's love to us, and inviting us to make a return in kind. Kerr notes, "October 16th.—Close of

Retreat, 6.30. *Te Deum* sung in thanksgiving for the many graces received, which I joined in with my heart and voice too." Two days later he tries to sum up what he has gained from the Retreat as a whole. He is fully aware how difficult it is to answer such a question with confidence, because the proof of virtue lies in its exercise, and this exercise must find its place in the many and arduous occasions of the future which is as yet unborn. He can only speak of his present sentiments, and hope that they will abide the touch of time. He considers then that he comes out of the Retreat with a closer insight into spiritual things, and consequently with a higher appreciation of them, and a firmer resolution to seek after them. The sense of duty, so much cultivated in the British Navy, has not faded out of his mind as a motive in the course of the Retreat, for he declares himself "‘ready to go where duty calls,’ either as commander of the *Bellerophon* or elsewhere, though, of course, my fixed determination is to strive to the end in the high vocation to which God has been pleased to call me. I ought and could say D. G.’s (*Deo Gratias*—thanks to God) for evermore, for all God’s mercies to me. I know I must expect dark times and heavy weather now and again, but God will support me. Henry Schomberg Kerr."

What was the nature of the life upon which he was now launched, and by which the result of his month’s Retreat was immediately to be tested? The aim of the two years’ novitiate to which every Jesuit is subjected is twofold, probation and formation. These two years are to prove the reality of the divine call in each case, and by the very exercises which test it to train the subject of it in its spirit and for its purposes. Where it is possible to carry

out in fulness the plan arranged by the Founder of the Order, there are no less than six experiments, six special tests through which every Jesuit candidate must pass successfully before his two years are completed. Two of these—the month's service in a hospital, and a month spent on pilgrimage, during which the novices must, as far as possible, beg their way, and so learn by actual experience to bear hardships and to put their trust in God alone—have to be omitted in England because it is found impracticable to carry them out. The other four tests, or the three which remain when the month's Retreat has been accomplished, are the performance of lowly duties, within the house or without, the catechising of the young or the uninstructed, and the delivery of sermons, and, where the candidate is a priest, the hearing of confessions.

The menial offices which exercise the humility of the scholastic novices are the work which would be done by domestic servants in a private family, for there are no servants in a Jesuit novitiate; lay brothers attend to the cooking and the employments for which trained skill is required, but with these exceptions, the whole work of the house, or of those portions of it which are inhabited by novices, is managed by the novices themselves. It will easily be understood that for young people any sensitiveness as to the supposed degradation of such work does not last very long, and they quickly become merry and willing, and sweep, and dust, and "tidy up" generally with more zeal perhaps than knowledge. Some one of their number is appointed to direct the rest, with the title of *Master of Indoor Works*, and he allots to each one his daily task. The orders are given in Latin, not Ciceronian perhaps, but such as will serve, and the different imple-

ments to be used, and the details of the work to be done, are described by words and phrases which have a traditional sense and are easily learnt. There is also a *Master of Outdoor Works*, a more important functionary still, to whom at Manresa is committed some part of the care of the extensive grounds in which the noviceship stands. The Master of Outdoor Works is supposed to get his orders every day from the head gardener, and he thereupon sets his fellow novices to sweep or roll the walks or cut the lawns with mowing machines, or make hay in summer-time over some acres of meadow, or gather the abundant fruit. In winter there are logs to be sawn or chopped in the woodhouse for fuel, and in Schomberg's time there were often decayed trees, first cut round by the gardener's men, and then to be pulled down to the ground with ropes by an enthusiastic force of novices swaying all together at the master's word of command. This office of Master of Outdoor Works was held for a long time with great distinction by Henry Kerr, and it is amazing what energy he threw into it. He communicated his keenness to others, and it was a matter of common remark that never before had the novices worked so heartily or to such purpose as under his command. His characteristic dislike of listlessness or slipshod work showed itself in his impatience, compounded perhaps more of pity than of anger, when the task he set was not completed within the given time. The official Latin was not always equal to expressing his feelings on such occasions, and "all hands" were made aware in their mother-tongue that they had not done their duty. His idea of what could be done and well done by novices in the forty minutes allotted to "outdoor works" seemed at first ridiculously large, but by de-

grees his subordinates saw that he was in earnest, and soon did all or more than he asked of them. This power which he had of communicating his own enthusiasm to others, and, above all, of getting them to work with a willingness which made toil seem a pleasure, afterwards stood him in good stead when he was appointed as minister of a college. One part of the minister's duty is to direct and superintend a large staff of servants, and although those under him were free to admit that they had never been worked so hard before, no minister was more readily and loyally served.

The catechetical test consists in giving instruction in religious doctrine on Sundays or week days, as is found convenient, to the school children of the neighbouring Catholic missions and of some of the London churches. Brother Henry, after some experience in less difficult circumstances, was named as one of the catechists who went from Manresa every Sunday afternoon to the Catholic school at Homer Row. They had an early dinner, and then started to walk to Hammersmith, a distance of some four miles, taking tickets thence to Edgware Road, which is within a few minutes' walk of the Homer Row Church. On the arrival of the catechists the doors of the school were thrown open, and there flocked in up the stairs into a large room on the first floor a crowd of children, boys and girls, whom piety or curiosity had attracted from the neighbourhood. These children had first to be sorted into their respective classes in two large rooms, then new-comers, of whom there were often many, were examined by the head catechist and assigned to what seemed their proper division, and the work of teaching began. The attendance of the children was voluntary, and none of their ordinary superiors were present, so that all the firmness

and ingenuity of each catechist were needed to control and to interest his youthful audience. When the classes had been taught separately for a certain time they were all gathered together in one room to listen to an address from the chief catechist, and were then conducted, after some hymns had been sung, into the galleries of Homer Row Church to be present at Benediction.

It may be well to set down here the impressions of his fellow novices concerning their navy Brother. To begin with, he was a universal favourite. There was in his manner a frankness and heartiness which inspired confidence at once. No one ever felt ill at ease with him, or could withstand the charm of a good nature which refused to recognise, or, at any rate, to accept a rebuff. He overbore the timidity or the coldness or lack of sympathy in the character of others by a sort of masterful geniality to which every one succumbed. He would sometimes stand on the lawn fronting Richmond Park, and, sniffing the breeze when the south-west wind was high, would declare that he smelt in it the salt of the sea. So there was perceptible in his own manner, in his address, his conversation, a freshness, an unconventional freedom that somehow reminded one of the open, free-flowing, health-giving ocean which he loved so well. His comments on men and things, while never in the smallest degree ill-natured, were always shrewd and his own, and frequently caused great amusement by the nautical turn of the phrase. Indeed, he never either could or would unlearn the language of the sea, and to the end of his life what landsmen call "upset" was for him "capsize," a bout of temptation was "dirty weather," and although it might "blow heavy guns" he was resolved to "stick to the ship" to the last. It was quite according to the laws of human

nature that he should express himself on the most solemn subjects in the imagery and terms most familiar to him and most full of meaning to him, but his fellow novices were at first greatly astonished to hear the concerns of the soul discussed in phrases which they knew only from the novels of Marryat or from sea-songs. Yet this very plainness of speech gave a pungency to his remarks which carried them home, and made them live and be repeated from mouth to mouth by his fellow novices. It was impossible to doubt the earnestness and sincerity of the speaker, and to hear him "yarn," as he himself would say, about incidents in the lives of holy men, or illustrate in his own fashion different points of our Lord's teaching, was to gain a new sense of what the saints really were and of the lessons Jesus intended to convey.

It might perhaps have been expected that Henry's early training as a Protestant, and his few opportunities on ship-board of perfecting his instruction in the Catholic faith, would have placed him at a disadvantage on entering religion. But it was not so. His was an *anima naturaliter Catholica*; he came to the Jesuit noviceship with a tender devotion not only to the Mother of God but to St. Joseph and to other saints, and as time went on he added to their number, and had their names often on his lips in conversation. He chose to believe that his fellow novices, who had always been Catholics, must be well acquainted with the history of all the saints, and in consequence he would apply to them for information regarding the saint of the day which they were sometimes unable to supply. He had a great liking for all the authorised devotions of the Church, and especially for those which are in a sense proper to the Society of Jesus, such as the

devotion to the Sacred Heart of the Bona Mors, &c., and he was fond of private Novenas or Triduos, and believed himself to have received great graces by means of them.

But if Henry was a general favourite with his brother novices, their admiration for him was not less than their affection. Even the youngest amongst them could understand that the ex-navy captain must be no ordinary man. They had themselves for the most part just finished their school course, and passed from the comparative shelter of their college and their holidays at home into the precincts of the novitiate. They had given up no career, for they had never entered one; they had not drunk deeply of the cup of worldly pleasure; and they had been mercifully shielded from the world's most fatal lures; they were, after all, hardly more than schoolboys. But here was a man in the prime of life who had thrown up an honourable profession in which he had already distinguished himself, and left it just at the moment when a brilliant prospect opened upon him. With a full realisation of what the sacrifice involved, he had exchanged liberty for restraint, fame for obscurity, a position of authority for one of unquestioning submission. Beneath his usually calm and cheery manner an iron will was always working for self-repression and self-control, and no one could observe him closely without noting at times the traces of the struggle. Thus he became to his brothers in religion an embodiment of all that is high in principle and strenuous in deed, a kind of religious hero, who called forth their enthusiasm, and was accepted as a leader without any wish or probably even knowledge on his own part of the position which he held amongst them.

Life even in a novitiate does not always run smooth, misunderstandings may arise, there are disappointments,

tempers get chafed, and there are storms in tea-cups; on such occasions the influence of Brother Henry was sure to make itself felt. He had an inbred dislike of pettiness in any form, and trumpery grievances and grumbling even against the weather were his aversion. His ringing laugh and hearty "Never mind, brother, it's only a bit of a breeze," could unknit the gloomiest brow, and it seemed ridiculous to nurse a grievance in the company of one who did not seem to know what a grievance was—at any rate, what could be a grievance for those who professed to be serving God with their whole heart.

The obligation of speaking Latin except during the hours of recreation is no little penance, as may easily be fancied, for those who have never spoken Latin before, and above all for such as from want of early opportunities, or for other reasons, have come to the novitate with a slender outfit of classical lore. Poor human nature is therefore very apt to shirk this duty, or to pare it down, seeking such excuses as that the subject treated of will not lend itself to the Latin idiom, or the person spoken to is slow to catch the speaker's sense in a dead language, and yet the business to be transacted presses. But a sea-captain who had left Winchester College at the age of thirteen, and had not afterwards continued his studies in mid-ocean, could not be expected to be ready with the Latin tongue, yet Brother Kerr would claim no exemption from the law, and forged gallantly ahead with a patchwork of most elegant Ciceronian terms which he collected with infinite labour, and had learnt by heart. Sometimes in moments of extreme difficulty a genuine sailor phrase would escape at the heels of the ponderous Latin, or he would startle and nonplus his

companion by suddenly demanding the Latin for "to cut one's cable," "get things ship-shape," or "there's a donkey adrift on the lawn." Nothing, however, could daunt him; every day he added something to his stock of Latin words, and as he feared neither labour nor the shame of mistakes, he ended by gaining a knowledge of Latin which was surprising in a man who had so many difficulties to overcome. In fact his energy was equal to any task, and he had always some self-appointed work on hand—he was reading up the life of some saint, or making himself better acquainted with some form of devotion, or trying to carry out some new suggestion he had heard or read regarding meditation, or he was rallying a little body of his brothers in a private Novena for some object he had greatly at heart.

So bent was he on self-improvement, so keenly interested in whatever could help him to it, that though he had never from his childhood lived for four consecutive months in the same place, he seemed never to feel the monotony of noviceship life. When conversation flagged, he had always some fresh topic to introduce, or some questions to put about details of Catholic or religious life on which he professed his ignorance. He was always willing and anxious to receive suggestions from the youngest of his brothers, and in his humility he did not recognise that often he unconsciously imparted much more information than he received. He rarely spoke of his life at sea, although he did not refuse to answer questions about it when another introduced the topic. Apparently his reason for this reticence was not any fear he might have of giving scandal by narrating the incidents with which his memory must have been stored, but rather was it a part of his total breach with the worldly past, as though he had

"burnt his boats" in quitting the service, and he did not wish to go back to it even in thought. As a matter of fact, he never lost his love for his old profession, and never wavered in his admiration of it. He used to speak of it as an excellent training for religious life, although he never attempted to under-rate its dangers for those whose character was weak. It taught men, he said, obedience, and the endurance of hardship, and resource in difficulties, and courage and loyalty to superiors. The highest praise a captain can give one of his crew is to describe him as a "smart" man, into which epithet are packed the qualities of briskness, intelligence, handiness, neatness, ready obedience, and no doubt many others which a mere landsman cannot be supposed to understand. So Kerr's ideal of a Jesuit was, that he should be a "smart" man, and perhaps he was not very far wrong. He certainly in this matter never failed to practise what he preached.

CHAPTER VIII

PRIESTHOOD

Soon after his Long Retreat Schomberg wrote the following note to his old friend, Colonel (then Major) Colthurst, which interests us from the calm and happy tone with which he speaks of the new life that realised at last the one that he had been "hunting after for these many years":—

"MANRESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON,

"October 30, 1867.

"MY DEAR MAJOR,—I wonder if you have heard of little *me* being a novice of the Society of Jesus at last, and happier and jollier than ever. It is the purpose of this letter to tell you.

"I have been through a good deal since last we met, but, *Deo Gratias*, have at last found the life I have been hunting after for these many years—at least as far as my short experience will allow me to judge. I know you will congratulate me and give me a helping hand. . . .

"And now, my dear Major, though I may not see you again for years, believe I shall always be with you, and so I trust our friendship, though unseen, will in sincerity and spirit grow more and more. . . .—Ever your affectionate friend,

H. SCHOMBERG KERR, N.S.J."

Henrietta, now united more than ever to her brother in their similar aims and hopes, wrote to him from time

to time, and we cannot do better than note her letters in order of date, as they are not only charming in themselves, but help us materially to follow Schomberg's movements. We will begin by the first written after the Long Retreat :—

“TRINITÀ, [1867–68.]

“MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—The difficulty in writing to you is to find where to begin, there is so much to say. I think I shall adopt St. Catherine of Sienna's style; her letters all begin with expressing her desires for the particular person she is writing to. If she were addressing you, she would probably have said: ‘I write to you with the desire of seeing you a fervent novice, so firmly fixed in God's service as to be unshaken by all the assaults of the evil one, indifferent in all the vicissitudes of human life and feelings, and in constant possession of the joy and peace of the Holy Spirit,’ &c., &c. As you (will) probably infer from the above, I am reading St. Catherine's Letters, which are too delightful. Those written to religious are quite wonderful in the way in which they go to the point. It is no longer my business to be giving you spiritual hints, still, by dint of habit, when a thing strikes me I keep on saying to myself, ‘I wish old Schommy could hear or read that.’ One pithy remark I must pass on to you. I found it among some letters of a Jesuit defunct. He says that it is quite a mistake to consider the facility or difficulty of things when they have to be done; that the perfect man goes ahead without knowing almost whether he is in a state of consolation or desolation. I think that is splendid, and I trust some day you and I will get up to that mark. You must give me a shove upwards by prayers or words, as the case may be. It comes quite naturally to me now, in asking for graces, to substitute ‘*for us*

three' for the *me* formerly prayed for, and I trust I shall get what I wish, *i.e.* that neither of us on our death-beds may have to reproach ourselves for having left undone an atom that we might have done for our Lord's service. I kept a double feast yesterday—the Ascension and your reception day."

As the day approached for Schomberg to take his vows, Henrietta writes:—

"TRINITY, July 26, 1869.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—The 26th July is rather soon to be wishing you happy returns of 15th August, still, as a letter is going northwards through the Foreign Office, my good wishes shall be enclosed to you and William, whose birthday I duly celebrated yesterday. I liked thinking of the coincidence of his thirty-three years, and of the sacrifice he is on the point of making of his whole self by his vows. I am counting the days till the Nativity (September 8), when you become our Lord's property. Of course you will pray for that sister of yours who, in spite of six years of religious life, has not begun yet to be a proper nun. How the time does go, and with it one's only chance of doing something for our Lord before death. That we three may be faithful and serve Him to the utmost of our power is my hourly prayer. . . . What have we three done to be treated by God as we are? Don't forget to pray for me, both of you."

After the great day had passed, Schomberg wrote to his mother:—

"MANRESA HOUSE, ROEHAMPTON,

"September 9, 1869.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—I have written to papa at Dorlin, but will write to you at once, however short. What to

say is the difficulty. I draw a long breath and say *Deo Gratias* a thousand times, and am inclined to leave the rest to silent gratitude. You may go and *bask*, as Henrietta says, before the Blessed Sacrament, and there speak what a mother's heart, who has a son in the Society of Jesus, alone can suggest. I am a bad hand at writing, but I could write volumes on God's mercies to me—if I was to trace them right through till they culminate in vocation to the Society of Jesus. Much as you think you know of Jesuits, your knowledge of their interior life is yet small. What virtues, &c., these good fathers practise who, to the exterior eye, calmly come and go to Huntlyburn almost unnoticed, is perhaps only known to God, and partially to a chosen few, and will be rewarded with crowns exceeding great hereafter. However, this is for you, that so you may pray that I may follow in their footsteps, or try to at any rate. I had a fine budget from Dorlin, which I have left papa and Mary to thank for. Mamo is a faithful little creature in all her spiritual helps, and may God reward her as He knows how. Tell Father Foxwell, with many thanks for his congratulations, that I will take him at his word, and not write till perhaps some day I may combine business as well as pleasure. Some of you will tell Henrietta of me in first place, saying that I will write at leisure hereafter. She said when William and I were safe in, she would sing her *Nunc Dimittis*, &c., but we can hardly agree to that. Francis has written me a nice letter viewing my position in a practical way. Whenever you first communicate with Aunt Cecil, please say all you can and more too—for I cannot thank her sufficiently for her *mother's interest and prayers* on my behalf, as well as William's, which tell her she must continue, and we will try and do some

little in return. In speaking of dear Mr. Palmer I don't know where to begin, for he is such a wonderful friend, and to me he becomes more inexplicable each time I see him, as some of his hidden kindnesses come to surface. I was going to say that he knows more about us than you do, for he celebrates birthdays, reception days, &c., &c., in a way which puts us to the blush. He calmly told us too, showing us his crippled hand, &c., that he could not make up his mind to ask God to cure him, for it was all very properly due to him, and so he calmly goes on expecting each year will add to his ailments. Say all to him you can from both of us. I am glad you have got him at last under your hands. Studies commence immediately, when I shall have more than I can do (which they say, generally speaking, is a good thing), but what I mean is that we must continue to live together in *spirit* and not by *letter*, and this reminds me to ask you *not to invite visitors* or accept should any offer. Remember I am a *religious*. You have gladly willed the *end*, which includes the *means*, so do not put stumbling-blocks to my perfection. I know you would not for the world, but unwittingly you might be led astray by mistaken *kindnesses* and mistaken *good* to others. Try and make Father Foxwell speak the *whole truth* on the matter, but I am afraid you are too much for him. Now you must go on thanking and praying and making reparation for us to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, Blessed Mary, St. Joseph, and all saints more than ever. William is well, and *as usual*, which includes all one can say. All to all.—Your most affectionate son,

H. SCHOMBERG KERR."

A month later the writer of the following paper arrived at Manresa for his studies, and commenced the

friendship with Schomberg which he has so charmingly chronicled for us.

"In October of 1869 I first met Father Henry Kerr at Manresa, Rochampton," writes Father Conmee,¹ "and in the two years that followed I was destined to know him very intimately. It is to these two years that my recollections of him almost wholly belong, as, after we parted in Scotland in the summer of 1871, I saw him only once, and that for a short time.

"At Manresa we began together the studies of the Juniorate—that period of Jesuit training that follows immediately on the novitiate. Our days were given up to the study of Greek, Latin, English, and some mathematics, and I remember that this class of work was at first somewhat difficult for Father Henry, owing to the remoteness of his schooldays, and the demands upon his talents in another direction during his life at sea. But it was characteristic of the man that he threw himself into the study prescribed with immense energy and activity. He showed the greatest interest in everything that bore on his work, and it is to this I owe my intimate knowledge of him at this period.

"It chanced that he developed a special taste for certain lectures on English Literature and style then being given by our professor, and it occurred to him to form a small company who would repeat and discuss such questions in the optional recreation hour that followed English Lecture. I was fortunate enough to be of this number, a third being Father Considine, the present Rector of Manresa. It thus came about that we three, meeting every day at this hour, were thrown very much together, and we all felt the benefit

¹ Rev. J. Conmee, S.J.

of the arrangement so markedly that after we were sent to Stonyhurst, in the autumn of 1870, we kept it up there until the departure of Father Henry finally disbanded us in 1871.

"I remember distinctly that Father Henry's attitude in these literary *causeries* was, in the first place, one of great humility. His mind was naturally keen and his taste sound. He would take nothing for granted; he would see his way honestly before giving assent, and when a point remained at all doubtful to him he made much parade of what he called his 'stupidity.' But he had, in truth, considerable aptitude for these studies, and by the end of the year had got together a remarkable amount of literary knowledge.

"What I can best recall is his peculiar gift of enlivening these discussions by his dry humour, which expressed itself often in quaint illustrations of the matter in hand drawn largely from his life at sea. This quality, which those who knew him best will easily remember, he imported with marked effect into spiritual hopes and conversations also. On Saturdays and Eves of Feasts he proposed to have our *causeries* on religious subjects, and the simple and unrestrained interchange of ideas on such themes, besides being a 'help-along'—as he always called it—was a revelation of character and soul such as one could not easily get in any other sort of intercourse. He was at his best and brightest in these little conferences, and a standing joke of his was to compare them to those dialogues from Cassian so often quoted in the pages of Rodriguez. He called Father Considine the Abbot Daniel, I was the Abbot John, but he would not admit that any of the names of the Fathers of the Desert fitted him. He was fonder of questioning and listen-

ing than volunteering his view, but I am bound to say that it was on these occasions I found him most communicative and more his real self.

"For I may say at once he always impressed me as a man who was waging an unceasing strife with himself. He would allow himself no quarter and no gratification. Naturally a man of much emotional power and deep feeling, he would give a casual observer the idea that he was impassive, phlegmatic, and unobservant. This, and an apparent tendency to be taciturn, all came, I believe, from his determination to repress himself. He seemed to treat himself as one treats a person he suspects, a person that has played him false before, and never can be trusted. During the two years in which I knew him so well I never knew this vigilance to disappear on the most festive occasions, and, on the other hand, I have seen it at times carried to such lengths as I have never seen in any other man.

"His views on this matter often found expression in our conferences. I remember how much he admired the quaint sayings of a good old Lancashire lay-brother who, like himself, had a poor opinion of what he called 'sel,' holding indeed that the be-all and end-all of the religious life consisted in being even with 'sel' and 'givin' it nowt.' I remember, too, how frequently he spoke of the difficulty of carrying on this self-denying ordinance without letting it appear to others. For he was an inveterate enemy of show, especially in things spiritual, and those who knew him will surely remember that his war with himself never made him other than sweet and kindly to his brethren. But in his campaign against himself and his desire for humiliation he was insatiable. His con-

temporaries will remember how mercilessly he spoke of his fancied weaknesses in telling his faults in the refectory. And there are many such remembrances they can recall.

"In the matter of dress the Jesuit scholastic is left little choice. Yet such as there is, Father Henry availed himself of to trample vanity under foot. His black dress, always scrupulously neat, was rusty and well worn, and there was always something unalluring in his hat. I remember that in the stock of soft felt hats sent down to the Juniorate, and amongst which free selection could be made, there were always a few which deflected from the normal in the direction of the inferior and even the absurd. One of these, rejected by everybody, was eagerly seized on by Father Henry. Its leaf was hard, and the pliant crown was fearfully and wonderfully shaped, and the general effect was not calculated to inspire reverence. Yet it was arrayed in this that he took his first sea-trip after entering religion, and revisited his beloved Scotland in the summer of 1871.

"I may mention here, as accentuating the merit of this and similar humiliations, that he believed himself to have been by nature sensitive to appearance and the opinion of others. It was, I think, a little before my acquaintance with him began that he and some others happened to be strolling by a band of navvies at work on the drains or gas-pipes at Wimbledon. As the meek-looking scholastics passed, one of the workers said to his fellow, 'Who be them chaps, Bill?' 'Them,' said his companion, 'them's the chaps they makes the parsons out of.' 'Lor,' said the other, 'what duffers!' It was the tradition of my day that Father Henry, then but a short time in religion, felt very keenly this depreciatory

criticism, and took some time to regain his equanimity. Naturally he could not but be conscious that he was as unlike a duffer as any human being could be, but later, he had driven this consciousness so far under the surface that we could see nothing of it.

“In the summer of 1870 we went for our *villegiatura* to Beaumont College, and Father Henry, full of affection for his brethren, threw himself heart and soul into the work of making their holiday pleasant and fruitful. Most of our day was spent on the Thames, and he was eagerly sought as organiser and general director of our water-parties. Even here he was always keen on learning something or doing some good, and I remember especially a pilgrimage he got up to Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray’s *Elegy*. We went by the river to Eton one fine summer morning, and thence crossed the fields to Stoke Pogis. Arrived there he produced a copy of the *Elegy*, and gathering round the poet’s tomb at the eastern end of the church we elected one of our number, marked out for the office by a grave and responsible appearance, to stand at the end of the raised slab and slowly read the poem, pausing every few minutes to identify, to the satisfaction of all of us, the different spots alluded to in the poem. I can perfectly recall the intensity of Father Henry’s interest in the literary part of this little outing, the humour and playfulness that he manifested and caused in others. And I have an especial remembrance of his demeanour as he directed our return trip on the river. In charge of a boat he was never known to be other than serious, and even exacting. His habits of discipline asserted themselves the moment he felt himself afloat. Nothing slipshod or dilettante in the matter of rowing would be tolerated, no lolling or drifting down stream when he

was on board, and he tried, not indeed with uniform success, to infuse into us some of that training which had done so much to make him what he was.

“In the September of 1870, the brethren of the Juniorate were disbanded, and Father Henry was sent to begin his philosophy at Stonyhurst. Most of us went thither at the same time, and it was my good fortune to be privileged, during the year that followed, to maintain the same intimate and pleasant relations that I so valued at Manresa.

“The study of philosophy was quite new to all of us, and our difficulties were not lessened by the fact that our professor was a German who could not speak a word of English. Father Henry from the first felt the work extremely uncongenial. The concepts were unfamiliar, the terminology scarcely helpful in its effort to be terse, and the way of looking at things foreign to his temperament. Even our *causeries* threw but little light on the subject, and we found it impossible to have them so often, and, on the whole, it was always my feeling that this was one of the most trying years of Father Henry’s religious life, even though he liked Stonyhurst, as we all did, and was much attracted by the work of the great college hard by. Yet he gave no voluntary sign of this. He was cheerful and charitable as ever, and as ready to humiliate himself. How often have I seen him at Stonyhurst, with his gown tucked up and kneeling at his hearthstone, which he whitened with the utmost care, or scrubbing the floor of that room, which he kept in such a state of mingled poverty and neatness.

“My chief recollections of him in 1871 are centred in the events of a *villegiatura* which our community enjoyed that year at Innellan on the Clyde. Our route

to Scotland was by sea from Liverpool to Greenock. We went with all our baggage and servants from Stonyhurst to Liverpool by rail, and then transferred our belongings to the boat. We were under the command of Father Alfred Weld, our Superior, who appointed Father Henry to superintend the transfer of the luggage. I remember seeing him at this work on the platform arrayed in a rusty black coat and the hat I have already spoken of, and when the last cart had been piled with baggage he slung himself up to the top, and, lying on it, was thus transferred to the landing-place. On board he devoted himself to making everything pleasant for us, and unobtrusively gratifying our curiosity about things marine. It thus came about that the captain learned by degrees who Father Henry was, and thenceforth he was a person of much consideration. As evening fell he came to Father Considine and myself, and, bringing us to a quiet nook on deck, he begged of us to help him by preparing with him our points for the following morning's meditation. The beauty of that calm evening at sea often comes back to me, and I can recall the glorious sunset, the glimpses of the Irish coast scenery, and the gradation by which twilight gave place to darkness as we talked; but I remember best the humility of the man with whom we sat, listening to our immature and inexperienced remarks as if we were a veritable Sorbonne. But, however it was, Heaven must have helped our goodwill, as I can remember we all felt our points were never so fruitful or so fervent.

"At Innellan his manner of life was pretty much as at Beaumont a year before, save that his boating excursions were now on the sea and more natural to him. He had willing crews to teach and he did not spare them.

“I may here state that in the unrestrained confidence of our conferences I was frequently a delighted witness of Father Henry’s ardent love of Scotland. No one could know him long without having many proofs of this affection. One of his pet ambitions was to be allowed to do something for the Catholics especially in the Western Highlands and Islands. He was never tired of speaking of these and similar Scottish themes. From all this one can gather how pleased he was to visit Scotland again after an absence of more than four years. I had the good fortune, during our outing at Innellan, to see Edinburgh under his guidance, and once more understand how deep was his love for the land of his people.

“Shortly after this we parted. I was obliged to go to Belfast and he to return to Stonyhurst. When I left him that August night at Greenock I could not imagine that in the years of his life that were to follow I was only destined to see him once. It was at Mount St., London, after his return from India. I was there for a night in passing, but he came to me for a long talk over old days, and was especially pleasant in recalling the conferences and talking of the help they were. He enlarged on the difficulties incidental to the life he had had to lead in India, and the distraction essential, one might say, to the public nature of the viceregal court. At the time he seemed to be longing for something obscure and quiet, and he spoke, too, of the Scottish missionary project with particular zest. But in all he was as sweet and patient, and thoroughly acquiescent in the arrangements of Providence, as I ever knew him.

“And here I must close these fragmentary recollections of one whom I can never hope to present to others in the way in which he impressed myself. I think of him

always as one thinks of the saints. I think of his humility, his exact observance, his patience, his mortification, and behind it all the sacrifice he made in all he gave up for God. Not that anything of this latter ever escaped him. On the contrary, he counted it as the most singular of favours to have been allowed to enter the Society of Jesus. Often have I heard him on this theme, and often have I noticed his glowing admiration for St. Ignatius, whose career in some points he was privileged to imitate. But, after all, my highest and holiest memories of him are those that show him to me before the tabernacle praying to that Master whom, as all that ever knew him will testify, he so deeply and so tenderly loved. How well can I recall the Holy Thursday night of 1870 when he petitioned to be let spend the night watching before the Altar of Repose. Those that came and went throughout the night found him motionless there, the faithful, silent servant of the Lord. His was indeed a soul that sought the Lord, and who can doubt but that the Lord was good to him, good to him then and good in the various trials he was destined to experience down to those last and most trying experiences that ended in his death—that death for which he so long prepared, and so often spoke of in those little spiritual conferences in which I first came to know him.”

1871 and part of the following year found Schomberg at Mount St. Mary's College, near Chesterfield, where he acted as Prefect to the boys, a post which offers little that is attractive to nature although full of opportunities of self-sacrificing zeal.¹ One of those who were under his care speaks of Schomberg's kindness and of his

¹ When prefect, Schomberg wrote to some one, “I thought I was to be an apostle—I find I'm a policeman.”

popularity among the boys, and remarks that "he was not so stern as he looked," preferring moral suasion to the infliction of punishments! He introduced the custom of marching the boys to the chapel in military style, a trait which reminds us of his old naval days.

On hearing of his move Henrietta wrote, playfully condoling with Schomberg in his new office.

"ROME, 1871.

"I do wish you joy of your new life; you will find it most deliciously dry, unfruitful apparently, without a particle of self love to feed upon, and requiring mortification and real zeal from morning to night, and from night to morning if you have a dormitory—in fact quite perfect, all one can wish for, and, as Père de Ravignan used to say, 'Tout pour le Maître et rien pour le serviteur.'"

It was during this period that Schomberg was placed on the retired list of her Majesty's navy—his commission as commander having been dated November 16, 1866. Towards the end of 1872 he left Mount St. Mary's for St. Beuno's College in Wales, to begin his theology and his more immediate preparation for the priesthood. His eldest brother was also to spend this time at St. Beuno's, and they arrived there together as the following paper describes:—

"We both had some employments and could not go to St. Beuno's till the day before the Retreat," writes Father William Kerr, "Schom. coming from Mount St. Mary's and I from Stonyhurst, but I well remember his writing to me to try and meet him at Rhyl early in the day, so that we might get to the college in time 'to learn the ropes' before the Retreat began.

“There were so many students that there were not separate rooms for all, and my brother and I during our first twelve months of study occupied the same room. After his novice-like exactness in the observance of all rules and customs, I believe that his one great care was to make me forget that he was there, or had any wish about heat or cold. &c.

“Owing to his comparative ignorance of Latin, he followed what is called the short course of theology under Fathers Thomas Murphy and John Moore, but we were together at Father James Jones’ lectures on Moral Theology, Father Perini’s on Scripture, and Father John Morris’ on Church History and Canon Law, and however hard he may have found the severe study, it would have been hardly possible to exceed the diligence and fervour that he threw into it. He gave the most unmistakable proof of his zeal for study by asking, and obtaining, leave to put off his ordination till the end of his third year of study, and thus, although in the short course, secure the full three years’ study that has since been made obligatory for all.

“The rector, Father Alfred Weld, had a great affection and esteem for him, which was fully reciprocated, and at recreation would often try to draw the sea captain by good-natured banter on some practical subject, but usually with but scant success. He at once, however, made use of his power for organisation by putting him in command of a domestic fire brigade, which was occasionally called out for practice on an imaginary alarm of fire.

“Schomberg was a zealous supporter of the various exercises for self improvement formed by the students amongst themselves: besides eagerly availing himself of all opportunities of getting instruction in Rubrics

and Canon Law from Father John Morris, he practised chest voice under Father Anderdon, and learnt to sing by note under Father Thomas Rigby, and was one of the original supporters of the debating society formed under Father John Gerard in 1873-74, now a flourishing institution.

“On the whole, however, Schomberg contrived to practise his particular virtue of humility in doing nothing that would attract notice, so successfully, that had it not been for the annual ‘villa’ or fortnight’s holiday at Barmouth, there would be little to record beyond the ordinary routine of prayer, study, and walks on the mountain side.

“At Barmouth, however, he carried out his invariable rule of doing what he did with his whole heart, and in particular of doing all he could to help his brothers to get the full benefit of their holiday, with a success that those who were lucky enough to be his fellow students will never forget, and which one of them, Father John Gerard, thus graphically describes for us:—

“‘I am sure that no one who was with him at Barmouth will forget how much our holidays there owed to Father Schomberg. I had the luck to have practical experience of this in his first season, 1873, and nothing was more remarkable than the tact with which he made all his nautical skill contribute to our amusement, while at the same time treating everything with the seriousness which his position as a naval officer required.

“‘We hired for the fortnight the *Jolly Dog*, a yacht of something under sixty tons, and of the type familiar at seaside resorts. In this we put to sea when the weather was suitable, an operation which involved beating up a rather narrow channel to the bar, nearly a mile away,

which was not crossable in all states of the tide. In the other direction stretched the estuary, which, when the tide is in, makes a fine sheet of water, and on which Father Kerr devised another form of entertainment. With some of the Benedictines of Belmont, who were likewise at Barmouth for holiday purposes, we manned a flotilla of four-oared boats, which he, cruising about in a pair-oar and signalling with flags, manœuvred up and down, and gave their crews lessons in rowing, an art in which some were naturally not very proficient. Nor did he omit, as an integral part of the exercise, to express his opinion plainly about what was done in lubberly fashion. The result was that we all learnt a great deal about boats and oars, and how to handle them.

“ In the *Jolly Dog*, too, he made some of us work the ropes, and, as far as he could manage it, in ship-shape fashion. He himself worked the boat, but we always had a local man with us as pilot, on account of the sand-banks and shoals. One rather rough afternoon, when the tide was low, it was not quite certain whether we could cross the bar, but it was determined to go out and have a try. On the way, the old man who was at the helm took us too near the shore on one tack, so that we bumped, missed stays, and drifted broadside on to a sand-bank, when he pleasantly informed us that we were washed ashore and would go to pieces. Then it was that Schomberg showed himself. Taking all out of the pilot's hands, shortening some sail, and spreading others, giving every one on board a rope to pull or something else to do, most people understanding very little of what they were doing, he managed to swing the boat round into deeper water; and then, having got the sails again into proper trim, remarked that now we *must*

cross the bar, just to show that we could. We did cross it, though two of us who worked the jib-sheets were frequently up to our waists in water, which did not hinder our skipper from choosing that particular time for a lesson as to how we ought to coil up ropes.

“‘By this and other similar feats he earned the unbounded respect of the local boatmen—although some of them, I think, were not altogether pleased to find him so knowing. The owner of the yacht in particular complained that at the very beginning he had to spend half the first week’s hire in providing fresh tackle, the rigging being at once critically inspected and much of it found wanting. They also found themselves ordered about in a way to which they were not at all accustomed—but this seemed only to enhance their admiration, and our servants reported that amongst themselves the boatmen were loud in their admiration for that “clever gentleman, Captain Kerr.”’”

Here we must interrupt the narrative of Schomberg’s life at St. Beuno’s to advert to the great family sorrow to which the letters we are about to insert refer. In December 1870 Schomberg’s aunt, Lady Victoria Hope Scott, died after giving birth to a son, and although we have no letters of Schomberg’s referring to this sorrow, we know how warmly he shared in the grief it caused to all who knew and valued her gentle and beautiful character. Mr. Hope Scott never recovered from this second blow, his health became very seriously affected, and in the autumn of 1872 he and his eldest daughter went up to London from Scotland hoping to proceed to the south of France. This hope was never realised—a very severe attack of his heart complaint placed Mr. Hope Scott’s life in danger, and although he rallied from it, this was the beginning of his last

illness, which lasted six months. This sad time was passed in the house of Mrs. Hope, the beloved "Aunt Car" to whom the whole family owe so much love and gratitude, and was alleviated by every effort of kindness and affection. Towards the end Lord and Lady Henry Kerr were able to be with their brother also, and the two nephews at St. Beuno's took a great share both in the sorrow and in the many consolations of this time of suspense. The following letter was written after the improvement which took place early in November 1872, and the one that follows it just after the tidings reached St. Beuno's of Mr. Hope Scott's death on April 29, 1873.

"ST. BEUNO'S,

" *Thursday, November 7, 1872.*

"MY DEAR MAMO,—Your note this morning is a real relief to us. Hitherto I confess that the sight of a letter has made me uncomfortable—not knowing what it might not contain—but now I feel relieved and freed from any great anxiety. If we look to supernatural aids, I cannot help associating the 27th, the day on which extreme unction was received, and the last bad attack; and secondly, the efficacy of the Pope's blessing, which, when we consider the position of Christ's vicar, must be great. I believe in the case of the Prince of Wales that the doctors attested the convalescence from the time of the Pope's message, saying that he would pray for him.

"But come what may, my dear Mamo, I know there is no one who will repeat, and find more comfort in repeating *Fiat voluntas tua* than yourself.

"I little thought when writing to you on October 2 that I should so soon be called upon to feel for you in such earnest. When, too, we used to speak in joke

about being in spirit together we little contemplated that we should help each other in such trying times.

“It must be an immense comfort to Uncle Jim to receive Holy Communion so often, and also to yourself.

“My work this year principally consists in studying the Sacraments under various aspects, so that these wondrous creations become more familiar to me.

“William joins me in sending best love and thanks for letter. Be assured you are not forgotten here.—
Your affectionate cousin,
H. S. KERR.”

“ST. BEUNO'S, ST. ASAPH,

“April 30, 1873.

“MY DEAREST MAMO,—I must content myself with one line to-day to assure you of our sympathy and prayers, for I am writing off to the different colleges where I know dear Uncle Jim will be greatly helped. This I know is your truest consolation, to know that all are uniting in prayer for him. And this we will do in right earnest, and especially to our Holy Mother whose month is now commencing.

“Above all things, and above my sorrow, I am struck with the goodness of God, who has certainly ordered all things sweetly. For since Uncle Jim was to be taken from us I do not see how God could have ended it more happily. It seems to me as if He, in His wonderful goodness, had planned to do it in the nicest way and the best, first, for his soul to allow preparation and give time for union with Himself, and secondly, for you and all he has left behind, that all might have an absolute certainty, so to speak, of his being in God's favour, which indeed should be our best and chiefest consolation.

"Bear up, then, my dear Mamo, and take refuge in the Sacred Heart, where you will find love for Uncle Jim even greater than yours, and believe that it is this love which has taken your dear father unto Himself.

"William joins with me and will, of course, write.—
Your affectionate H. S. KERR."

Two later letters must find their place here, one of the summer of 1873 and one of the following year, before the note to Colonel Colthurst of September 1876, which tells us that the day of Schomberg's ordination is at hand.

"ST. BEUNO'S,

"*Wednesday* [Summer of 1873].

"MY DEAR MAMO,—I find there is nothing like beginning, if one wants to finish, be the beginning as little as possible. Bringing one's pen to paper is the great tug—that done, with many, ideas and words run as quickly as water after the first pull in a shower bath. I have your letter and William's before me—good exemplifications of what I mean. You, however, should try the first pull a little oftener. I admire the satisfactory way in which you fill your sheet. Neither ideas nor words are wanting, and yet three words in a line often cover the blank—an average, perhaps, of fifteen to twenty letters in a line. Here is a three-line sample of yours easily put into one of an ordinary hand:—

'They are uncommonly pleasant people, as perhaps you know.'

It is a very happy accomplishment, which I advise you to perfect. Now for the pilgrimage.¹ My last

¹ The English Pilgrimage to Paray le Monial which took place this year.

news of it is from Walter, who says, 'We hope to start 200 strong.' This is disappointing, and shabby, to say the least. Great Britain ought certainly to be able to furnish 300. Some one lately said we wanted a little persecution to stir us up. However, I hail this as a great step towards developing the devotion, and if these stupid half-hearted people only knew what great graces were at stake, they would certainly be more alive to their interests. A public pilgrimage is too much for many a Britisher. If obliged, he would pay up—but he would buy off a profession at any cost. But there is time yet for grace to work. We might make a little Novena, commencing on Sunday next, for the success of the pilgrimage. It is remarkable how the devotion to the Sacred Heart has been gradually penetrating. The united and spontaneous act of the bishops the other day towards the close of the synod was grand. Their eagerness to consecrate themselves, their work, and all they had and did was very refreshing, and an index, I hope, of much good to come. I cannot think of any one unknown to you or yours who would help in the Scottish division, unless perhaps a Mr. —, fairly off, and good, with three or four six-footers, one of whom I knew at Mount St. Mary's. There are Gordons too in the east as well as in the west. Why should not some one send an odd kilted or unkilted retainer. A few Macdonalds would do well. Mr. Currie, too, would make a good and not very expensive pilgrim. I suppose it is quite legitimate helping the poor to go. It seems a pity that it should be limited to the upper classes. All should unite. Some seek to excuse themselves on the ground that it is all nonsense talking of making a pilgrimage in

first-class carriages, reading the *Times* and discussing the best viands. Poor people! They forget that Gregory the Great was poorer in his grandeur than a certain friar in his bare walls, and habit, and bread and water. If this was their real difficulty I have no doubt the secretary could get a cattle van tacked on to the train, and tempt Neptune to prepare a dose for them which would make them as forlorn as the most weary Crusader. We have fifteen Germans with us from Ditton, whom we are doing our best to amuse. Good simple people, and wonderfully docile. Father Weld gave them a real treat the other day to Holyhead by steamer to see the ships, &c. The *sea* is everything to them, and, of course, the one thing they do not know and wish to enjoy. I was one of three in charge. It was a fine sight. The squadron looked in capital order, but we had not time to see much detail. The sea, too, was rough, and there was a bit of a tumble round the Skerries, so the Germans got all they wanted. I heard some of the passengers mooted that there was a Romish captain aboard.—
Yours very affectionately, H. S. KERR."

"ST. BEUNO'S,

"*Thursday, October 1, 1874.*

"MY DEAR MAMO,—My first letter to Mrs. Maxwell Scott! I congratulate you with all my heart. It makes me so happy and so thankful to God when I hear how happy and blessed you have been, and are, and I hope ever will be, come what may. Now I suppose the number of your birthdays will gradually die out and be forgotten, and the annual celebration of your Feast-day will be more prominent—in fact, take their

place. Who knows but next year I may be able to say Mass for you on October 2. Now that I have entered the last year of my preparation, the dignity of the priesthood and the grandeur of that wondrous act of religion reveal themselves more clearly. Pray that I may not waste the precious months that remain. Your birthday falls very opportunely this year on the first Friday of the month, and we will not forget to unite you both in the spirit and love of the Sacred Heart. I have been trying of late to know something more of your holy patrons of to-morrow. I think we treat our angels very badly. There is no one, I think, to whom we are so much indebted and to whom we give so little. And yet each one of us has received a guardian especially appointed to be our friend and 'keep us in all our ways.' I believe that in neglecting these good spirits we lose a great means of holiness which in the ordinary providence of God it is hard to supply, for to them is committed the special function of forewarning us of dangers, inspiring good motives, and recalling pious thoughts, and many other such helps, which if we could only catch and follow would soon send us ahead. These lines are not so much for you, but as stimulants for myself, for writing makes me think, which is a good preparation for to-morrow. The *Life and Memoriale* of Blessed Peter Favre is a great help to devotion to the angels. He prayed to them for everything. If he entered Galashiels he would beg graces from the angel of Galashiels. If he came to Abbotsford, perhaps its angel guardian. And certainly before he met you he would have prayed hard to yours, and won you all sorts of graces. Try and do something of the sort, then, for William and myself and all your

friends to-morrow. Best love to Joey (when is his day?).—Your very affectionate cousin,

“H. S. KERR.

“I hope you approve of papa’s trip to Rome.”

“ST. BEUNO’S COLLEGE, ST. ASAPH,

“Monday, September 1875.

“MY DEAR COLTHURST,—At last the day is at hand, and I am to be ordained (D.V.) on Sunday September 19, and hope to say my first Mass at St. Asaph the following morning. The retreat commences on Thursday night. Pray, then, please, for my brother no less than myself, as well as the rest.—Your affectionate friend,

“H. S. KERR.”

And here we must return to his brother’s reminiscences of this day, the greatest in both their lives.

“Schomberg’s anxiety to make up for what he called the deficiencies of his early education, which had, as stated above, induced him to put off his ordination for a year, had the happy result of our being ordained together in September 1875.

“The retreat before the ordination was given by Father Edward Purbrick, whose elder brother, Father James Purbrick, was one of those to be ordained, and the officiating prelate was the Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Brown of Shrewsbury. All the holy Orders were given, as is the usual privilege in the Society of Jesus, on three successive days, the priesthood on Sunday, 19th, which being the third Sunday of September was the Feast of the Seven Dolours of Our Lady.

“There were Capuchins from the neighbouring Monastery of Pantasaph, making with the Jesuits a total of twenty-five, the largest number of priests, we

were told, ordained at one time in Great Britain since the Reformation.

"There was a great gathering of friends and relatives, the little chapel being crowded to overflowing, the kissing the hands of the newly ordained priests prolonging the ceremony till nearly two o'clock. Our relatives had established themselves for the week at the neighbouring quaint little cathedral city of St. Asaph. Schomberg said his first Mass in the little chapel there next morning; the rector, Father James Jones, acting as assistant priest, his father Lord Henry serving, and his mother and all the members of the family present receiving Holy Communion. Schomberg departed from his habitual reserve in regard to his devotional practices so far as to say the *Veni Creator* in public before his Mass, but beyond this, and his wearing a new set of vestments embroidered by his sister, Mother Henrietta, there was nothing to mark externally what he always looked upon as the great event of his life.¹

"Schomberg left St. Beuno's very soon after his ordination, and spent the following two years as minister of Beaumont College near Windsor, and though his tenure of office was not marked by any important event, the influence of his personal character is shown by the way in which the old college servants speak of him even to this day.

"But however useful Schomberg's habits of order

¹ Lady Henry in a letter to Miss Edgar says, "Their dear father served their first Masses. He had felt convinced that God would preserve his health for *that*. We received their first blessings and were their first communicants, and a happy family party besides; Francis and his wife, Mary and her husband, Lady Lothian and our dear friend Mr. Palmer. Henrietta's dear Reverend Mother contrived a great pleasure for her and for us. She made her embroider a beautiful vestment, and then to her surprise she found it was for the first Mass of her brothers."

and discipline may have been in getting things more ship-shape at Beaumont, as at Mount St. Mary's College, there is no doubt that his own particular *attrait* was much more congenially satisfied when he found himself in 1877 established under his old friend Father Amherst as one of the priests of the mission at Garnet Hill, Glasgow."

During his stay at Beaumont, Schomberg wrote the following letter to his cousin, which reveals to us once again his special devotion to the angels.

"BEAUMONT, *October 1, 1876.*

"MY DEAR MAMO,—May this greet you on the happiest of birthdays. This year, too, I have surprised myself as well as you. In the *Messenger* you will find a few words on your holy patrons, which mentally I have dedicated to you with the hope that they may kindle your devotion as they once did mine.

"God often uses weak instruments and oftener rewards labour, and so—a trifle though it be—I am not without hopes that it may do a little service, A. M. D. G., seeing that it cost my poor mind and hand so much.

"Accept then, my dear Mamo, this effort in honour of your angel guardian, which I know to you will be the best of birthday gifts, and may he keep you and yours ever more and more in God's ways.—Wishing you and Joey every blessing, your affectionate cousin,

"H. SCHOMBERG KERR.

"I am by way of going to Glasgow this week."

CHAPTER IX

GLASGOW—CYPRUS

It must have been a joy to Schomberg to be appointed to the Scotch mission, and to begin in earnest his work for souls and for the poor. The kind of work that awaited him in Glasgow was congenial to him, and as experience proved, he was endowed with special gifts for it. We are indebted to Father Amherst, then rector of St. Aloysius', and to Father Richard Payne, one of Schomberg's fellow priests, for the following facts regarding the mission and Schomberg's work. The parish attached to St. Aloysius' College, Garnet Hill, is large, and comprises a considerable number of well-to-do Catholics, while it likewise includes one of the poorest districts in Glasgow, known as Cowcaddens. When Schomberg arrived, the mission was in good order, and the schools and guilds flourishing. As Father Amherst writes: "A new priest coming to work at St. Aloysius' might very reasonably have said to himself, 'I will endeavour to keep things up to the present mark.' But the organisation of the mission, as Father Kerr taught us, was not perfect. He saw that there was a work which might be done, and he immediately determined that with the approbation of his superior he would set about doing it in addition to his other occupations—and he did it." This work undertaken by Schomberg was the formation of a guild for those girls belonging to the parish

who were not included in the congregation of the Children of Mary. In large parishes there must always be a certain number of girls who from thoughtlessness, and perhaps negligence in their religious duties, are afraid of the habits of discipline and regularity required of those who aspire to the honour of being members of the guild, and whom, on its side, the guild may hesitate to include among its numbers. Schomberg's idea was to collect such girls into a confraternity of their own. He did so, and the guild, which was dedicated by him to the Sacred Heart, became very numerous, many negligent and thoughtless girls were enabled to improve, and many of them subsequently joined the Children of Mary. The guild still flourishes—a living memorial of Schomberg's zeal. Father Payne's recollections help to complete those of Father Amherst by giving us a glimpse of Schomberg's community life as well as further details of his work. The priests' house at St. Aloysius' had formerly been the Glasgow Collegiate School. "Father Kerr's room," writes Father Payne, "was up a narrow staircase, and lit by a skylight from the roof. This narrow room he christened his 'cabin,' and often said that the frame of the skylight was too heavy to be opened with a long pole till after breakfast. My room was at the foot of his stair, and often as he passed he would give a sharp tap at my door. If I happened to open, a cheery look but not a word greeted me as he passed up. It was at the foot of that stair, I remember, that when appointed to Cyprus, he asked me if I would advise him to let the Provincial know that the Zambesi was his ambition? My recommendation was to accept, and that Zambesi might come later. Without a word he made

ready for Cyprus. You can understand how sorry we were to lose him two days after. Great good was done by his establishing the Sacred Heart Guild for working girls. He showed great forethought in his beginning this, as also in securing its continuance by interesting the Sisters of Mercy in the working, for whatever changes in the chaplains, the sisters always remained to keep the girls together. It used to be a joke with him, that as St. Ignatius had anchored the Society on the Rock of Peter, so he had moored his guild to the convent. At the beginning, a banner was wanted to head the procession of the guild in the church. Funds were not abundant; however, he secured 20s., with which, aided by his diplomacy, a fine banner came from his sister from the Sacred Heart Convent, Roehampton, to whom he sent the sum raised, with a clever request that she would make him a banner as grand as possible for 20s. It is needless to say that the request procured the worth of several times that amount. The banner is still used, and is kept with great care, and is always spoken of as Father Kerr's banner.¹

"He always did his full share of missionary work, sick calls, confessions, and sermons. His preaching was always clear and to the point, and he was easily heard. As in daily life, so in his discourses, the sailor

¹ The letter begging for a banner seems to have been written in August 1878, for in Henrietta's reply she wishes him many happy returns of his birthday (August 15) and says: "You are canny to time your letter so well—the consequence is that Reverend Mother says, 'Yes, he'll have a banner.'" She continues: "It's not a small thing if you can get 200 girls launched into a beginning of spiritual life. You'll find that girls have a real aptitude for it, and only require a helping hand. I am astonished at some of my girls, how they take in things and practise details of self-denial."

would show himself. In one sermon he stated that our Saviour 'hailed' from Nazareth. His zeal and love for the Blessed Sacrament was remarkable. On one Sunday afternoon at the end of Catechism and Benediction, as the priest was leaving the altar, he hurried from the bottom of the church to the sanctuary and electrified priest and children by his vehement reprehension of some who had behaved badly during Benediction, declaring that he could not restrain his indignation at disrespect before the Blessed Sacrament, 'he would not stand by and see his Saviour insulted.'

"Another little anecdote illustrates Father Kerr's winning and irresistible manner. At a tea-party which he had organised for the encouragement of his guild, when asked for a song, he began the 'Canadian Boat Song,' but had not gone far when, being dissatisfied with the key, or something, he quietly walked across the room to where Father Amherst was sitting, and presenting the music with his winning but authoritative smile, just said, 'You'll finish that.' The request or order was instantly complied with, and so cheerfully, for Father Kerr was a born master of men."

Miss Stirling, a lady well known for her zealous work among the poor and sorrowful, and who knew Schomberg at this time, sends the following interesting notes of her first meeting with him, and of his labours in St. Aloysius' parish, where, as she says, it is still enough to mention his name—"it means so much."

"Towards the end of 1877 I met Father Schomberg Kerr for the first time. The morning I called he was talking to some one at St. Aloysius' Chapel door. I

waited for a little, and while doing so was impressed with the manner with which he spoke, and the cheerful, kindly smile. When disengaged, I ventured to say, 'Are you Father Payne?' Some one had mentioned Father Payne's name to me, as at this time I was in doubt as to my religion, and was anxious to have instruction, or at least some conversation with a priest. I felt shy as I asked the question, 'Are you Father Payne?' but was instantly reassured as Father Kerr turned round, and so kindly, and with that dignity which marked every word and action, said, 'Well, what can I do for you? Tell me. I am sorry Father Payne is from home.' He must have seen something like disappointment in my face, for he added, 'I am Father Kerr, shan't I do?' I told him all about my case, and then began my first instructions from a priest of Holy Church.

"His instructions were so full—the catechism treated as so important and so fully explained; life and work in the Catholic Church so well and forcibly described, and that in a way quite his own; the sayings and expressions; the examples of what was done, and what was sometimes left undone; little vexations, trials, scandals, and such like all gone through. One lesson impressed me, and I have found it helpful. Shortly before my reception he was speaking of things in general, and said, 'Now, of course, you are thinking that everybody and everything is perfection in the Church. Don't run off with the idea. Let your good common sense tell you, when you come across something unexpected or the like, don't let it trouble you, some such trials or imperfections must needs be, must be faced and overcome; pray especially in such circumstances, and all will be right.'

“Father Kerr was always so bright, so cheerful, and put his views and wishes so clearly before one, that one responded with alacrity and pleasure. It was like an officer giving the word of command, the men and women falling in. A statue of St. Joseph was wanted. Father Kerr mentioned the fact, and spoke to the working men and women, and asked for pennies only. With what charm of manner he received those pennies! and soon a lovely statue of St. Joseph was in position. Father Kerr’s power and influence was felt all through the parish.

“In the poor school the children loved him, and his power was great; but to describe him is more than difficult. The fact remains that his work in St. Aloysius’, Glasgow, will ever be remembered, that it flourishes still, his memory is treasured, and what Father Kerr said and did is as strong a power for good as of old. The prayers for him were many, from old and young, rich and poor; and now as we remember those days (of joy when he was with us, of sorrow when he left, and of sore grief when we heard of his death) we try to be as Father Kerr would wish us, and to be gentle and kind and good.”

Many years later the present writer received a letter from a Jesuit Father, a friend of Schomberg’s,¹ in which occurs the following passage which confirms Miss Stirling’s words: “I remember, too,” he says, “in 1876 paying a visit with Schomberg to Cowcaddens, the poorest part of our parish in Glasgow, and I wish it were in my power to describe the sort of ecstasy with which he was everywhere received by the poor Catholics. He seemed to remember all the families, inquired about

¹ Father Chandlery.

those who had left the neighbourhood, or had gone to a better world, inquired about the children now grown up, showed a fatherly interest in each and all, while the people knelt reverently to receive his blessing, then followed him with enthusiasm along the street."

One very touching letter from Henrietta to her brother belongs to this period. It is as follows:—

"ROEHAMPTON, *January 26, 1877.*

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—I have been meditating a letter to you for some time. You acted wisely in not imagining I was about to depart until there were proofs of the same. About three weeks ago there seemed some possibility, perhaps even probability, that such an event might occur soon, and the prospect was not such a bad one, to have done with the world, the flesh, and the devil, to be out of the way of this constant 'doing imperfectly,' by robbing Almighty God of His glory, by conceit, and many other things too long to enumerate. And now I have taken a wonderful start; the children began some giant Novena to Notre Dame de Lourdes et des Victoires, and here I am ever so brisk, eating, sleeping, working from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. at my small affairs, only I'm kept in the two rooms and only go to Mass on Sundays *when* it is fine. Of course I'm not *quite* cured, and spring winds may lay me low yet, so, in view of this, I want to have a small say. I must explain that I am Superior at present, Reverend Mother being in Ireland till Monday next. When she is here I don't dare speak of dying, because she can't bear it. I won't promise, I'll see how the spirit moves me, but I half thought of bequeathing to you

(*you alone*) a few pages of my handwriting that perhaps might be useful to you. I believe there are some corners of our minds alike, that advice and lights given to me might perhaps not be useless to you, and these pages are the notes of my month's Retreat. Of course I might as well make you a general confession—but you'll only have them when I'm dead, if then, because the spirit may move me to tear them up—anyhow, when I'm gone, you might just ask Reverend Mother if I said anything about giving you these notes; and don't allude to them in writing to me, and don't imagine I'm bequeathing to you anything *fine*. You are the human being I have cared the most about in life, and so if I *can* do anything to give you a shove onwards and upwards, I will. Now, I fancy, it's a question of both of us plodding on 'in the flesh' and making the best of the position."

It is interesting to see the allusions made by both Father Payne and Miss Stirling to Schomberg's attraction for the Zambesi Mission as early as this, and his desire even then to offer himself for the mission which was eventually to be the crowning work of his life. However, in the meantime "duty called," as he would say, to Cyprus, to which island he was appointed as Military Chaplain at the end of 1878, almost as soon, in fact, as it had been acquired by the British Government. His stay there was destined to be short, as in little more than a year he was ordered to join Lord Ripon—then on his way to India—as chaplain, but during that time, happily for us, he kept a journal for his father's benefit, which, together with some reminiscences of one who was with him a part of the

time, gives us a fairly accurate picture of his life in Cyprus.¹

Schomberg apparently left England on January 7, 1879, as the first entry in the journal is dated, *Paris, January 8*. That morning he said Mass in the Chapel of the Martyrs of the Commune in the Jesuit Church, Rue de Sèvres, and shortly afterwards started for Marseilles. The journey was destined to be an adventurous one, as the train was stopped by heavy snow as it neared Dijon. After various ineffectual efforts to move on, and unavoidable suffering to the passengers from the cold, the train finally reached Dijon more than nine hours late. The rest of the journey was more prosperous, and the travellers arrived at Marseilles towards midnight of the 9th.

Next morning Schomberg climbed the hill to Notre Dame de la Garde, *more apostolico*, and said Mass, no doubt, with many thoughts of former graces received at the shrine, and for the blessing of his vocation granted since his last visit in 1867. As he had missed his steamer, he spent the next two days at the Jesuit College, where he was warmly welcomed, and, as he remarked with some amusement, had "to embrace all hands."

On the 12th he sailed on board the *Messagerie* steamer *Djemnah* for Naples. The journal says, "Weather magnificent, sky clear, and a light westerly breeze just rippling the sparkling waters. I fancied myself in the Trades. Marseilles too, as it lay nestling among the hills, bounded westward by the vessels stretching along its new docks, and commanded to the east-

¹ In a letter to Schomberg of August 1879, Henrietta says, "Your journals give intense pleasure at Huntlyburn, and to your sister in her monastery."

ward by Notre Dame de la Garde, looked as picturesque and pretty as any harbour I ever left. . . . I looked towards Our Lady's golden statue which crowns her shrine and said *Roga*. A French abbé waved his handkerchief, crying, 'Ave Maria, Ave Maria,' in a way a Frenchman alone (and perhaps mamma) could do." After a fair voyage Schomberg reached Malta on January 21. Here he was informed that the troop-ship *Tamar* was his only chance of getting eastward, so he determined "to see naval men," with most happy results.

"Board H.M.S. *Rupert*, turret-ship—Captain Pollard, a big mid. in *Vengeance* who used to take care of me. He now takes complete charge of me and my wants, and puts self and *Rupert* at my disposal." Captain Pollard arranged for Schomberg's passage in the *Tamar*, which was hourly expected. Meanwhile Schomberg lunched with his old friend to meet other former brother-officers. Another friend from H.M.S. *Hecla* visited him, and "was quite angry because I do not let him help me." Captain Pollard's coxswain, who "appears armed with lashing stuff at the proper moment," helped in the packing, and the gig of the *Rupert* conveyed Schomberg to the *Tamar*, where Captain Pollard and other naval friends came to see him off.

The *Tamar* was conveying the 102nd Regiment, of whom nearly all were Catholics. On Sunday, 26th, therefore, Schomberg said Mass for the men, the congregation being augmented by part of the ship's crew and some passengers. The altar, arranged on the lower troop deck, was made of two chests covered with flags, on which was placed Schomberg's portable altar. He preached on St. Sebastian, "with practical application to

ship life, that the regiment may leave behind them a name second to none."

At Port Said Schomberg left the *Tamar* and proceeded to Alexandria, where on January 30 he embarked on the mail steamer *Antona* for Cyprus, and after a very rough passage arrived on February 1. "P.M., anchor off Larnaca. A heavy surf rules the shore." Schomberg was very anxious to say Mass in camp on the following day (Candlemas), but there seemed no hope of his being able to land, when again a naval friend tried to assist him. A boat appeared from H.M.S. *Torch* with a note to invite Schomberg on board, where Captain Hammond welcomed him. Here the weather, however, still precluded landing, so next morning he said Mass in the steerage for about twenty Catholics. At last, on February 3, Schomberg was able to effect a landing at Larnaca. On the 4th he called on Dom M. Cerilli, the Vicar General. The latter, an old pupil of Propaganda in the days when it was under the charge of the Society of Jesus, had been very anxious to have Jesuit Fathers in the island to assist the Franciscans already established, and he cordially welcomed Schomberg.

Next day he was officially appointed Chaplain to the Forces, and for the next eighteen months devoted himself to the spiritual needs of the soldiers of the 20th Regiment, assisting also to the utmost of his power the Franciscan Fathers and the French nuns already established in the island. The idea of founding an English College was in his mind, and in that of his superiors from the beginning. It was a work which would have realised a special wish of St. Ignatius himself, and Schomberg's letter to the Provincial, Father Jones, to be quoted presently, shows us the great need,

and the then hopeful prospects of such an undertaking, while it also gives us the writer's first impressions of Cyprus.

The journal also gives graphic glimpses of Schomberg's work, and of his constant journeys to and from Nicosia, Limassol, Mathiati, or Mount Troodos, &c., as the following extracts will show.

After leaving Larnaca, and spending a couple of nights at Nicosia, Schomberg started for the camp, then at Mathiati, on February 8:—

"Started 9.30 on mule, headed by guide on a country ass, for Mathiati, about seventeen miles distant. A somewhat dreary ride across the Messorea; population very sparse; arrived 3.30. Before dismounting receive a note inviting me to dinner, and to hon. membership of mess; accept both. Quartermaster M'Kay, a Catholic, has quarters prepared, and satisfies all my wants. Colonel Elridge and all very kind.

"*February 9th, Sunday.*—Mass in school hut, well attended. At 5.30 rosary, preceded by instruction. Cong. 1 in 20, about; soldiers, 195; families, 25. Mathiati is a small Turkish village situated on a plateau some 1300 feet high, on the eastern side of Mount Machera, which the line of huts, nearly a mile in length, faces."

A few days later Schomberg proceeded to Limassol, as he describes in the following letter:—

LETTER TO VERY REVEREND FATHER JONES.

"CAMP, MATHIATI,

"*Monday, February 17, 1879.*

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER, P.C.,—On Wednesday morning last I started for Limassol with a guide to conduct me by the short mountain route. I had not

gone far before the prospect became more cheering. Villages increased. There were vineyards right and left, which in turn gave way to the Caroub district, with its graceful park-like trees and land, for the most part tilled and sown. To me it looked most inviting, and I felt that the promised land was before me. The whole scene presented such a contrast to the lifeless, fallow *Messoria* between Larnaca and Nicosia, and thence to Mathiati, which was all I had hitherto seen. A howling desert, though fit for a granary. As I crossed each successive spur the caroub tree carried me on and on to the plains and shores of Limassol. Now and again we passed an olive, and the hill-sides were covered with a variety of undergrowth, which in less than a month will be in full bloom. Also there was a sprinkling of pines, and the scattered few that stood seemed, as they really are, the tattered survivors of a fallen forest. Nor is the work of destruction yet ended. It was dark when I reached Limassol, and as I could hear of no traveller's rest, I went into the house of a Greek, where, finding the family were respectable, I stayed till morning. About noon I called on the Civil Commissioner, who received me kindly. Colonel Warren is an Indian officer of the old school, now an R.A. Full of energy and go, and spirit too, to back his will, he has earned a character for himself, and is quite a marked man in the island.

"The Government, I fancy, are rather afraid of him, but he is so earnest, and has the good of country and people so much at heart, that the few who can, and dare, are not disposed to hamper him. Before many minutes' conversation were over, the Colonel was telling me in no measured terms of the degradation of the

Greek clergy and their exactions, and how he was striving to enlighten the people and raise them from their state of ignorance and misery. Even-handed justice and education are the means he is striving to use. In vain he has urged education on the Greek clergy, and warned them that they will otherwise lose their power, but little or nothing is done as yet. Neither Greeks nor Turks will pay for schools, but consume their time in empty petitions to Government, which declines to give a penny, at least till they make a start themselves. Meantime the body of the people are eager to get on, and, to use the Commissioner's words, are '*mad after English*,' and any one who would write 'English school' over his door would have it filled next morning. At first the people, he continued, 'would pay little or nothing, but after a bit they would.' At present there is not a single English man or woman teaching in Cyprus. . . . When I told him I was a Jesuit, he at once spoke of Stonyhurst and of the opening we had here. 'You are first in the field,' he said, 'and you have virgin soil. I promise you plenty of opposition. The Greek clergy will be furious, but I don't care whether you make five converts or fifty thousand, as long as you raise them from their state of ignorance and abject misery. Talk of the nations of India and the East! These poor people,' he continued, 'are ground down far worse.' To all this I replied by assuring him of the interest of the Holy See and the Society, and that I hoped before long active measures would be taken. Mrs. Brassey has sent the Colonel a little sum to establish 'female education.' He intends to give it to the three poor French nuns (of St. Joseph, a branch house from Larnaca), and was very anxious that I should stay and start them on some new ground.

However, I felt it my duty to be back here for Sunday. Poor sisters, they have certainly borne the burden of the day and the heats, and I will do what I can for them. . . . I consider Colonel Warren to be a little too enthusiastic regarding the prospects of his command, nor do I forget that he is only Commissioner of Limassol, not governor of the island. However, taking this and much else into consideration, I am of opinion that in the main he is right, and that at present there is a rage for English at Limassol, where, had I not been what I am, I think I should have been teaching an English class now. . . . In fine, if a college is to be opened in Cyprus, now is the moment, and Limassol the place. I think £1000 would start a good college, and after that it should be self-supporting. I would propose at once to hire a house and compound for a year, large enough for schooling purposes. I hope your reverence will send out an Englishman fresh from his Greek, for then little study will be required to teach, read, or speak the modern tongue; and secondly, a foreigner who will be able to write and preach well in Greek, and also either in French or Italian; and if they add a knowledge of some of the natural sciences, all the better, for then we could help, or offer to help, the local authorities."

There is a long gap in the journal from end of February till Sunday, June 22, when we find Schomberg at Mount Troodos, which appears to have been the summer quarters of the troops. "This morning," he writes, "I used the privilege of the Society and said the Mass of the Sacred Heart, *cum cantu*. The choir is very raw at present, but will improve, but the want of an accompanying instrument is great. In the after-

noon we had rosary and Temperance Society meeting, as usual, at 2 p.m. Afterwards I started for Limassol, having sent a pony on to Platris, whither I rode on the quartermaster's pony. It was nearly 6 p.m. when I started from Platris, fairly refreshed with tea by a friendly *sapper*. (I am pretty well known up and down the road now, and find myself welcomed by all alike. However, the road is open now, so I shall have no more chats at the bridges and the gorges.) In Troodos there was a fog, for a wonder, but below 4000 feet all was clear. There was no moon except for an hour, but enough light for one who knew the road, and so I made good running with only a few stumbles, and was up to time within the first milestone, when I got a capital spill (number three, and so I am free now). The little fellow came flop down on his side, and was up and off homewards without me. I got up, thanks to my good guardians, without a scratch, and proceeded onwards, not quite relishing the idea that as my pony belonged to the police officer, I should have to go to the 'office' to get him. However, before the mile was up, a friendly native brought him to me, and so ended the matter. These ponies never hurt themselves nor their riders. They are small, and the ground soft.

"*June 25th.*—Very busy in various ways. I have rooms in the house of M'Kay and wife, a somewhat antiquated couple—retired military school teachers of thirty and thirty-six years' service respectively—who in an evil moment came out after the occupation to settle, expecting to find Grecian culture, music, and the like. He is a well-informed man, and she a good English housewife, and so we get on together very economically. It is often very hard to get anything to eat in Limassol, and poor Mrs. Warren suffers betimes. Last time I

luncheoned there she was reduced to putting her pet pigeons into a pie, which brought tears to the children's eyes. I have only one patient in hospital, barrack-sergeant—sun and fever. He is low because he wouldn't, when well, keep up his system, a very necessary thing in this climate. Jack Fever stalks about and devours whom he can; sun, chill, cold, poverty of blood are all food for him, and if he comes on board he promises a second visit, which, generally speaking, he faithfully keeps. As for myself, God has preserved me, a priest *propter alios*, and if I could only stir up a zeal for souls, who knows that He would not spare me still. I remember reading in the Menology of the Society of one who said to the Blessed Virgin, 'What shall I do if such and such heavy trials come upon me?' to whom she answered, 'Be humble and faithful, and you will never have them.' I feel too that, in part, health rests with me, not forgetting, however, what S. P. N.¹ says: 'Sickness is no less a gift of God than health.'

"*June 28th, Troodos*.—Preparing for to-morrow's feast. Trying to stir up the British soldier to be equal to the occasion, who, for the most part, won't be stirred.

"*Sunday, 29th*.—Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Mass and service as usual; singing a trifle better. Dr. — has got a good voice, but I can't get him to use it for God, though he sings a good song. People are wonderfully shy in church. Meeting of Temperance Society as usual. In the evening established a Confraternity of the Sacred Heart in honour of the feast, some eight or nine making their consecration in my tent."

The pony Jock, whose fall on the road to Limassol has been chronicled, appears constantly in Schomberg's journal, and although he seems to have had a faculty

¹ *Sanctus Pater Noster*, meaning "Our Holy Father," St. Ignatius.

for falling, remained a faithful companion during his stay on the island, and, as Schomberg remarks, it was "generally considered that no other pony in camp would stand the work as he does—patted accordingly."

"*July 9th.*—Governor and headquarters staff arrive and dine at 20th Mess. Great mass of baggage, &c. Camels don't arrive for some time. More than a week from Nicosia, not sufficient tents, ordnance officer seriously indisposed. These soldiers are great bunglers. There is such a lot of red tape and nonsense. A regiment ought to be like a ship, complete in itself, whereas there are half-a-dozen departments all pulling against each other and independent, and costing the country thousands. The number of staff and departmental people looking after this handful of troops is simply ridiculous. Four hundred sailors or marines would not cost a third, and would be twice as efficient. May the Lord save the British Army!"

On July 18, after mentioning a soldier's widow he was trying to assist home, he remarks, "Only there is a deal of red tape in the matter." Schomberg again devotes a few words to his faithful pony: "My little man and I start (for Troodos). Don't you pity my Jock? He is only three years old, and has to go forty miles and carry two stone of gear besides myself—yet he gets fat on it. I am very kind to him, and spare him all I can. He is a capital priest's pony."

On July 23 Schomberg began a Novena with his flock for the Feast of St. Ignatius, and about this time a stone sanctuary was commenced for his tent chapel.

On July 30 he writes: "The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart have kept the Novena very well on the whole. It is strange how hard it is to get hold of men. They always seem on duty, one day on guard, another

fatigue, orderly man, cook's mate, guard-room—always some excuse. Any amount of red tape too. If the colonel, adjutant, and quartermaster were not all good fellows, it would be very disagreeable getting anything done.

“Colonel Dumanesq has come out, C. R. E. He has lately been at Devonport, but is an old Haligonian friend of the *Duncan* period, and we have been taking off the great Sir Jimmy. He roars out, ‘Kerr, how are you?’ at the top of his voice, just as of old.”

On Thursday, July 31 (St. Ignatius), Schomberg notes that he has some congregation for Mass, and that the men working at his sanctuary wall assisted also. Amidst Schomberg's somewhat severe views of the army (which we suspect were chronicled chiefly for his brother Francis's benefit) we find the following: “You would be surprised to see how well soldiers turn out (now and again) when put into officers' posts and other places of position. I have two Catholics at Limassol, most useful men. One is barrack-sergeant Watts. He is a holy and mortified man, and in the church by 5.30 every morning regularly. To him is mainly due the credit of getting my half-dozen Greek young men together for English lessons. The other is a young sapper in the Commissioner's office, as sharp as a needle, who can inform me on any subject at five minutes' notice.” The sanctuary was now nearing completion.

“August 13th.—Very busy preparing to open sanctuary, about twenty men at work—all for love. Every one asked responds cheerfully—tailors, carpenters, armourers, and the like. It is a small place, but it has an eighteen-inch stone wall.

“August 21st.—I enclose you a photograph of the sanctuary of Our Lady of Mount Troodos. A labour of

love for the Feast of the Assumption. It is complete and pretty in a rough way. It is lighted from above. There is a good deal of detail for young eyes to make out. The altar and step are of white limestone from the ruins of St. Epiphanius' Catholic Chapel. The altar-cloth was worked by the schoolmistress. Pictures and candles I brought from Naples, the damask-like curtains from Limassol, &c.

"*September 1st, Limassol.*—Commence English lessons with Father Celestin's¹ orphans to-day. They are a funny collection of about fifteen. Each has a history, some are Turks, Linobambaki,² Greeks, &c. Father Celestin thinks that orphanages give the best opening. The Turks are his friends, though every one is 'well met' in Limassol. Every one knows the good Padre who walks the bazaar and the market every morning regularly in his brown habit and straw hat covered with a handkerchief. He has a kind, compassionate heart, and has fought the good fight at Limassol for twenty years without help. Now his church is being finished and his orphanage will, I hope, be properly founded, and so the old man will have his triumph."

There is a long gap in the journal about this time, but Father Tyrrell's very interesting reminiscences will help us to follow Schomberg's daily life, apart from his occupations as military chaplain. As we have seen in his letter to the Provincial, Schomberg had asked

¹ Father Celestin's name often appears in the journal, and Schomberg speaks of him in another place as "my good friend, and truly apostolic man."

² The "lino-bambaki" (linen-cotton) are Christians who under persecution conformed outwardly to Moslem practices, but secretly practise some Christian rites still, though now quite unintelligently.—G. T.

for an English father “fresh from his Greek” and a foreign father able to preach in modern Greek, &c. Mr. Tyrrell, though not yet a priest, realised the first, and Father R—— the latter qualifications, and with Schomberg himself, formed the staff of the little college which was destined to be so short-lived.

“When I got to Larnaca in the *Fortuna*, some one came on board and gave me what seemed a rather stiff note from Father Kerr, somewhat to the following effect:—

“‘SIR,—I am expecting a friend by the *Fortuna*; will you kindly look after him and conduct him to Limassol.—Yours, &c.’

“I had heard before starting that a foreign father was expected who was to preach in Greek, and so I inquired if any such were on board; but to no purpose. It seemed rather inconsiderate to expect me to hamper myself with a stranger (as well as the bales of school-stuff over which I had had unutterable trouble already, and more brewing) and, myself unguided, to act as guide to another. I felt I was not going to like Father Kerr. However, discovering an English hotel (I really forget how, for it was dark and I knew not a word that was said to me), as I entered my name in the book the proprietor said: ‘O sir, I think you have got my note and I have got yours,’ and he showed me a note:—

“‘DEAR MR. TYRRELL,—I have asked Mr. Lewsly to look after you. He is a respectable young man; but as the company at his table is rather mixed, you had best keep your counsel and say nothing as to the purpose of your coming, &c.’¹

¹ You can imagine the pleasure it was to be able subsequently to allude to this incident on every available occasion.

“It was also my luck to arrive at Limassol at midnight after a very sore ride from Larnaca on a wooden-saddled lame mule, and as there was no finding Father Kerr, I chanced to push my way into the club where a light was burning; and then having roused the caretaker and explained that I was not a burglar, I was rather ungraciously allowed to have a bed.

“Early next morning I paraded the streets with my three-legged mule and my tongueless guide, and at last lighted on an orderly standing at a door, which proved to be the very door I was seeking. Father Kerr was saying Mass in the little domestic chapel. In a few minutes he came up, and in a few more I felt as if I had known him for years, as so often happens in respect to direct straightforward characters like his. He at once took command, and assuming, as a matter of course, that I was to go to the noviceship, proceeded to constitute himself my novice-master, and to exercise a mild despotism over me in things temporal and spiritual. My day was mapped out for me, with fixed time for spiritual duties, in the conduct of which I was duly instructed according to received methods. I was ordered out for solitary exercise at a certain hour each day; though eventually I kicked so hard against this enactment, that it fell into abeyance. Twice a week we shouldered besoms, and having cleared the decks proceeded to a task called ‘sweeping quarters,’ by which the dust on the floor was distributed more equitably over the furniture generally, and subsequently returned to its original position by aid of much slapping with dusters. At first I was charmed with the eccentricity of the ceremony, but the regularity of its recurrence showed that it was to be considered a duty rather than a joke. In the evening we usually went out together

(as Father R——, our Greek-speaking ally of the Sicilian Province, was a man of weight and sedentary habits, who preferred to return to his room and study the Photian schism), and those walks are perhaps my brightest and pleasantest recollections of Cyprus. Father Kerr would don his pith helmet, and holding his stick by the two ends across the flat of his shoulders, would stride forth either along the beach towards Buffo, or up to the camp at (Polymedia), or through some of the miserable little villages in the neighbourhood of Limassol. Whenever he met a native he would insist on airing his latest acquisitions from the Greek Ollendorf, and was ceaseless in his denunciations of the local obtuseness, "Εχετε τὰ πῆζωνιά μας? 'Have you my forks?' he would say abruptly to some slinking rustic, already mistrustful of this somewhat stern-looking *Anglikos* with the stick. Small wonder if the man—like every Greek a thief by nature—mumbled, and looked confused and hurried by. Greek lessons were, by the way, one of our morning duties before schools, in which we were assisted by our interpreter, and almost friend, Agathocles Michaelides. Here, though not fresh from my Greek, I was not quite so stale as Father Kerr, who consequently formed an exorbitant idea of my powers, and I am afraid made the fear of retarding my advance a pretext for exempting himself from the Greek lesson, at which he was at best an irregular attendant. It was my only point of moral superiority. It is hard to go to school after forty. St. Ignatius began; I wonder if he went on or if he succeeded. Catering was another incident of those evening walks, not without interest. Sometimes passing through the little bazaar at Limassol, sometimes through the garden of a peasant, he would take what took his fancy—a bunch of bananas

or of grapes, a string of pomegranates, or even would calmly uproot cabbages or other green ware—and then, accosting the proprietor either in honest English or in Ollendorffian Greek, would give him what we ourselves on purely *à priori* grounds judged to be the just value of the theft, often, no doubt, more than the market value, sometimes perhaps less, while the frantic remonstrances of the owner were stubbornly interpreted as expressions of gratitude and goodwill. I did not altogether relish the triumphal home-bearing of these vegetable trophies, but I think Father Kerr would, cabbage in hand, have met the Queen without the least embarrassment. At times our conversation had to be suspended for the benefit of some spiritual duty, ‘examen’ or ‘points’ anticipated on account of the foreseen advent of some visitor to supper who might remain late. Finding me already equipped with a breviary, and not altogether a stranger to its mysteries, he used often to ask me to read office with him as we stumbled along over the uneven foot tracks, but we eventually voted it a poor sort of praying. I mention all this to show how, in spite of the most irregular circumstances, he strove to secure a regularity in his life from which many others would have not unreasonably considered themselves excused. Herein he was a most effectual novice-master, teaching by the method of a living example. He speaks in his diary of being very prudent about his health; and certainly if abstemiousness is prudence, he had nothing to correct. He held strongly that all illness comes from over-eating, and that all Englishmen over-eat themselves. In other respects he was, perhaps, not too prudent. He always insisted I should not get up till 6, while he was to rise at 5.30. Finding me up usually when he came to call

me, he lectured me on obedience. I said, 'If you want me to sleep you shouldn't choose such an unearthly hour of the morning for beating carpets in your room.' He frowned, and said something about 'that Kavanagh' (the orderly who acted as houseman). 'I am sure it comes from your room,' said I. I concluded it was some other phase of 'sweeping-quarters' mania; however, it went on as before.

"When I first arrived we had about seven or eight Greek boys anxious to learn as much English as possible at the smallest possible cost. Unlike English boys, they had a keen wish to get everything and give nothing. They would volunteer to come on holidays, and to stay on indefinitely on other days. We taught them through Ollendorf, aided by Agathocles Michaelides, and the international gesture language. We had risen to thirty scholars, and had been in existence only a few weeks when the crash came—the very day after the Commissioner of Limassol had paid us a visit, and crowned our performances with praise—an event we celebrated at dinner in libations of sticky 'Commanteria' and excruciating Turkish sweetmeats.

"That very day our good confrère, Father R——, who with his modern Greek had of late been making himself agreeable to the natives generally, who had already had more than one visit from the smiling *exarchos* (or archdeacon) of the district, to whom he had even lent a small theological pamphlet on the Photian schism, and who was already dreaming of corporate reunion of the autonomous Church of Cyprus to the Holy See—on that very day of our pride and intoxication, and of our numbering the people, Father R—— visited one of our boys, Basileios Matthaïou, and learning that the ingenuous youth was minded to become

a *pappas*, gave him various godly counsels as to the dignity of that state and the care with which it should be entered upon; and then proceeding analytically from morals to faith, which is the foundation of morals, naturally fell to discussing the rule of faith, the necessity of ecclesiastical unity, the damnableness of the sin of schism in general and of the Photian schism in particular, all of which the youth received demurely with downcast eyes and other signs of intelligent sympathy, so that when Father R—— retailed this triumph of dialectic at dinner, the ‘Commanderia’ simply flowed in treacly torrents.

“The next morning, as usual, we were punctually down to open schools at 9.30, and welcome the in-rushing crowd of embryo proselytes; but not one was apparent. We compared watches and found that we had not anticipated the right hour. ‘It must be a holiday with the Greeks,’ said Father Kerr. ‘Or they think it is a holiday with us,’ said I.

“As our faithful Agathocles did not turn up, we sent for him, and after some delay he sneaked in by a back way, and explained how the sensitive conscience of Basileios had suddenly smitten him with remorse and bidden him haste and unbosom himself to our friendly *exarchos*, who, now considering that he had sufficient evidence against us, shouldered his white umbrella and went the round of the parents and denounced the insidious Jesuits and their vile papistical plot.

“Father Kerr stopped dead for about three minutes till he took in the whole situation, and then he sat down and threw back his head and laughed loud and long, till I was fain to follow suit by sheer infection. And if we celebrated our pride yesterday, to-day we celebrated our humiliation, ‘seeing it is no less a gift

from the hand of God our Creator and Lord,' as St. Ignatius says.

"I think Father R—— was the only one of the three who was not secretly glad. Once, if not twice, before, the Society had made similar efforts in Cyprus with like issue; and what happened sooner would almost surely have happened later with loss of more energy and money.

"Father Provincial being then at Malta, on hearing of the fiasco, said he would come on to Cyprus, but got no further than Larnaca, being a heavy man, and not fancying fifty miles of bad road on a wooden-saddled mule; so Father Kerr arranged to meet him at Larnaca, and to travel back with him to Malta. I was at present to stay behind with Father R——, a gruesome prospect enough, as the good father, kindest and best of men, loved his room and his theology, and was poor company for me. My last view of Father Kerr was when I walked down with him to the edge of the town, and saw him ride off on his 'little man' (the oft-mentioned pony) with his feet not far from the ground. I turned back and felt very lonely and queer. A month after I was transferred to Malta to finish my year there. There I saw him for a day on his way back to Cyprus, I forget whence. I saw him once or twice in London in after years, when he was minister at Farm Street. Though I never wrote to him or heard from him, I always remembered him distinctly and affectionately, as I do now; and I owe more to the impression made upon me by the first Jesuit of my acquaintance, my self-constituted novice-master, and kindest of despots, than perhaps would be fair to others for me to state explicitly."

CHAPTER X

CYPRUS—INDIA

MR. TYRRELL had reached Cyprus in November, and from that date till May we possess none of Schomberg's journal.

After Father Jones' visit in January 1880, recorded in Mr. Tyrrell's paper, Schomberg accompanied the Provincial to the Holy Land, a little pilgrimage which lasted a fortnight and fulfilled a long-cherished hope. During this journey he kept a journal, but it is unfortunately a mere fragment, ending the day after he reached Jerusalem. We quote the more interesting passages:—

“Soon after daylight on the morning of Monday, January 26, we arrived off Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. The weather was beautiful and the sea calm, a rare treat for a pilgrim. Jaffa has, and always had, a bad name with ships and passengers. In old days, ‘going to Jaffa’ meant good-bye for ever, so great were the dangers and difficulties of the voyage and landing. Nor are things much improved nowadays. Steamers make the voyage safer, but the landing is worse than when Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his ships laden with cedars of Lebanon for King Solomon's Temple. Then there was a harbour under the lee of a natural break-water of rocks, which the hand of man had so fashioned and improved that the vessels of those times could lie at anchor securely. Now all is rock and ruin; a

few small craft still manage to find shelter in moderate weather, but the entrance is dangerous even for boats. Every afternoon the sea is rough, and often during winter months steamers pass and repass without being able to land their passengers."

After effecting a safe landing in company with a party of Cook's tourists, Schomberg went to the Latin Hospice and said Mass at St. Peter's altar. "Having finished my devotions, I had a breakfast-dinner with another in the hospice. I then tried my horse for Jerusalem, and finding he would do, strolled about the convent and the town, which is built on a rocky promontory, and viewed from the seaside is picturesque enough. It rises very steeply, and the houses are built one above the other in such a way that the roof of one becomes a terrace for its upstairs neighbour. The Franciscan Convent and hospice having many storeys has also many terraces, like so many distinct houses rising above the other—queer and interesting. I made my way also to the house of Simon the tanner, and said a prayer on his roof. It is now a mosque, but of little interest. On the next roof, covering perhaps the same spot where St. Peter lodged, is the harbour-light, leading pilgrims to the haven—the gate of Jerusalem. This I thought a curious coincidence." Finding on his return to the hospice that the "Muero" wanted a rise on the price before settled for the horse, Schomberg gave it up, and took a seat in a conveyance going to Jerusalem.

"After some delay we made a start in an open waggon drawn by three miserable animals, and driven by one of the German colony, a respectable-looking man, who contrasted pleasantly with his steeds and trap. Leaving Jaffa behind us, our course first lay through the garden

orange trees, which grow in great luxuriance and are justly celebrated throughout the Levant for their excellent fruit. The trees rise twenty feet on either side of the road, and the fruit was in perfection. My companions, three pilgrims from Poland, laid in a small store. Two were tall, handsome young men, clad in big boots and coats, and the third, their good old mother, poorly dressed, with just a shawl thrown over the head like an Irish Biddy. I first made their acquaintance at the hospice, where, hearing I was a priest, they kissed hands—a salutation which they often repeated during the journey. We were now crossing the Plain of Sharon, a fine expanse of fertile land stretching as far east as the foot of the hills. The greater part was under cultivation. Teams of oxen were busy, spring crops setting, and patches already green with winter wheat." At Ramleh the pilgrims halted for the night, and next day proceeded on their road to the Holy City. After passing Latroon and approaching the hills, the journal continues as follows: "Hitherto we had been crossing the plains of Sharon, and other undulating ground, but now the ascent commenced. We entered the hilly country, and the way to Jerusalem, up to its very gates, lay through narrow defiles, along tortuous hillsides—a stony and rugged country, full of ups and downs, a wild and desolate sight. Five hours was the time appointed for the journey from the khân onwards, but the wretched horses grew weaker and weaker, and the road more steep and difficult, so that we were much behind time, and twilight was over before we reached the environs of the Holy City. I was not sorry, as every one had told me that the approach by the Jaffa road offered no good view or sight of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood. It was now six o'clock as we got a glimpse of

the Russian colony, which though inside the walls in a way, standing as it does on higher ground to the west, seemed to crown the walls of ancient Sion. Nearing the Jaffa gate, we passed through quite a suburb of villa-looking houses and gardens—part of the German colony. The road was also good, and for the moment we came apace, so that I was reminded more of the approach to a modern town than of the oldest city in the world. This thought, however, was soon dispelled when the sombre walls and the grim tower of the City of David came in view. Three minutes later we stopped outside the gate of Jaffa amid the din and noise of Arab caravans, and others, bivouacking under the walls. The night was fresh, and the air chilling, so gathering up our odds and ends, for none of us had more than we could carry, we wished our patient, wearied Jehu good-night, and headed by a guide, entered the open, massive gates, which nestled in an angle of the wall, formed by the castle of Sion. After some three hundred yards we took a turning to the left, and wended our way through a narrow street for seven or eight minutes, when we knocked at the small, low entrance of the Casa Nuova. We were at once admitted, and presenting our credentials, took our stand in the waiting-room. Soon the director of the hospice appeared, and reading our papers, warmly greeted us. My three friends were shown into one part of the house, and I was led by the good father to the refectory, where I found eight or ten pilgrims half-way through their evening meal. I hastily took my seat and joined them. Dinner over, I was shown my room, one of a hundred guest rooms, and arranging with the father to say Mass in the church of the Holy Sepulchre early next morning, I bade him good-night. Soon I found my way on to

the roof, which offered quite a promenade, besides an excellent view. It was a clear, starlight night. Before me to the east rose Mount Olivet, and the outline of the hill seemed to be carried round through the north and west almost as far as the south, where there was a distinct break in the hills, made, I then supposed, by the valley of Jehosaphat, with the brook Kedron as it left the city walls. The Holy City then seemed to be in the centre of a crater-like basin, though at a decided slope towards the eastern rim, so that the walls and that part of the town are hidden from view by higher buildings in the foreground. Knowing the direction of the Holy Sepulchre, I could see it clearly situated as it were in a hollow almost at my feet, though really some six hundred yards away, and straight in a line with the dome of the Mosque of Osma which crowns the centre of the Temple platform over the sacred rock. Carrying my eye round to the right I noticed several other objects of apparent interest, but could distinguish nothing that I knew, till my eye fell on the Tower of David in the midst of the Castle of Sion close to the Jaffa gate. In the distance, without the walls, on higher ground, rose the Russian cathedral and the Russian hospice—the same colony that I had seen on nearing the city. Completing my round to the right through the north, my eye detected nothing save the circling hills in the distance, till it fell again on the Dome of the Holy Sepulchre. I will not attempt to describe the joy and satisfaction with which I contemplated and thought over these long-wished-for scenes. It was now late, so I stole quietly back to my room. Next morning at seven o'clock a brother from the convent came to take me to the Holy Sepulchre. Following him down the somewhat steep, roughly paved, and narrow street for

seven or eight minutes, we reached the grand old portal. Passing through the church, almost heedless of what we saw, we reached the sacristy, where the good brother in charge, though full of work, received me most kindly. He said the only free altar was the shrine of St. Mary Magdalen, close to the place where our Lord first appeared to her after His resurrection. The two spots, namely, where Mary wept and where our Lord stood, are distinctly pointed out. The latter is marked by a circle on the pavement, and by a suspended lamp which exactly plumbs the centre. The altar of St. Mary Magdalen is against a wall, in the right transept facing east, the circle with its lamp is a few paces behind the priest as he commences Mass, almost in the middle of the transept, and about half-way from the centre of the dome where stands the Sepulchre, and the door at the end of the same right or north transept leading into the Latin Chapel and convent. After Mass and Thanksgiving, Padre Franciscus, whom I had met in Cyprus, a grey-bearded, venerable friar, took hold of me and gave me my morning cup of coffee; then he kindly showed me round the church and principal chapels, which at first sight are so numerous and confusing, that beyond the sepulchre, the chapels on Calvary, and that of St. Helena—deep down several scores of steps—I got no distinct idea of what I saw. Passing out of the church, my good friend led me to the convent of the Holy Land, close to the Casa Nuova; there I was presented to the guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, the superior of all the Franciscans here in the east. He was full of work, but kind and cordial, placing Father Guido at my disposal as a cicerone, who spoke English well, loved and knew that country, had been in Jerusalem many years and knew it well. This was great good luck, just what I

wanted, so wishing his Reverence and Father Franciscus good morning, I accepted Father Guido's kind offer to call for me at the Casa Nuova in half-an-hour."

Here to our regret the journal abruptly ends, and we have no further record of Schomberg's stay in the Holy Land, nor have we any further notice of his movements till Sunday, May 9, when the Cyprus journal recommences. On that day Schomberg said Mass in camp as usual. On Monday, the 10th, which was to be an eventful day, bringing as it did the first news of his appointment as chaplain to Lord Ripon, he went down to Larnaca. When he was at dinner that evening he received a mutilated telegram from Father Provincial announcing the fact. The news was a shock, and in his humility Schomberg felt himself to be very unfit for so responsible a position, and he notes characteristically in his journal: "Telegram arrives—hard to decipher—appetite goes—go to bed, but not to sleep." As always, however, he acted with the prompt obedience of the naval officer and the son of St. Ignatius.

"*Tuesday, May 11th.*—Though I have not to be at Suez before 20th, I find that the only safe chance is to be off by Austrian steamer to-night, or at latest by English mail steamer to-morrow morning. Wired for leave, luggage, &c." The luggage did not arrive in time, and Schomberg, to use a friend's words, "started at once with only an umbrella and a hand-bag from Larnaca," where the telegram happened to reach him. Arrived in Egypt, he was obliged to take the road again with no more luggage than the same umbrella and hand-bag wherewith to present himself on board the S.S. *Ancona* at Suez as the Viceroy's private chaplain.

The journal proceeds:—

“*Wednesday, 12th, 9 A.M.*—Embark, attended by many friends; no luggage turns up; *Fortuna* makes good way. Many passengers, including a Canadian bee-fancier, who lives in the hold with 10,000 bees, and quite tickled us with his exploits and researches.”

After spending some days at Cairo, Schomberg went on to Suez, and on May 20 joined Lord Ripon's party. “10 P.M.—Met mail train at Points, and went down to docks; guard of honour, &c.; introduced to the Viceroy on board; so simple and kind; gave me letters.”¹

These simple words chronicle Schomberg's first meeting with one who was to be the kindest of friends to him during the time they spent together, and for whom he ever retained a deep and affectionate esteem. The post of private chaplain to a Catholic Viceroy of India was a new, and might well be a very difficult position; it was one which would make Schomberg, for the time being, a very marked and public man, and he felt keenly the responsibilities it would entail. As we know, “he thoroughly understood, and carried out with complete discernment, the exact duties of his decidedly delicate office,” but we may be sure he himself was very far from realising this, and he entered upon his new office with great diffidence in his own powers. During the voyage, Schomberg said Mass daily in Lord Ripon's cabin. It was at this time that he made friends with the late General Gordon, then attached to the Vice-

¹ “On getting on board the P. and O. steamer,” writes one of Lord Ripon's party, “inquiry was at once made for Father Kerr. He was already on board, and from that moment became the most popular and beloved member of the Viceroy's staff.”

roy as Private Secretary,¹ and between whose lofty, chivalrous, and deeply religious character and his own there was much similarity. Later, Gordon was to ask him to join him in the Khartoum Expedition and to evangelise the natives, a task after Schomberg's own heart; but his superiors decided otherwise. Meanwhile, the voyage to Bombay was prosperous, and Schomberg writes: "Find that I have something in common, *i.e.* some bond of union, some genial conversational topic with most on board, even with a black Brahmin Presbyterian young lady *en route* to Madras, inasmuch as she was educated by some nuns there."

On May 31 the *Ancona* reached Bombay. "Preparations for landing; I find it delicious having no luggage. 'When are you going to pack?' asks one. 'How many packages have you got?' asks the courier, &c. 3.30 P.M., anchor off Bombay dockyard. Six o'clock, Viceroy lands; 6.5, chaplain slips ashore quietly, calls on Bishop Meurin, S.J., Catholic Bishop of Bombay, and turns up at Government House in time to say grace at dinner." The journal continues: "*Bombay, June 1st.*—Said Mass at Fort Chapel, where I spent the day with Bishop Meurin, Father Cook, &c.; visited St. Francis Xavier's College with Father Bochum of ancient memory.² Eight o'clock, state dinner

¹ The manner in which General Gordon's appointment as Private Secretary came about seems singularly characteristic of the man. Lord Ripon, who had been much interested by all he had heard of Gordon, asked him to come and see him, and begged him to accept the position of Private Secretary. Gordon at first refused, but being pressed by Lord Ripon, replied that they must pray about it and see what was right. This was done, and Gordon then accepted the appointment, which, however, owing to his dislike to what he considered his too luxurious surroundings, and his great wish to return to his Arab "boys," he soon threw up.

² Schomberg's Professor of Logic at Stonyhurst.

at Government House ; Bishop Meurin present. Afterwards a reception ; ladies and gentlemen of all degrees and colours ; band, illumination, fireworks, cloths of scarlet, many coloured coats of dazzling splendour, diamonds, jewels, stars of India, and insignia of various orders. The whole very effective and striking to a new-comer. The Viceroy genial to all alike. Sir James Ferguson also seems to fill his post uncommonly well. The two chiefs are old friends, and have this in common, that a sense of *duty* alone has led them to leave their homes and come to India. After dinner Gordon Pasha rose from my side, and disregarding every one else took Dr. Meurin by the arm straight up to the Viceroy, kept them talking together for some moments, told the Viceroy that Dr. Meurin was coming to see him the following morning at nine o'clock, that he had invited him to stay to breakfast, &c., and then he left the gilded saloons, whispering in my ear as he passed : 'I have done my duty, and now I am off.' Such is Gordon Pasha, who was more looked for than the Viceroy himself.

"*June 2nd.*—The Bishop was up to time, and at 9.30 walked up in state with the Viceroy to breakfast. After breakfast the Bishop visited me, and then had a long chat with Gordon, who declared he would not, could not stay amid all this splendour and luxury, while so many millions had not daily bread. In vain the Bishop urged the good he might do in ameliorating the condition of 150 millions and more ; Gordon's heart was elsewhere, and as he spoke of his African boys he became quite excited and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The Bishop was much interested in him. Not unnaturally his lordship thought he was troubled in mind, possibly about faith. But Gordon, alas, has made

a religion to himself, and seems firmly fixed. A little book of Scripture maxims is his guide. In doubts and difficulties he opens, reads, and acts accordingly. He is a sincere Christian; this morning he said to me, 'The Viceroy came to me before seven o'clock with a paper, which won't do, for if a man does not get through his prayers before breakfast the whole day goes wrong.' He has a contempt for money—as I write not possessing £80—most disinterested, very just, liberal-minded, and large-hearted, loving Catholic missionaries because for the most part he finds them men of sacrifice and principle. Many are the stories he has told me of Central Africa, and already I am building airy castles of some day being there with him." That evening Gordon went to Schomberg's room and "chatted till past midnight about his resignation, which I saw was inevitable."

Next day the resignation was an accomplished fact, and when the viceregal party left for Simla the railway carriage destined for Gordon was empty. "Our compartments were all ticketed in big print," writes Schomberg; "through the windows we looked like pictures labelled. Gordon's, alas! was an empty frame."

"*Friday, June 4, 1880.*—As we ascended the Ghauts last night it was somewhat cooler, but before we reached 'Kandura' (353 miles), our halting-place for to-day, it was already pretty hot. We arrived to time at 8.45 A.M., and the Viceroy was received by a guard of honour, band, civil and military functionaries of the district, red carpets and banners. Also the Maharajah of Holkar from Indore, who had arrived for the occasion, and was presented by Sir Henry Daly, agent in Central India. When this was over Viceroy and party drove off to various bungalows to spend the day. I escaped

to the church hard by, being led by a native Catholic, who, having his weather eye open, spotted *me*, 'the most unpriestly-looking of Catholic priests,' according to the *Times* of India; there I made the acquaintance of Father Souchon, said Mass, and spent the day. The Central Provinces belong to the Salesian Fathers, with headquarters at Vizagapatan. Father Souchon is the district railway chaplain, whose duty it is to travel up and down over many hundred miles of line with a free pass in his pocket, halting and ministering at stations according to numbers and need. He chanced to be at Kandora and had just had a quasi High Mass for the Feast of the Sacred Heart. He lives in a corner of the church behind the altar, and there we chatted and rested all day. Father Souchon, like all Frenchmen, was a perfect gentleman, and never once asked an inquisitive question. I enjoyed his company very much, and found his experiences of India most interesting. His power and his influence surprised me. By the will of his native congregation he has patriarchal authority, so that his flock seldom carry their disputes before the 'English,' and what is more, the Pagans of the same caste agree with the Christians and accept him as referee. So in the event of a mixed dispute he investigates the case before witnesses, and, if sufficiently proven, summons the heads and members of both congregations to assemble 'under the tree,' where in his presence they judge the case and condemn the culprit—perhaps to pay a fine by a certain time and receive so many cuts (on the hand) under pain of being excommunicated by his caste. And so great is this dread of being outcasted, which means disgrace and starvation, that culprits cry and beg to be tried and licked and fined without delay. The success of the

system lies in its being 'purely voluntary,' for otherwise the English 'sahibs' would soon be down on the Padre. As it is, sensible magistrates think it an excellent arrangement, as it saves them much trouble and litigation. There was a case going when I was there. The Padre Sahib heard the case in the cool of the evening at his church door.

"It was now time to make the station again, and Father Souchon, anxious to see the Viceroy, accompanied me. Staff and officials came dropping in by degrees, and last of all the Maharajah of Holkar, who was accommodated with a chair on the platform. Major White asked me if I should like to be introduced to his Highness. At first I declined, but then thinking it might possibly be of some use some day, repented myself, and so was formally presented as 'his Excellency's clergyman.'

"Punctual to time the Viceroy drove up, and after a repetition of the morning ceremonies, stepped into the carriage drawing-room. There White kindly introduced Father Souchon, who quickly had to make way for the Maharajah, who stepped in to pay his farewell respects. In another minute we were off, and then the hot blast, and dust, and grit played upon us till 6 A.M., when the doctor¹ and I, who were caught napping, woke up to the strains of 'God save the Queen' as we entered the terminus of 'Jubalpur.' Outside the carriage all was cloth of scarlet, brilliant uniforms, and salutes. Inside, many coatings of dust, sombre sleeping apparel, and dirty faces, refusing all salaams. Forgetting we were duly labelled, we cleaned and dressed with the utmost complacency, and on

¹ Dr. J. Anderson, M.D., C.S.I., the Viceroy's physician during his stay in India, and Schomberg's special friend.

alighting, I was received by three Salesian Fathers who had come to pay their respects to the chaplain. Very dreadful, thought I; but, however, I thanked them, and expressing my wish to say Mass, and afterwards see more of them, drove off to the Commissioner's house, where, of course, a meal called 'early tea' was in readiness. Seeing this, I departed, and vainly inquired for the Catholic Church. No one at the door knew one church from another. I had been told it was close by, and pointed to several churches, but without result. Beresford came to the rescue, and good-naturedly went in and asked the Commissioner, when it proved to be rather a considerable establishment which I had been pointing at all the time.

"Jubalpur, Saturday, 5th, to Simla, Tuesday, June 8th.—Old Father Delelex, the superior, and one of the oldest missionaries in the country, insisted on driving me back to the Commissioner's compound, so I jumped into his buggy, but before many revolutions the tyre of one of the wheels came off; he therefore reluctantly wished me 'good-bye,' and I walked, accompanied by a younger 'man of God,' whose name I cannot recall at the moment.

"Soon after 8 P.M. we were again on our journey, leaving behind us an illuminated station with its crowded platform of officials and sight-seers, and many good wishes for a safe arrival. Leaving the G.I.P. Railway, we now entered upon E.I. Railway line, which was to carry us as high as Gayerabad. We passed Allahabad about three o'clock (Sunday morning); Futterpur, where we stopped for 'early tea,' at 5.30; reaching Cawnpore, our destination for the day, at 7.20 P.M. There the officials and guards

were in readiness as usual. I drove off with his Excellency, accompanied by the collector and Brett, A.D.C. in waiting. Passing along the Ganges Canal, we entered the Memorial Gardens with their green shrubs and grass, a charming contrast to the dusty, dried-up country. At the well we got out, and on entering the monument a man with an Irish face presented the Viceroy with a bouquet. The structure is well conceived; over the well's mouth stands a weeping angel, and from the pedestal rise a flight of circular steps, which, at a radius of some twenty feet, are crowned by a balustrade encircling the whole to a proportionate height, the top being open, and the whole structure of fine white stone. No native is allowed to enter the garden without a permit. Replying to a question, the Irishman proclaimed his religion by saluting me as Father. I therefore asked him about the church and Mass, which he told me was over, but I answered that there would be another shortly, and so we parted. Leaving the gardens, we went to the Commissioner's house, where, as the Viceroy proclaimed his intention of going to church, we left Mr. Barstow and most of the bodyguard and went our way. After a quarter of an hour's drive, and having narrowly missed being conducted to the American Church Missionary Society's service then going on, we safely reached the Military Chapel Compound. On alighting we found everything shut up for the day, and all the world gone out to meet the Viceroy. However, the Padre appeared, and, after a good deal of bustling, the altar was prepared, and Mass was said quietly enough, the only others present being my Paddy from the gardens with his family and friends. Mass over, and with many apologies from

Father Seraphim, we drove off to Mr. Barstow's. (The church was chiefly remarkable for the number of punkahs, quite a regiment of them all united together, and I can understand, very useful aids to prayer—though once I despised them.) At breakfast Mrs. Barstow appeared, who is worthy of a chapter to herself. She governed the house and all in it. Everything was in admirable order—the test point being the temperature of the house, which the Viceroy pronounced to be the most comforting he had been in. It was cooled not only by tatties, but by Shermantidote boxes, containing a paddle-wheel each, fitted up outside the windows, a pane of glass being removed to receive the open mouth of this terrible atmospheric engine, by means of which a waft of tattie-cooled air was forced into the house by every revolving float. How many there were round the bungalow I do not know, but Brett and I had one, at whose mouth we sat in turns. The whole house was, of course, *closed*—windows and doors. By means of this arrangement, and frequent appeals to the outside 'Wallahs' to work briskly at the handles, Mrs. Barstow kept the temperature down fabulously low—I think 96°, perhaps less.

"By 4 A.M. we had reached the terminus of the E.I. Railway Co., Gayerabad, and were committed to the care of the Scind, Punjaub, and Delhi Railway officials. At 7.20 we stopped for 'early tea' at Sharanpore, famous for its Government stud; at 9.20, two hours later, we completed our railway journey at Umballah, having travelled some 1300 miles in four nights. All well, and punctual to time. Here we were received with the usual viceregal honours; and, in addition, many carriages and four were drawn up at our dis-

posal, through the kindness of the Rajah of Putialla, who it seems has the privilege of conducting the Viceroy and staff through his dominions from Umballah to Holka. We spent the day quietly enough at Lumby's Hotel. I exerted myself so far as to call upon the Padre 'the Old Man of Umballah' (order of Capuchins), whose grey hairs and ascetic look I had recognised on arrival in the morning. There I met Father Patrick, an ally of Ralph's, on his way here¹ from Rahoul Pindii.

"By 7 P.M. we were off in four carriages and four, with mounted escort, police also manning the road at intervals. We changed horses four times, doing the distance to Holka, forty miles, in three and three-quarter hours; the Rajah providing all. Before entering Holka the Rajah's servants approached and refreshed his Excellency with fruits and flowers.

"By midnight we were all reclining on the couches of Lowrie's Hotel, and the punkah-wallahs hard at work. Six A.M. saw us off once more in tongas two and two. Now a tonga is a peculiar vehicle. I am not very learned in land ships, but I should describe it as a very low-set double buggy on two wheels drawn by two ponies put-to curriele fashion, *i.e.* the only connection that the carriage has with the drawers (reins excepted) is by the pole, which is set at an angle of forty-five, and is fastened to the ponies' saddles by a bar of iron passing across. The distance from Holka to Simla is fifty-seven miles, all hill work, and for the most part steep. Each tonga changed ponies fifteen times, doing the distance (exclusive of breakfast) in about six hours in a canter; mark the short stages, distance, not pace, kills. (Holka is low, Simla nearly

¹ Simla.

8000 feet.) By nine o'clock we had reached Solon, *i.e.*, a dozen tongas of men and baggage. Here—the half-way house—the Deputy Commissioner of Simla received and entertained us to an excellent breakfast, which I afterwards learned had come all the way from Government House. We now learned details of the full-dress reception that awaited his Excellency at Simla Government House. Every arrangement had been made, and printed instructions issued. Five o'clock precisely was the moment at which Lord Lytton was to receive Lord Ripon under a shamiany on the lawn in front of Peterhof—all the world looking on, salutes firing, band and banners playing in the breeze. This being so, Foote (who had not a full-dress coat) determined to come on with me and make a private entrance at an earlier hour. Accordingly we started in tonga soon after 11 A.M., and within three hours passed, two miles out of Simla, the tents where the viceregal party were to stop and adorn themselves. By three and a half hours we had reached the precincts of Government House, where, accidentally meeting Captain Muir, A.D.C., we honoured him with our company at luncheon. Afterwards wishing to keep out of the way, and so casting only a glimpse at my window in Government House, I went with Foote and rested in his bungalow on the crest of the knoll, named Mount Pleasant. In due time guns and music rent the air, but I was not moved. Presently I learned that all had been satisfactorily accomplished. The Supreme Council had listened to the mandate of the Queen Empress appointing Lord Ripon, who now sat on the viceregal throne. Towards the shades of evening I had determined, having nought to do with state dinners, to take possession of my room

and there refresh the inward man, but Lord and Lady Lytton sent an express to beg me to make my appearance—a command which I obeyed.

“Then came the trying moment, when at last the host and hostess had to bid farewell to their guests and to the house. The custom is peculiar. The ex-Viceroy gives a state dinner to the new one, at the end of which he goes, leaving guests and house behind him; so that Lady Lytton dressed for dinner in her room, but never afterwards saw it. Quickly after the ‘jampans’ filed up one by one, and shipping their cargoes, passed noiselessly out of sight. Soon all had gone, leaving Lord Ripon and staff in quiet possession of Government House. By midnight silence reigned throughout, and we had laid ourselves down with thanks—and with reason, for coffins are in readiness at every station along the line; and the driver and the guard of the train that left Bombay on the night previous to us were both taken out dead—heat apoplexy—at Kandura, where we breakfasted the morning after—all well. *Laus Deo Semper.*

“*June 9, 1880.*—Simla at first sight is strange. As we rattled up the sixty miles of hill, winding and winding our way over hills and round steep sides, we could not help wondering who first discovered it, and what led the persevering traveller to penetrate so far. For the mountains do not culminate or centre at Simla. Neither is Jakko the highest hill at hand. Simla ridge is one of many, and all round there are like ridges and spurs with steep precipitous slopes and gullies, lying in all directions—quite a landscape of hills, but no dale. One thing, however, Simla had and still has in fair abundance, what its neighbours only share sparingly of, and this is wood. The pine, the oak, and the rhodo-

dendron grow thick on every slope, untouched by man, climbing the highest point of Jakko, some 8000 feet. This, no doubt, was a landmark to our Indian forefathers, as before the rains they toiled the parched hillsides in search of green and cooling shade. Simla, however, was a district well known to tribes and natives, not only because through it lay a thoroughfare to Thibet, but principally because the line of hills is the great watershed of India, which culminates just here in the very roof of this house—rain falling on the gable to the west forms the Indus, to the east the Ganges. This is interesting. Simla station is only seventeen square miles in extent, most of which is still wood and impracticable slope, too steep to build or cultivate. We bought it from various hill Rajahs, twenty-four of whom the Deputy Commissioner has under his influence. The main and only artery running through the station is called the ‘Mall,’ along which none but the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab can drive, the rest being condemned to their feet, ponies, or jampons. Except the bazaars, there is not a street. Houses and shelters for human beings are dotted about on every available spot wherever a nook can be got sufficiently safe to stand the wash of a tropical shower. House and road building is expensive enough, for during the rains repairs are incessant. Every day slips of land carry away roads, dry walls, and even foundations. The whole place is a makeshift. Government House a shooting box. Government offices there are none. You would be surprised to see how the work is carried on. Houses peer out under every bank, lie so close to the hill, and are fronted by so much shade that they seem to breathe forth nothing but pains and fever. Happily Peterhof

is watered and crowned by the heavens alone. The Catholic church is fairly central, but down the hill and in a bad position. Being off the Mall not even the Viceroy can drive to the door.

"Behind us to the north lie the long ranges of perpetual snow, mounting one above the other for near one hundred miles. Now we get glimpses, but after the rains a magnificent sight is promised."

Soon after the arrival at Simla Schomberg was presented by Lord Ripon with a horse, the worthy successor of "Jock." Dr. Anderson tells us how "Tommy" was secured.

"Rather an amusing incident happened," he writes, "with regard to Father Kerr's becoming the possessor of his famous pony 'Tommy.' When Lord Ripon and his staff arrived at Simla, the cry from everybody was, 'Where are we to get ponies?' Lord William Beresford, Lord Lytton's 'Master of the Horse,' said, 'Oh! that's easily done; there's to be an auction sale of thirty of the best ponies in India next Saturday. Till then you can ride 'em and try 'em.' I rode and tried several, eventually fixing my covetous eye very definitely on 'Tommy' and 'Bill.' These I determined should become mine at the auction. Saturday arrived, and the auction was well attended. In due course 'Tommy' was put up, and I bid 200 rupees; '250,' said the auctioneer; '275,' said I; '300,' quoth the auctioneer, and so the bidding went on amid a good deal of excitement (for these were extravagant prices for ponies at that time), until I arrived at 500 rupees, which, in spite of excitement, I resolved should be my limit, and 'Tommy' was then knocked down for 525 rupees! 'Who's the buyer?' I asked. 'The Marquis of Ripon,' was the answer, and then Bill Beresford

informed me that his Excellency had ordered 'Tommy' to be bought at any price for the Padre. I felt very small, and at dinner that evening made my humble apologies to the Viceroy for having run up the price to such an extravagant point without having any idea of what I was doing. After this the Padre and 'Tommy' were well-known figures in Simla, and it is not too much to say that the pony was as handsome a specimen of his species as was the Padre of his. I don't think I ever saw a better shaped little horse."

Here ends the first portion of Schomberg's Indian journal, and for the next two months there is nothing to record, and only one letter from Henrietta comes to break the silence.

CHAPTER XI

INDIA

“CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
“ROEHAMPTON, S.W.

“S. C. J. M., *June 24, 1880.*

“MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—I got your letter dated Ancona, Red Sea. May 24, and kept it to myself as you wished, in spite of lamentations from the family at ‘Sch. writing to no one.’

“I hope by this time you are in better spirits. You will do no good if you persist in looking at yourself and weighing your fitness or your unfitness. The obedient man passes over all such reasonings and says, God sent me, the rest is His affair. Besides, my dear old brother, I am no believer in any kind of humility which depresses or discourages; I think it has the devil’s stamp on it. I have gone through so much of it that I think I may speak about it. It was the bane of my life during many years, until one day in my long retreat the light came and I gave up *in toto* trying to *possess* any good qualities of any kind, or to make any provision against temptation or danger. Some people are called to fortify their souls by foresight and precaution. My path is to live in a desert without any apparent or certain prospect of spiritual food, rest, or clothing. Providence gives me what is needed hour by hour, and my peace is now very deep. If such is God’s will for you, throw down also your baggage and

reasonings and reckonings, and take your stand manfully, unprovided and free as a beggar on the highway. You will find that God's forethought far exceeds one's minutest calculations. Why crack your head about what you will say, or counsel, or the rest. All that, and much more, will be given to you. I am not without hopes that somehow you may get hung or shot for God's service. If so, *memento mei coram Domño*. I have said just what I thought, forgetting that you are a priest and a Jesuit, and all the rest—however, I know you don't mind. I *hate* sadness of heart with a perfect hatred. Take a dose of medicine for it. Remember the poor body suffers from climate, and will raise its voice. Give to it reasonably, please—it would be a pity to die not having done more for God. Ora pro me.—Soror tua,

H. KERR."

Schomberg's new work was to be inaugurated by a time of suffering and inaction. In August he became ill with typhoid fever, and was soon in great danger. Nothing could exceed Lord Ripon's kindness during this anxious time, and Schomberg had the devoted care of his friend Dr. Anderson and Father Patrick, and the companionship of Father Shea, who went up from Calcutta to be with him. The following letters from Henrietta show us something of the anxiety at home during the terrible suspense of these weeks, and the joy when better accounts began to arrive.

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,
"September 10, 1880.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—Please God, when you get this you will be sitting up in an arm-chair with a rug round your knees to keep you from Simla autumnal chills—

and you will be feeling something like yourself again. Meantime we go on praying, and are just a little anxious for news of you. Alice Gaisford and Mamo are among those in the greatest state about you; but everybody is ever so kind—even strangers. Yesterday my damsels were streaming in, school reopening, and such lots of parents began to discuss Indian typhoid at once, as if they knew I had it on the brain.

“William has just finished his Mass, 7 A.M., and will post this, so I am obliged to stop short—not an instant yesterday to write. Lord Ripon’s telegrams are my food and drink, only I do so want to know when you became conscious. I fancy the worst days were before you gave in, say about August 15. I don’t fancy you preached three sermons that day.—Vale.

“H. KERR.”

“S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

“*September 23, 1880.*

“MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—I assure you life hangs heavy, and days seem slow waiting for the Indian mails. Lord Ripon’s most kind letters of August 24 are now in, and your parents and your elder sister have only got half an eye left between them at knowing how bad you were. I fancy William, too, weeps on the sly behind his spectacles. Mary, they say, would never admit an instant’s anxiety about you, while I, on the contrary, shut my soul to hope, just as if I myself were going in for a fever.

“By the way, were you very much in the dumps before you gave in? There is nothing like the dumps which precede malarial fever. Anyhow, I hope all that is gone now, and that you will be able to accompany the Viceroy to Lahore towards the end of October. I

am looking out for next mail of August 31. Perhaps Father Shea has written; at all events, I am sure Lord Ripon would see some one wrote. Now be a good boy and take care of yourself, and don't be in a state at not doing anything, or at having given Lord Ripon trouble. He will be rewarded for his care of you. Besides that he is fond of you, and fondness makes trouble light.

"Practise a string of new virtues:—

"1. Abandonment to God's will, not looking forward to the morrow, and, above all, driving anxiety to Jericho.

"2. Patience; doses of quinine, rug round legs, good food, precautions against damp, &c.; in fact, be a lamb. God by you, old boy.—Soror tua, H. KERR."

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

"September 30th.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—Our spirits have just been enlivened by Father Shea's letter of August 31! What a day the eve, 30th, had been! I thought three weeks ago that telegrams were abominable things, but now I bless them, for if that letter had not been preceded by later telegrams, I think I should have subsided into nought. However, I trust that even Father Shea wrote something more cheerful on September 7, which is at this moment rattling into London *viâ* mail train.

"I have a long affair, three sheets of paper pinned one below t'other, and I have thereon a tableau of all the dates and phases of your typhoid—so far it is *not* cheerful work, but, D.V., now the sunshine is coming. I hope you are good, and eating and sleeping, and feeding your mind on consoling, restful ideas, of which there is no lack, for through all my groanings, *even I, on the top of Father Shea's letter* of August 31, can discern many subjects for peace and thankfulness.

"I wonder what you are doing at this minute. When did you get the Roehampton telegram? Don't write till you feel a lot of strength.—Soror tua, H. KERR."

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,
"October 14, 1880.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—3 P.M., post has just come in and brought me a letter which has made my eyes open so wide that I don't think they'll shut again. Just fancy you being able to write on September 21. Of course, like a true member of the feminine sex, I get alarmed lest you wrote too soon, and brought on a relapse. You were very bad on September 5, and you had a relapse on 8th, but I know many things more than you. I delight in thinking of the joy at Huntlyburn this evening, 8 P.M., when they get your letter. I see mamma rushing into the chapel and *p. p. p.* wiping his eyes, and not letting any one see the letter. Reverend Mother and I went at once to thank *Mater Admirabilis*. Remember it is *her* doing. I don't mind your thanking other people above too, as long as the chief honour is hers.

"Now I repeat my exhortation to be prudent and *slow*, and measured and *leisurely*, as Father Porter would say. Sleep, eat, and be cheerful. Now good-bye. I feel twenty years younger.—Soror tua,

"H. KERR."

Dr. Anderson thus speaks of the grave illness Schomberg had passed through:—

"Father Kerr's critical and serious illness was the biggest chapter in my very happy intercourse with him. I have often since looked back on it with a feeling of gratitude, grave and anxious though it was at the time,

for it, so to say, welded firmly a friendship that had already begun, and which never ended until my friend died. I well remember the Sunday in August when he arrived from Jutogh, where he had been officiating to the gunners there, and he came into 'Peterhof' looking tired and ill. At the end of dinner I asked him how he was, and he said, 'I've got a headache, and shall go to bed.' I didn't like his look, and said, 'Come along, I'll go to your room with you.' I took his temperature, and found it was 102, and that was the beginning of one of the most critical cases of typhoid fever I ever saw. The fever ran a rapidly severe course, and the patient's condition became extremely critical sooner than it does ordinarily. I called in Dr. Marston to see the patient with me, and later Sir Thomas Crawford (afterwards Director-General of the army) also saw him. We all three were very nearly, if not quite, hopeless at one time, but the patient struggled bravely on, almost seeming to do so in his delirium. Father Patrick, the Catholic chaplain of Simla, was unremitting in his attendance and prayers. One night I remember feeling that the patient could not live twenty-four hours, and in a lucid moment he looked at me imploringly and said, 'Don't deny me the Sacraments.' I at once sent for Father Patrick, and, middle of the night though it was, I called up the Viceroy, and the last Sacraments were administered, his Excellency being present. The next day matters looked as bad as they could possibly be; all that could be said about the patient was that he still breathed and lived. So hopeless did matters seem to be, that a member of the staff, who had the necessary arrangements to make, asked me at what hour the funeral had better be fixed. My answer was, I am afraid, rather short, 'The patient is not dead yet.' (The

question was asked because funerals take place a very short time after death in India.) That night and the day following the patient remained just alive, and could not swallow any food beyond a few spoonfuls of milk and brandy. Then a little improvement occurred, and in fact the turning-point was passed, and steady, though at first very slow, recovery followed. It was my very great pleasure before leaving Simla, when the Viceroy sent me home to escort Lady Ripon to India, to leave Father Kerr a convalescent in an easy-chair, and he invited me to visit him *non*-professionally, and drink a glass of wine with him as the last thing I did before I left Simla.

"I should have mentioned that Father Shea came up from Calcutta, arriving in Simla soon after the turning-point was passed, and he remained until convalescence was well established."

After Schomberg's illness a long gap again occurs in the journals, and a letter from Henrietta alone gives us a glimpse of this year between October 1880 and the same month in 1881, when the journal recommences with the tour made by the viceregal party from Simla to Bagi.

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

"April 24, 1881.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—Your letter of March 30 came a few days ago. I have never varied in my idea since 1847 (was it ?), when I settled that you were my best friend, and I have never had a doubt either as to your staunchness. I think God liked that agreement, and that it has helped us through life. Old friendships are of a sort that need no explosions, they make no noise like babbling streams, but run on silently even for a good spell at times. Your reminding me of it, however,

has done me good. My tepidity, aided by physical infirmity, has made me gloomy of soul these last weeks, and I must rouse myself by the old motives of my fervent days: 'that Schommy and I should be saints,' has stirred me to do many a better thing. Do you also stimulate yourself, especially as really some time soon I must die, and my last days should be very different to my actual ones. You *would* be amazed and disgusted if you could see MY soul, but I will not expatiate on my misery, as this is against my particular examen, which is 'to turn my eyes away from self to fix them on God in a spirit of humility, confidence, and abandonment.' It strikes me, this particular examen would suit you too. I have had it for twenty years, and but for it would have gone into despair! . . . how often! . . . but it cuts short that morbid tendency which you and I suffer from so acutely, and which if yielded to makes babies of us. Besides this paralysing effect, it tends directly to undermine the spirit of obedience; thus in my dear brother it makes him question the prudence of superiors in placing you where you are, for it seems to you, first, that the work wanted is not done; secondly, that your spiritual life is being deteriorated. You would not hesitate an instant if the order were to stand 'on the burning deck,' or otherwise expose your life; obedience would fascinate you in such a case. I know the life of chaplain must be dull in the extreme, but God has put you there, so, like a dear fellow, refuse yourself *all* reasonings on your appointment. I should say this even did I know that you were considered a failure by your superiors, while Fathers Jones, Purbrick, Coleridge, and Morris have at different times gone out of their way to tell me they were more than satisfied with you. Of course I like to hear that, unknown to yourself, your

influence does good, but above success do I value the humble self-forgetful trust in obedience, which makes one say, 'It is God's will, I can please Him, He is bound to guard me,' and makes one go straight on one's path blithely (oh, the grand sermon I am preaching to myself!). Now, Schommy, shake yourself, and let us two start again with a run.

"God has helped my weakness in giving me a firm superior who understands the Kerrs thoroughly, and has got wonders out of me; she puts up with no nonsense, no self-retrospection, no prophecies of failure, no arguing on orders—I wish you had the same—but God must supply, and He will.

"Remember self-analysis is our bane, the devil's own game with us. You are no failure, but you mustn't even reflect whether you are or not. Let us give our time and energies to loving and thanking God, who has loved you and me so wonderfully, and don't let us be so vilely uncourteous as to spend our days reproaching Him for our deficits. If you go downhill, my water level will sink too, and I *really* need help. This is long enough—too long—so I stop. I find that tit-bits from very spiritual books are a help; Père de la Colombière's retreat, some of Père Surin and such like, have some at hand.—Your affectionate sister,
H. KERR."

ON TOUR IN THE HIMALAYAS WITH THE VICEROY— SIMLA TO BAGI.¹

"*Saturday, October 8, 1881.*—Their Excellencies started at 4.30 P.M. in pony carriage to tunnel four miles, thence on foot, and in jampan four miles more,

¹ This and the other journals were written solely for family perusal, and so contain many smaller details which are here omitted.

to 'Wild Flower Hall,' a villa house at Mahasee, in the territory of the Rajah of Koti, where they arrived at 6.30.

"*Tuesday, October 11th.*—Yesterday was an enjoyable and well-spent day, for we three¹ are not likely to have many free days together, and there was just enough interest and labour in the trip to make its mark as well as a fresh departure in cousinhood. Alex. goes down on Friday. Tom Hope has promised to tackle the Sutlej with me on another occasion. Rising, I heard the party started to time yesterday afternoon for 'Peog,' leaving her Excellency and the attendant Minister of State in possession of the house. Spent a quiet morning. At noon had an audience in order to carry the last reports of health and happiness to the Lord Sahib. A few minutes' pleasant chat ensued, and then receiving the last word I disappeared. Four and a half miles brought me to Fagoo Dak Bungalow, finely placed on a neck on the same Simla ridge, the watershed of India, which winds in a north-easterly direction and can be traced right through the Himalayas, I am told, to the springs of the Sacred Streams. The view was magnificent, not because of the snowy range, but from the extent, the immensity of the scene from east through north to west. To the right of the ridge a marvellous basin with hills rising and folding into each other for miles and miles, till the eye reached the fountain heads of the two rivers, the snowy peaks of Jumngootree and Gangootree. To the left the deep set vale and gully of the 'Shalli,' bounded along the north by its mountain chain, and casting its chilly waters into Punjaub's eastern streak. On I went, trailing along the slope of the watershed on the Thibet Road, which kept a capital trotting level through rock and hill. Sometimes a ledge being cut out of the cliff,

¹ Schomberg and his cousins, Alexander Maclean and Thomas Hope.

now a semi-tunnel, or projecting beams from the face of the rock for the road to pass over, but nowhere dangerous, for as yet I have hardly seen a real precipice in India; and besides, the edge of a steep khud is always walled more or less, so that there is no more risk of an ordinary pony going off the line than an engine. The real danger is for pedestrians when 'sahibs' will go fast at night, or round corners in daylight, as the road sometimes narrows to the wheels of a Bath chair. Seven miles from Fagoo brought me to a cleft in a hill, and looking over, I saw 'Peog' Dak Bungalow, deserted, for the Lord Sahib after his slumbers had passed on some four hours before. Here I got a traveller's tiffin, and man and beast being refreshed, held on their way. The view (north) was into a basin, round the eastern slope of which the road wound for six miles and more, then dipped over the watershed at a point just opposite the Peog Bungalow. For half this distance I was on my feet, and continued so. Three miles farther in the shade, during which I said my Office, &c., brought me to a small rocky pass, and passing through, another northern view disclosed what seemed to be a bright little hamlet on the southern slope of the opposite chain. Reflecting that a *clean*-looking village was impossible, I strained my eyes again and beheld the camp round the 'Mattiani' Bungalow some three or four miles distant. Not caring to get in before dark, I wended my way slowly and so reached at sundown: passing the flagstaff and Jack flying (which are always solemnly carried on from stage to stage), I saw under their lee, weltering in his blood, a black bear. A few steps more brought me to the verandah, where I chanced to meet the Viceroy coming out of his room. He welcomed me as is his wont, and then said quickly, 'Have

you heard the news?' For a passing moment I thought of some terrible political crisis, but I answered, 'The bear?' 'Yes,' his Excellency continued, 'Primrose shot one in the neck at twenty yards. We went some 2000 feet down the khud. I was ignominiously carried up in a jampan, and when the hero of the day drew near to the bungalow we formed a procession of red men and all we could muster and went out to meet him, holding palms of red millet and gave him a triumph and a crown.' The Viceroy was evidently more pleased than if he had shot it himself, and indeed it was great luck, for Primrose had never fired at big game in his life before, and bears are well known to take a deal of killing. This one measured seven feet and was in excellent condition, yielding 60 lbs. of grease.

"*Wednesday, October 12th.*—General morning routine. 10.15, the Pika (heir) of Madhan visited the Viceroy, and was thanked for his trouble and his 'dolly' of two sheep, potatoes, and honey, and in return received a silver watch. At 10.30 we started. Shooting party over hill, we (Marston, Goldney, self) round it. At three miles crossed a spur and saw, nine miles off by the road, the tops of the tents pitched on the promised ridge whence the great view of the 'snows' was to be had. Twelve to two, pursued our way leisurely, chatting about everything and nothing, scenery being of a piebald nature, here and there patches of grassy muirland, terraced cultivation, fired forest, skeletons erect, green woods, rocky boulders, and now and again in a shaded gully a trickling stream. Take away the 'snows' and I think the Himalayas are sad and oppressive. Massive and grand they must be, but still wonderfully monotonous, still, silent, lifeless, without colouring and shadow except at moments and at rare intervals. Not to be

compared in effect with lesser mountains elsewhere, one peep at Mexico or Jamaica would be worth one month here. Absence of comparison is another want. Living in a country the average height of which is several thousand feet with no plains within distance, one does not realise the situation—no more than a rider on a camel in the desert, bounded by other camels for his only view, would realise their size, whether greater or less than his own. And, indeed, many a Himalayan hill is as steep and bleak and bare as a camel's back, and quite as uninteresting. Once, perhaps, they were covered with nature's growth, tufts of which only remain making the want more felt. Then, too, the very *extent* of this mountain country deceives the mind's eye. For not in one direction but all round the compass the eye rests on nothing but mountains, khuds, and gullies, till it turns away in weary longing for a glimpse of a refreshing stream or a smiling plain, just as a sailor in mid-ocean envies the coastguardsman's double view of land and sea. Nor is a traveller's eye in these hills greeted with much more 'life' than a sailor's. A bird is reported as a 'sail' in mid-Atlantic, and a 'chirp' more rare than an ocean gun. Down the khud, at 'Noldera,' I remember that I heard a bird chirping, and on the top we noted, as we sat, two bees, and *en route* some butterflies. Of insect life generally there is more, though often none.

"I daresay you won't believe all this, and perhaps you had better not. But remember in all I say I exclude the 'snows'—too often not in sight, and secondly, I quite agree that with water, plain, and cloud, it would be the finest sight in the world. We three had given up all idea of tiffin by the way, and so we were agreeably surprised to meet the sportsmen

coming down the hill in quest of a suitable site whereon to eat. This we soon helped them to find, and sat down a cheerful party in the shade—a rivulet and a laden walnut tree hard by. However, *sport* they had not had, but excitement in perpendicular riding and a good *trudge*, in which his Excellency excelled, who was the jolliest of the party. Lunch over, the party went on, the Viceroy leading on foot. I lingered behind to ‘beetlise,’ say my Office, &c. By the time I doubled the ridge on which Markanda stands the sun was getting low and the ‘snows’ enveloped, so I shut my eyes till the morning.

“Three of us are in the bungalow with Viceroy, the rest in tents—three actually *on* the ridge with the double view north and south, but a situation airy enough, for the nights are cold and coats and ulsters in great requisition directly the sun goes down. The natives are poorly clad, dirty rags for the most part, and at night sleep in the open round a fire. To-night the neighbourhood is alive with coolies, as the relief is taking place; those who carried the Lord Sahib’s chattels from Simla are returning, their places being taken by others from these parts, so that Nisbet said there must be some 4000 round the camp. Do not imagine, however, that numbers beget grandeur, for they only increase the squalor. Take away the coolies and what remains is pretty. Our carriers are only coolies for the occasion; they are really hillmen living on the land, sent in for the Lord Sahib’s use. Getting such a number together takes time. When a trip in the hills is determined on, the Deputy Commissioner intimates to the various Rajahs to supply so many carriers according to the population of their states. These assemble at Simla on the given day,

pick up their load of 50 lbs. (or thereabouts), and tramp off their daily stage of ten or twelve miles till the march is over, receiving four annas a day, but when at anchor only half. It seems little, but as they can live on two rupees eight annas to three rupees eight annas a month, it is fair wages. Making a change of carriers on the road seems hard, as they have to tramp back to their homes—some ten, some a hundred miles—empty-handed and without pay; but I believe they prefer it to waiting about for days and days. Then again the change does good by giving men from other parts a chance of conducting the king, as they call his Excellency, here. And so altogether I don't think they mind it, and rather enjoy the outing in this fine climate and sunshiny weather. Besides it is a time-honoured custom, and only happens very occasionally—Lord Northbrook came last some seven years ago. Really, however, these people are much too simple-minded to think and reflect whether or no they like a huk'm (order), or even whether it is just. Everything—religion, caste, tradition, custom, habit—aids all, nay, makes it natural to all to do what they are told, each in their own sphere, without any higher aspirations (in this world), and thus they are content, and so far happier than many a 'sahib' in his house at Simla. After dinner we adjourned to watch the bonfire, really the prettiest one I ever saw. It stood right before the bungalow overlooking the country, and telling the people that the Lord Sahib had arrived. In the centre was a tall, green tree firmly fixed into the ground, round it were piled on end wigwam, sugar-loaf fashion, about fifty dry trunks, their heads resting against the green head at a height of some fifteen feet or twenty feet, the space within and between the trunks being stuffed with dry stick. The flame rose straight up, far

above the highest trunk, curling and crackling as it went, quite a pillar of fire. The Viceroy sat and watched for half-an-hour and more till the wigwam began to fall, but it was far later when the last trunk fell, and even then the green tree remained erect, seemingly fresh and unburnt."

"*Thursday, October 13th.*—Various expeditions were proposed. Bears and beaters were waiting down the khud, and so thither the 'elders' went in silent hope. Muir and Durand had a fancy for 'manaul,' a wary pheasant, and so up they went bag and baggage to the top of 'Hattu,' 10,500 feet, and camped the night. I, on the contrary, longed for water, and so downwards I took my steps to the raging Sutlej with guides and 'Muchal,' my servant, not always equal to an occasion. To Komassen, half-way down, faithful 'Tommy' took me, but there I left him and doubled down the other 2000 feet on foot. The river gorge being deep and confined, the sun, or rather the reflected heat (which does the harm) was great, and I was glad when I found rest and shelter on the river boulders. There I dipped my head, and then, with legs dangling over the rapid waters, enjoyed a poisonous but well-intentioned tiffin—sandwiches, to wit, of thin bread, thick butter, cucumber, and anchovy. Doubtless delicious as a *hors d'œuvres*, but as a *pièce de résistance* decidedly wanting. However, fresh air makes everything good and agreeable, and I was much amused at my pilgrim's fare, though I longed for a bit of bread and wished it had been Friday. Meanwhile my eyes were feeding on the sight before me, twice 'Tweed' in pace and volume, grey green slate in colour, and some 100 feet in width. Logs floated past at intervals, and when shooting the rapids before me I noticed that they all lost their helm and 'broached-to' between the back

recurling wave, and so had they been boats would have been no more. The Government, I am told, have a large hired forest at Rampoor, some twenty-five miles above, and thence shoot their trees down 150 miles to Seedipore—cheap transit. Having rested for an enjoyable hour, and my Hindoo having paid his devotions to the sacred river, we prepared to ascend. But first I wished to inspect the Kolu bridge hard by, which though nothing wonderful in span or build, was interesting to me as the first of the kind I had seen. In other parts the river is crossed by a bucket on a rope, or a wicker bridge suspended mid-air. Such it was that set Lord Elgin's heart going, and ended in death and burial in the Himalayas. On turning back I found a hill pony waiting me, sent by the Rajah of Komassen, which was grateful enough to me and kind of him; on the slopes and table bits near the river gorge (not valley) there was a good deal of rice in full ear and quite a new flora, but as I had not time to make a pleasure of collecting, I was obliged to pass by all almost untouched. Two short hours took me back to Komassen, where the Rajah's messenger met me with a dolly of bananas, so leaving my salaams and changing ponies I passed on. By dark I had mounted the worst bits and just entered a fine bit of forest, two miles below Narkunda Bungalow, where I was welcomed by torch-bearers, sent by the kind forethought of the Deputy Commissioner, fearing I should be benighted.

"Friday, October 14th.—Party move on to Bagi. 8.30, Perry and self start *viâ* Mount Hattu, being invited to breakfast by Muir and Durand, who camped there last night. Ascent easy, but steep riding. 9.45, reach tiptop, 10,500 feet. Never been so near heaven in the flesh before. Up to this I was only free of

10,000 feet—the height of the pass into Mexico. Splendid view all round Simla to the south. ‘Snows’ to the north, but no water view. Hurry down to the tent, some 300 feet, where we found our hosts. They had had no sport. The ‘manual’ is a beautiful bird, but very wary, and only to be got about here at feeding time, when they come into the open. The ground was still covered in parts with hoar frost, and the night had been cold enough. I never welcomed the sun more than I have done on this tour, and I notice that the natives are equally glad to catch the morning rays, and are content to wait all day basking in their warmth, like shivering children on the plains in winter, who sit crying on every eastern slope or mound till the rising sun dries their tears. The three A.D.C.’s went a-shooting down to Bagi, while I retraced my steps to get another view from the top, which was both fine and extensive—the snowy peak ranges averaging some 20,000 feet. I then shaped my course down to Bagi, dawdling and beetling by the way. I caught a queen and a working hill bumble-bee which I intend to forward with others to my Canadian bee fancier, who asked me to send some specimens. The open ground was covered with a pretty, low undergrowth, much resembling the strawberry plant, whereon many bees found much food—but animal life was as scarce as ever. Below me I could hear the woods ringing with the cries of numberless beaters marking the Viceroy’s progress, but no response—no gun—no bark. Indeed, I might with ease log every bird and chirp I have seen and heard, so few are they, and as for sport, I don’t think the half-dozen guns have shot half-a-dozen head, including the bear. By four I had strolled into the camp at Bagi, passing

numerous batches of natives waiting the Lord Sahib's approach. I was now in the native state of Bursahir, and the Rajah had gone out in semi-state to his western limit to meet the "king." The tum-tum and other psaltery were in readiness, and the Simla Police Guard drawn up round the flagstaff. I am wrong, however, in designating the police as belonging to *Simla* district, for the Viceroy's guard, in order to checkmate any possible machination or plot, is not only made up of equal parts of Hindoos and Mussulmans—like the army, and almost every Government native corps—but is drawn from five or six distant Punjaub districts, and changed annually. At last the Viceroy came, attended by the Deputy Commissioner as political agent, the Rajah and his heir-apparent, A.D.C.'s, &c. The Lord Sahib as an English gentleman in a shooting jacket, and walking with a long bamboo, doubtless does not satisfy the native mind, nor impress the Rajpoots with royalty. However, they stared, the horn blew, the halberds heralded, the tum-tum sounded, the guard 'presented,' and the Jack flew as his Excellency entered and took possession of the Bagi Rest Bungalow. The Rajah then made his salaams, and went off down the khud to his camp for the night. As for ourselves, we wandered about till dark looking round, and then did our best to keep warm, for the camp is high (over 9000 feet), though it is on a southern slope with higher hills round.

"*Saturday, October 15th.*—Quiet morning in camp. English mail arrived. Letters from home as usual. After 'tiffin' a large dolly from the Rajah was laid out before the bungalow and presented to the Viceroy, consisting of a nuzzur of gold mohrs and specimens of country produce. The former was 'remitted' accord-

ing to custom, and the latter disposed of principally by the 'red men.' Two dear little whitish *Pushm* goats—the real thing—size of kids, with long hair, were saved as pets and sent in to Lady Ripon, who, I am sure, will be delighted with them. Besides large samples of fruits, vegetables, grains, and sweets, there were pieces of woven texture of goat and also of camel hair, very warm and heavy, but pierced by the sun's rays when held up to the light. In fact, Lady Ripon—no small judge in these matters—has long since come to the conclusion, having seen specimens of Indian goods, that for warmth and lightness combined, European goods are decidedly preferable, and so think the natives, who, for instance, eagerly procure an English blanket if they can. In the afternoon the shooting party went out and returned with the usual luck. Goldney and I climbed a neighbouring hill to see and gather what we could, but with little fresh results. Some of the way I rode up, Tommy wishing to perfect his education as a hill pony, and at one steep bit he nearly came over on the top of me, but happily ended in only sliding backwards. On one of the tops I said my Office by the ruins of a Goorkha fort, while my companion studied the map and smoked. When the sun had vanished behind Hattu it got cold, and so we ran down to the road and walked home. Nearing camp, the whole side of the hill in every sheltered nook was alive with fires, round which the followers sat by villages, making a very picturesque sight.

"October 16th.—We had now come to the length of our tether, and preparations were being made for the return march on the morrow. The Viceroy and party determined to return to Narkanda *viâ* Hattu, luncheoning on the top, while Marston and I having been that route determined to take a cast by Kotgarh and look at the tea-gardens.

Monday, October 17th (twenty-seventh anniversary of bombardment of Sebastopol).—Started with Marston as proposed, and armed with ponies and sandwiches, rode seven miles, passing through a part of the famous forest of Bagi. Some of the pines are certainly very high, but too much of the lamp-post style, being wanting in bulk. However, the whole effect is picturesque, and now and again the scene is grand. ‘Weeping pines’ seem the staple tree. And well may they weep over their fate, here as elsewhere, guardians of so steep a khud. Turning out of the forest, on to the cut road to Thibet, we entered Kotgarh—which the Rajah forfeited to us in 1815 for not aiding in the Nepaulese war as his neighbours prudently did. The district is small, some thirty miles round, and has a resident native officer in charge. To the north it stretches down to the Sutlej, and the south-western slope is well cultivated. At ten miles from the turn we left our ponies to rest, and walked on some three miles to the Thanadar Tea Gardens overlooking the Sutlej—the view was magnificent up and down. To the west seven or eight stretches or turns of the river were visible at once—some ten miles, including my Kolu bridge. But to the north, just a reach of the silvery stream, 3000 feet and more down, whence, without a break, the eye was carried up amid ranges of flanking and folding mountain sides and tops till it rested on snowy peaks which fed the rushing waters at our feet. Of its kind quite the grandest sight I have ever seen. And then for contrast we had but to enjoy the green shrubs around us, and in their midst a little terraced avenue of “tallow trees” fading away into autumn tints—the most beautiful bit of colouring I have ever seen in nature, surpassing far both the Canadian maple and the Virginian creeper which just

now colours many a Himalayan slope and pine. Though I characterised as gloomy the *general* view from Simla and thereabouts, the *details*, especially as we get further into the hills, are often pretty enough, and I believe beyond the passes the mountains are seen to greater effect; but from Narkanda the snows are no finer than from Simla, where the view, though more distant, is more extensive, leaving a deal for the imagination to picture which a closer view scarcely equals. À propos of the want of contrast (or vale) in the Himalayas, since last mail I have learnt that geologists consider these mountains to be of late formation, and in this way account for the want I complain of. A three-miles walk, followed by eight miles on horseback round ravines and wooded khuds, brought us back to camp, where the Mount Hattu party had already arrived, the Viceroy having walked up and down, and all having enjoyed themselves as much as Marston and myself. We two sung loud the praises of the tea-garden view, so that many of the party talked of an early ride there; but as by the programme we were to camp at Mattiani to-morrow night, it was not so easy to arrange.

“*Tuesday, October 18th.*—Thoroughly impressed with the necessity of not missing the ‘tea, Sutlej, mountain view,’ orders were suddenly issued after breakfast to ‘halt’ another day, and into Kotgarh the party started. Marston and Goldney stopped short, but the Viceroy walked on, and so did some others, while the rest broke the distance across their ponies’ backs. After three and a half hours on the road all were on the garden terrace by two, sitting round a solid picnic lunch, which for a full half-hour was a far more refreshing sight than water, hill, or tree. Meanwhile thunder echoed from a distant hill, and gradually the storm approached and

hailstones fell. The wind was biting cold and the sun clouded, so that for a moment we were reminded of other lands and muirs and grouse. However, the squall (for with us it was not more) and tiffin passed away together—and then *the view*, grander to-day than yesterday. All confessed it quite unique, and more than worth their walk.

“The planter next marched his Excellency about, pointing to his marvels. Here was the largest apple and tree in India—the finest frog—the only jalap—till at last one who knew him well said to us aside, ‘He’s the biggest romancer in the land,’ which I did not then believe; but when afterwards, walking *tête-à-tête* down a rocky slope with scarcely a track visible, he whispered in my ear, ‘This road was made by the Great Mogul,’ I did.

“*Wednesday, October 19th.*—Party marched back to Mattiani after breakfast. I wrote up journal till afternoon, and then with ‘Quirk’ my sacristan, late 10th Hussars, followed the rest a shorter way over the hill. By the way I drew my companion on the battle of Futtehabad, the cholera, the passage of the river with their loss, and listened to the praises and prowess of Ralph. Reached camp at dark, and found the party still absent down the khud with guns. Soon they returned with an empty bag. The Viceroy was most amusing, recounting the perils of the chase. Shots to the right, guns to the left, beaters untold in front and somewhere in the midst a bear, while behind four-and-twenty sabres stood erect—ready—did the monster dare approach (alive) too near.

“*Thursday, October 20th.*—9.30, homeward on our double march, passing Teog and Fagoo. Arrived at Wild Flower Hall in good time. At 6.20 Lady Ripon and the Minister joined company. All well.”



Yours aff H. S. Kerr

CHAPTER XII

INDIA—*continued*

CHRISTMAS brought the following brief note from Henrietta:—

“S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,
“*November 23, 1881.*”

“DEAR SCHOMMY.—Here is just a word of Christmas greeting to you before Advent stops my letter-writing. I am just out of retreat and feeling in grand spirits, and quite convinced that we religious are the happiest beings on earth. I am afraid I am not going to die now for years, which is a pity; but death may come as a nice surprise now that I have given up wishing particularly for it. Vale. Don't strain your head or be anxious about your perfection. Rejoice and leave the rest to God. Ora pro me.—Soror tua, H. KERR.”

This New Year was to bring the first of the great family bereavements which Schomberg suffered during his stay in India, sorrows which remind us vividly of words spoken by Cardinal Newman some years earlier regarding Schomberg's uncle.¹ “We might have been led to think that a man already severed in spirit, resolve, and acts from the world in which he lived, would have been granted by his Lord and Saviour to go forward in his course freely without any unusual trials, such as are necessary in the case of common men

¹ Funeral sermon preached at Farm Street Church at the Requiem of Mr. Hope Scott.

for their perseverance in the narrow way of life. But those for whom God has a love more than ordinary, He watches over with no ordinary jealousy. . . . He is not content that they should be by any common title His, and because they are so dear and near to Him He provides for them afflictions to bring them nearer still ;” and again, “stroke after stroke, blow after blow, stab after stab was dealt against his very heart.” Before Schomberg returned home in 1885, his father, mother, Francis, and Henrietta had left this world.

Lord Henry had for long been in weak health, and in the spring of 1881 the end drew near. On March 7 he died at Huntlyburn, surrounded by Lady Henry, William, Mary, and her husband. Henrietta’s words well describe this beautiful, patriarchal death, although she could herself only be present in spirit.

“March 9, 1882.

“How long the interval between the telegram March 7 and the mail letters will seem! Here I got the telegram at 9.30 A.M. and the letter next day at 8.30 A.M., but never did time seem so long. I thought the hours would never run on—and what must they seem to you. All is so right, so peaceful, so happy, that one can only say *Deo Gratias*. Still I appreciate Izy’s thought that after the immense consolations have been weighed there remains such a dead weight still. I am glad almost he was unconscious; if he had tried to speak and say parting words and blessings, I think mamma must have melted away to nothing, and we know so well what he would have said, or wished to say. Mamma has written me such a grand letter. I would send it, but I am sure she is writing you one as full of valour and holiness. I like thinking how *ppp*

never set any of us an example that was not the best, and I daresay soon I shall like thinking many other things, but at present I am not steady enough to think much and get along by being busy with everyday work. Now God by you. I trust we can say with twofold meaning, 'Pater Noster qui es in cœlis.'—Your affectionate sister,
H. KERR."

Two more letters from Henrietta come to fill up the gap between March and November 6, when the journal recommences.

"Ascension Day, May 18, 1882.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—I am better than I have been since November, still you will have to put up with an unconnected letter, as for some unknown cause writing is the one thing that remains a great difficulty to me. After a page, I generally feel that my hand jibs. I am much concerned and grieved that you have had such a bad bout of the blues. Your log of February 22 carries me back to my queer days before my profession. My habitual idea then was that I would shortly be in a madhouse, that if I wasn't, at least that my spiritual edifice was so thoroughly rotten as to render salvation out of the question. I need not say that 'doing any good to anybody' was never contemplated in those moments. Looking back on all that, my impression is, first, that the body had much to do with it—hot climates have a straining effect on very high-strung nerves (which you and I possess), then a constant absence of thorough relaxation tells on one a great deal; secondly, in my case it was allowed by Almighty God to teach me and correct me; till I was fairly driven to the wall. I never understood the A B C of the nothingness of human efforts and energy. The more tempted I was,

the more human energy I brought against my worries, thereby increasing them a hundred-fold. If I had to begin over again I daresay I would do no better; but my *theory* would be to accept very humbly physical and moral relaxation, curtailing my spiritual exercises *as I was advised* but disdained to do! My greatest helper in spiritual ways has for chief maxim, 'Tout retour sur soi est un regard pervers,' which I translate by 'All self scrutiny is baneful,' and it certainly is most baneful to *my* character. I get paralysed at once if I think of myself, and I find I absolutely require to look at in myself, as in all things, the *brightest* side. I do not think this leads to pride, when one gives oneself a compliment because one *needs* it. Father Morris has taken me up in the same way. I daresay you will say, 'That's all very fine, you are not me!' Of course I know that, and that our spiritual grades are different (better not go into relative positions!!); but I maintain that our temperaments are the same, and consequently that in general the same prescriptions hold good for us both. I fancy you will get peace at your perpetual vows; anyhow, suffering is always good for one, as it purifies one, and we shall laugh at it soon. In conclusion please adhere to the following sentiment: 'Let us spend our days in blessing God and loving Him as tenderly as we possibly can, instead of torturing ourselves as to every possible and impossible contingency. Amen. Signed, H. S. Kerr, S.J.; H. M. E. Kerr. R.S.C.' And, lastly, let us be cheerful and show our Lord a smiling face, never mind what comes.

"I have received no illumination as to my death. Somehow I have settled down to thinking that I shall be dead by Christmas '83, and I see other wise people consider this as probable. I really have no wish about

it. I should be very sorry not to 'be dying,' but whether I go in twelve or in sixteen months I really have no wish. I suppose I should expect some rough work, as one's mental powers weaken; but you see I have scratched out the word *prepare*, for God is our Friend (*nemo tam Pater quam Deus*), and no *preparation* is needed, or precautions, which are, moreover, waste of time, for, *Deo Gratias*, I have now learned *that* A B C to which I alluded, and pray that I may *delight* in it and be very faithful to spiritual poverty to the end, and I will do *idem* for you.

"This letter has not tired me at all.—Soror tua,
"H. KERR."

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

"July 20, 1882.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—I had meant to write you a budget for August 15, but I have run myself too close, and now at the eleventh hour I send you my birthday greetings as best I can. They are none the less good, however, and I wish you an abundance of spiritual graces:—

"First, that God may get out of you as much as He can for His glory.

"Secondly, that you may walk in the path of perfection with an even step whether you feel 'right or awry' (I have heard lately that this even step is the mark of a perfect man).

"Thirdly, that every one who frequents you may leave you the better for having come across you (*Père de la Colombière*).

"Fourthly, that your soul may be always 'envahie par la pensée des choses célestes' (*Père Féssard*).

"That's enough for one birthday, and as, apparently, I

am going to live on indefinitely I must reserve some for succeeding years. Good-bye. No time.—Your affectionate sister,
H. KERR."

"*November 6, 1882.*—Left Simla; at 5.30 reached Kalka, the tonga terminus at foot of hills (fifty-seven miles), thus averaging some ten miles an hour—exclusive of luncheon halt—which, since we changed horses every four miles or so, was pretty good going. Viceroy and company changed into Maharajah of Putiala's carriages and four, and went on three and a half miles to his summer seat at Pinjore, where we were his guests. I preferred walking, and so did not arrive till after dark, when the fairy scene prepared for us was at its best. The gardens, the illuminations, the sound and sight of rustling falls of water, the many coloured native dresses, the rest and quiet were all very grateful to the dusty travellers. After dinner we were entertained with fireworks, principally wheels of sorts and rockets, *all good*, but some fountains of fire were very pretty and effective as they shot up and then fell in graceful showers on the water. Had there been more design and grouping the show would have been perfect, but natives care only for numbers and noise. Presently we all retired to our rooms or tents pitched under neighbouring trees, I to a summer room, with twelve doors or windows, on the house-top, and thither in the morning (November 7) came the Viceroy, like Peter, to offer sacrifice and to pray. Before breakfast I meandered through the garden and said my Office, and thought what a Paradise it was. An excellent spot for a retreat, but equally unlike real life, for, shut in by high walls on every side, it is quite an oasis, while around is dust and drought, if not desert. The waters, caught and collected as they leave the

mountain foot, run through the midst like a series of locks. Over every lock a fall, and over every fall an open house or divan, richly furnished, so that one may rest right over the leaping stream and enjoy the cooled air and the silvery streak (both before and behind) whichever way one looks. Then these same waters keep an evergreen garden—a mass of Oriental tangled verdure, fruits, and shady trees, with shadier walks, where nought disturbs the ear but the ripple and the rustle. Add to this at night the soft golden glimmer of many hundred lamps that line the water and the walls, lighting up the falls and mirrored streams, with garden trees crossed on either side with flags and pennants, just touched and lifted up by the balmy air, and you will have a faint picture of a Rajah's villa home *en fête*.

“Wrote up arrears of letters, home and foreign, till luncheon. Then Matins and Lauds, with a note to you, filled up the time. The Viceroy had to sit out more native games prepared in his honour. This time women took their share and performed some clever feats, but a good juggler, strange to say, is rarer here than you would think. At 3.45 started in Putiala's carriages and four for Umballah. The departure somewhat imposing as we left the gate, where the Maharajah's officials were assembled to pay their last respects. The reception had been entrusted to the Commander-in-chief, assisted by other state officers, and right well had they done it, without fuss or pomp, yet to perfection, for all passed off without a hitch in lavish, princely style. One hour and thirty-five minutes brought us twenty-five miles on our way, which, deducting changes, gave us an average of a mile in $3\frac{1}{3}$ minutes. So we slowed down not to reach before our time. Entering

the cantonments a royal escort of the 9th Lancers met the leading carriage, and we humbler fry met their dust, so thick at times that we lost our way and had to pull up. However, we got to the station before the strains of music and clatter of arms had died away, and we dusty mortals found ourselves in the midst of dazzling splendour, rank, and beauty, ill at ease. In a few minutes the special with the Viceroy on board was shunted for dinner, while I remained to chat with the Padre—the ‘Old Man of Umballah,’ as he likes to call himself—till that hour arrived. We had met in the same way last year.

“Among the guests was David Ross, the well-known traffic manager of the Scind and Punjaub line, who is decorated with the C.I.E. for his services during the late Afghan war. He told us some things in his own line. How thrifty are the well-to-do natives, who prefer even to travel the lowest class with all the riff-raff than pay a few pice more. It seems an intermediate or ‘upper’ class was instituted, in order to help caste difficulties and native gents, but all to no purpose. Besides, they like to have their servants in the same carriage as themselves, in order to tend their wants. On the other hand, Rajahs always travel by ‘specials,’ as they have numbers, some hundreds, of followers. Lately Ross said he had given notice that whoever took a special should have the station carpeted with red cloth, and specials have gone up considerably, he added. Red is the royal colour; only Government servants in high quarters are allowed to wear it, and wherever the Viceroy treads on public occasions it is sure to be. The mass of the people have no prejudice against railway travelling, but, all things being equal, they prefer the road, as was lately seen at the Umritza Fair, when

700 etchas (native carriages) came thirty miles from Lahore loaded, though the fare by rail was the lowest possible. Crossing the sea, however, still breaks caste, though the soldier on duty is generally exempted, like the prison and hospital. Nevertheless, Pollen tells me that the 7th Native Infantry (a high-caste regiment), on their way to Egypt, took nothing on board ship but parched grain and water, and this for some seventeen or eighteen days, since they could not perform their usual cooking with ablutions.

“Saturday, November 18th.—At 9.30 we got back to Lahore. I went off to the church and said Mass, and afterwards had a chat with the ancient pro-vicar, who was somewhat anxious about the arrangements for the Viceroy’s presence next day. Two priests, and three Masses required, and so I undertook one. At noon the Viceroy inaugurated the ‘Punjaub University,’ which, however, I did not attend. All the world were there, in fact it was the chief event of the visit, and passed off satisfactorily. The Vicar-Apostolic had been created a Fellow, and so it was rather a pity that he was absent from the country.

“Sunday, November 19th.—Six, rode off to Mian Mir, where I said Mass for soldiers. At eight o’clock took Viceroy to station church. 5.30 P.M., again to church for Benediction. Previously Viceroy called on nuns hard by, which cheered them. He had visited convent two years ago. They do not seem particularly flourishing, poor people. Bad locality, bad air, bad health, bad attendance, and badly manned. People at home little know the trials of conventual life in the plains and bazaars of India—if they did they would be more generous with their subjects. . . .

“Sunday, November 26th, Lucknow.—Our arrival was

in darkness, and so immensely puzzling. Discover the Viceroy's camp to be in a sort of park—very pretty. He in a house at hand. Said Mass in a convent hard by at eight. To Civil Lines Church with Viceroy; short service, and fair congregation. During the day stayed at home. Interviewed camp and inmates, some twenty-five of sorts including guests and ladies. Lord Yarborough, Sir Meysey Thompson, &c. p.m., their Excellencies went to visit 'Residency,' still the great object of interest, and well kept like historical ruins in England.

"Monday, November 27th.—Noon, called on Right Rev. Francis Pesci Bishop, D.D., O. Cap. Vicar-Apostolic of Patna, whom at the levee Bill Beresford presented as plain 'Mr. Fishy,' to the amusement of the bystanders. Found his lordship at home. We had met before at Allahabad when he was simple Father Francis, to whom I had recourse during his Excellency's illness. Now clad in purple and fine linen too (I suppose), he looked episcopal and well. The Christian colony at Bhopal were causing him anxiety, and he came to plead their cause and square his conscience. The history of that mission would be interesting reading. It owes its origin to a French adventurer, who by military service and by marriage became connected with the state and acquired wealth. A little colony grew up, and at various times during the last century have proved themselves loyal to the state authorities. This band of Catholics are now in great danger, for the (Queen) Begum's consort is a bigoted Mussulman, and is trying to make Bhopal the chief Mahommedan state in India. His counsels prevail, and the Christians suffer accordingly. At this moment there is a crisis, owing to the death of the venerable Madame Doolane, the chief of the colony, and the

Nawab is doing his best to break the entail and banish church and school, hoping, no doubt, by that way to banish religion too. It is against the traditions of the Foreign Office to interfere as a rule in the internal economy of native states except by pressure and personal influence, and so a matter of this sort is tedious to a degree, for their words are fair and full of promise, yet no good comes, and meanwhile secret influences are redoubled. In fact, as is often the case where prejudice is at work, the more the state is pressed, the more the Christians are bullied in a thousand petty ways, which is next to impossible to legislate against. However, the agent to the Governor-General, Sir Lepel Griffin, is very kind, and is doing all he can, and after his visit to those parts in February, I hope some *modus vivendi* will be arranged, if not, I much fear the faith will die out of those two hundred poor people. At four I joined the Viceroy's party and drove to the fort, a clump of Mahommedan buildings surrounded by a ditch. The 'Imam Bara' is said to be the widest spanned room in the world, and in this sense the largest. It is now an ordnance store, but is soon to be given over again to the Mahommedans as an act of grace to commemorate January 1, 1877. Then we saw Husseinabagh's richly endowed tombs, and afterwards drove through Kaiserabagh—relics of the Court of Oudh, and fitting monuments of that corrupt and vicious house. A big dinner followed by a levee, which latter Tom Hope avoided with me. Wished him adieu for England, with a promise to go and see you in January. Afterwards I saw Lady Ripon and Dr. Anderson off in a special to Benares, which they both missed seeing last year.

"Tuesday, November 28th.—Said Mass in the convent hard by. At seven grand review, which was more

interesting than usual as the programme included presentation of colours, and an address to regiments of Egyptian warriors—besides the ground was pretty.

“*Wednesday, November 29th.*—Grand durbar at noon, to which all the world went. Natives commenced arriving soon after daylight, such are their habits, and time is no object to them. The remnants of Oudh, the Talukdars, are numerous, and dress in gorgeous array; but to me the durbar had not the novelty of Lahore in '80, nor the interest attached to the Punjab chiefs and their followers, so I contented myself with a side glance. I exercised Tommy and spied the land.

“*Friday, December 1st.*—Father Victor took me to see a model of the Residency as it was before the Mutiny, which I wanted to complete my understanding of the events of 1857. Chatted on subjects of use and interest, and he gained on my affections as we went along, so that I was sorry to say good-bye. By now the road from camp to railway station was lined by all the troops in garrison. Guards of honour at both places stood ready, and batteries for salutes. The Lieutenant-Governor and the General in command were on the platform surrounded by their staffs, and at the entrance of the great tent in camp the viceregal guests were met to bid adieu. All was prepared. The Viceroy came up, talked, and shook hands with each and all, and then drove off in state. The rest followed in his wake, getting more dust than honour. Half-an-hour found the *cortège* still progressing through two lines, which kept us interested and busy. Soon after all was over. The station scene had passed. The special was on the move. Scarlet and plumes became more and more indistinct. The Lieutenant-Governor's waving hat and hands melted into one, the roll of artillery died away,

and Lucknow was left silently contemplating 'our dear backs.' *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

In December the viceregal party went to Burmah.

"*Friday, December 16, 1881.*—9.30, embark on board Government steamer *Tenasserim*, Captain Creagh. Accompanying their Excellencies (besides staff) are Major Baring, Finance, Mr. Grant, Secretary Foreign Department, and Mr. Buck, Secretary Agricultural Department. Illumination on a small scale. *Tenasserim* was dressed with coloured paper lanterns and naked lights in every port and scuttle, so calm was the river and still the air.

"*Saturday, December 17th.*—6 A.M., at daylight steamed down the river. Safely over Mud Point, but with only four inches to spare under keel. Half-an-hour later and we should have been detained till the following day, for the tide was ebbing fast. Passed 'Sangon Island' at 3.30. Closed mail, *Gemini* returning with it. At five discharged pilot, and by dark bid good-bye to light-ships (120 miles from Calcutta), having done the distance in excellent time. Fine light weather.

"*Sunday, December 18th.*—6.45, Mass in after cabin. Catholics chiefly Portuguese servants. Took state and condition of flock.

"*Wednesday, 21st, Rangoon.*—The Patronage of St. Thomas does not extend thus far, as there is no trace of the saint's footsteps here, yet up country on the confines of Western China (Singanfu) there is a remarkable Christian monument, a cross with a lengthened inscription, of the eighth century, set up by the Nestorians. After breakfast called upon Bishop Bigandet, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Burmah, a well-known name in these parts. Now verging on seventy, and having spent the greater part of his life in the East, he is quite

the father of modern Burmah, and respected by all. A great friend of Phayre, who five-and-twenty years ago laid the foundation of the present administration, and at the same time possessing the confidence of the late king at Mandalay, he keeps alive the past and is consulted on all subjects of importance. Every one seems to have a good word for the old man, from the British Resident to the British barber who cut my hair. He is deeply versed in Oriental literature, speaks many languages, and has made Buddhism the study of his life. Having spent some twenty years in Upper Burmah with time and ability at his command, he unravelled the mysteries of Gautama and his teaching, and laid bare the errors of this extraordinary religious system, which is as superior to all other human or diabolical institutions as itself is inferior to Christianity. The Bishop's work, though modestly called 'The Legend of Gautama,' is really the standard book on Buddhism, which is exciting now so much interest in Europe, and deservedly so, for whether one considers the excellence of its moral teaching or the *great* numbers that theoretically follow its absurd tenets, believing in no Supreme Being and looking on the cessation of being as man's highest happiness, it is deeply interesting and well worthy the study of wise men, and here in Burmah it exists in its purest form it is said. The Bishop and his clergy received me kindly in their Presbytery, fitted up on the model of Elisha's room, and the witness, as far as I could judge, of Apostolic lives. We chatted till the time came for my reverend friends to attend the levee, and so, hastening them on with various etiquettical injunctions, I made for the barber. He was loquacious. In the evening Viceroy and suite visited a Buddhist monastery, an excellent imitation of

a strict mendicant order—begging their daily bread, never looking on their mother unless veiled, blindly obedient. The people hold them in great respect, and give alms generously to these saffron-coloured Phoongies who may be seen pacing every street. A defaulter would be much disgraced even among the people—if a serious fault, perhaps stoned—and this no doubt is a great aid to fervour. But the great safeguard is in this, that the door is always open, and so if a weak brother falls or be about to fall he goes out. Afterwards we drove to another monastery in the country, but found no one on board. All hands had gone begging (which being strictly interpreted, I suppose means had gone to enjoy the fun at the viceregal holiday visit), but on looking round the grounds it was easy to see that these mendicants had the same happy knack as their western brethren of choosing a smiling spot as well as giving hospitality to travellers and free education to children. It is in this way that they keep a hold over the people, make them some return, and so sustain their unbelief.

“Thursday, 22nd.—Breakfasted with Bishop Bigandet and clergy too. Did much talking and more listening, hearing him and asking him questions, for he was very interesting—a man of reason with a well-balanced judgment and practical, generous views, meting out merit for good done to all, even to those not of the household of faith. And this is a spirit much wanted in the east, not only among those without the fold, but *within*. Would that we could destroy false gods and false worships like the Israelites of old; but as that cannot be (now at least) the lamb must lie down with the lion and the sheep graze with the goats (though they need not fraternise), and in the end God will sever

them. This charity Archbishop Goethals is doing his best to sow, or perhaps I should say *nourish*, for we must not think it does not already exist. May God give, and give speedily, the increase, for at present many lambs seem neither to suckle nor even to lie down with their mother. At one o'clock I was in durbar, the Viceroy receiving the Burman elders, decorating deserving men, hearing petitions, and making a speech. A very picturesque sight. Burman ladies, who seem to hold much the same position in domestic and social life as their sisters in the west, looked on. It was not nearly as grand as Jeypore, but quite fulfilling the true notion of a durbar where the Great Mogul would hold court, and judge justice, besides the 'fancy work' of receiving minor chiefs. Here there is no aristocracy, but the people reverence the king without measure and offer him 'shiko,' the highest homage. This we are checking, but as we teach them nothing in its place they at present make a mixed ungraceful act of homage, and rising generations will probably do nothing. Our ideas of civilisation are certainly queer; we wink at gnats and swallow camels. Why don't we make them adore the true God and let stay their patriarchal government, picturesque dress, and simple customs? No; we tyrannise over them now in trifles, and as far as we are concerned prepare them for everlasting tyranny hereafter. If we encouraged them to follow God half as much as we do loyalty to ourselves, municipal government and the like western notions, we should do well.

"*Christmas Eve.*—In the evening went for a stroll to the Catholic Cantonment Chapel, not unlike an old English village church at first glance, and within cared

for and clean. I asked the chaplain to let me share his apostolic meal, and so I did at seven o'clock. I had never seen said chaplain before, but he proved a worthy man, and in a few words gave me his history. As a youth he gave himself to the Paris Foreign Missions and was sent out to India, where for years he tried to cross the northern frontier into Thibet, but ultimately failed. Then he was ordered to China, but meeting a superior on the way who thought him old to commence Chinese, sent him to Rangoon where too he was judged too old for Burmese, and was established as English Military Chaplain, which position at this same church for three-and-twenty years he has held without a break. Once only has he been up country during a cholera epidemic—but off duty never. At nine o'clock I went home, and he to the Cathedral Church for midnight Mass, and to celebrate his own birthday also. I found the party starting for the illuminations of the lakes, which had been largely advertised and went off well. It seems they got on a raft and were towed across the lake, being entertained meanwhile by various amusements of all sorts. Though many pages, little of Burman life and sights as yet, but for this look out in the papers and illustratings, as people say pictures are going home. It is an interesting country, so different from India. All so light and gay, chiefly owing perhaps to three causes, as compared with India: the emancipation of womankind; the absence of any practical degradation in their religious worship; temporal prosperity. There are no rich and no poor, and the people so generous that even a stranger is welcome in every house, and may travel through the land without a penny and without being even questioned.

“*Christmas Day.*—Said three private Masses at

home. Viceroy attending two first. At 8.40 he went to High Mass at Cathedral Church in state, as far as circumstances permitted, various officials being in attendance. The Bishop celebrated and preached—the latter honour had been offered to me. Afterwards the Viceroy paid his lordship a private visit, which pleased the old man of well-nigh seventy summers. Sipping his coffee he seemed as vigorous as ever, though few younger priests had done his work. Yesterday he heard confessions all day in various places and languages. At 10.30 P.M. Office commenced in the church followed by High Mass and sermon—all by him—and lasting till 1.30 A.M. At daylight he said Mass at the convent (where his lordship acts as chaplain), and then at nine o'clock our great function, where his voice was as strong as ever. He now took us to visit the Christian Brothers and their school, who presented an interesting and prettily worded address, which I hope may appear in print and reach the Queen's eyes, as I think it would please her Majesty. Here they showed us two (bad) portraits of the Viceroy in 'crayon,' done by boys, which amused his Excellency much, and which they wished to present, but I recommended them not to do it. At four o'clock we went to Benediction at the Good Shepherd Convent, calling in at Dr. Mark's School and Orphanages' Christmas dinner, where he had gathered many friends for the occasion, and had decked the house and grounds with flags, juvenile volunteers, drums and fifes, &c. The Doctor, always equal to the occasion, then made an extempore address, to which the Viceroy responded, and in due course the Doctor again addressed the assembled audience extemporarily, this time thanking all his friends and

benefactors *coram pro rege* for their generosity in providing for the wants of his poor children, which no doubt was a most diplomatic stroke. Over the Viceroy's chair hung two horrors—portraits of his Excellency. John Mark then opened a choral grace and the boys sat down. At the convent all went off well. The Bishop received us ; then followed the address and a few words in return—the song—the walk round—the chapel and service—the adieu. All seemed very nice, and as well ordered as any convent we have seen out here. The building was of teak wood like the rest in Burmah, and well planned and cared for. The sisters evidently lost nothing by having an episcopal chaplain, I thought.

“ *December 26th.*—Henrietta's birthday. Said Mass accordingly. Very little of Christmas to be seen or heard here outside the walls of the church. In another decade of years there will be nothing, and the generation after that won't know what it means, so fast is indifference and forgetfulness of God covering the face of Christians, in spite of mince-pies and Christmas cards. 7.30, visit to the great golden pagoda, a massive structure in brick, rising from the centre of a large plateau in steps—pyramidal form—and tapering off to a pointed obelisk, the whole being gilt over. Round this ‘tope’ covering a relic of Buddha, many open chapels or shrines covered with statues of the same, the gifts of pious Burmese—perhaps fifty chapels and five hundred large statues. There were also several rest-houses on all four sides, varying according to the taste and means of the donors, but immediately surrounding the central pagoda a large open space is reserved for adorers, and pedestal-altars stood ready to receive the offerings. It was a feast day, the first quarter of the moon, and the people were

coming up in numbers by families gaily dressed to make their prayer and offerings, and afterwards picnic on the vast Pagoda Plateau. By the way wax candles, flowers, books of gold leaf, and sprigs of green were offered for sale almost at every step, and found ready purchasers. When I had reached the plateau the Viceroy had gone, and the people were at their ease, some doing 'shiko,' others feeding the Phoongies or listening to their words, the rest laying out their goods and chattels, or moving about. When they pray they hold their offerings in their hands, and then place them according to their kind where their devotion leads them—if a lighted candle or a flower, before a statue: if fruits or rice, on a pedestal; if gold leaf, on some faded pagoda spot. I watched one woman vainly endeavouring to make her five children pray. They all had a green sprig in their hands, which they held closed in the attitude of prayer (as a priest at the Mementos), while they knelt in a line facing the pagoda, which they were supposed to 'shiko' as they repeated their mother's words. But it was no go, the gay scene around them, and a stray Englishman in particular, proved too distracting, so I went on. What has once been offered no Burmese will touch, and so edibles are left to low or rather no caste Indians. I quite approve of this sentiment, for I never liked to recognise on the dinner-table flowers I had previously seen on the altar, much less *vice versa*. The whole worship, with oblations, was curiously Christian in form. Change the representative statues and the pagoda crown for a cross, and the sight would have done no violence to Catholic eyes. When I had walked round two sides of the square, in the middle of this picturesque and busy

throng I spotted a Burmese speaking English, and so I invited him to walk with me. He proved to be a Government official, and fairly communicative, and so helped me to understand something of the curious sight. The Phoongies (yellow-clad monks) were there in numbers, and seemed in high favour, being fed with the best victuals by all the devotees. What remained was given to the poor. As we passed one of the newest-looking rest-houses, my companion introduced me to his father, who, he said, had built it, and was now preparing to give some Phoongies their second meal. Hard by sat his gaily-dressed family, who offered me cigars, spice, pickled tea napee, and the rest, according to Burmese custom, out of silver bowls. Behind, bent the old lady washing up. The women smoke and do all the work, the men smoke too, but are idle. I soon now had to wish my friend good-bye, for I was due at the Bishop's by 9.30, and so I made the descent alone. Either side for a bit was lined with what seemed at first sight to be a lot of degraded close-shorn convicts clad in unbleached cotton. These turned out to be nuns, distressed-looking creatures, and not in such good favour among the people as their brother monks, and far fewer in number I was glad to hear. Passing by the stalls and a few lepers, halt and maimed, I was clear of the Pride of Rangoon, and hastened into town. After breakfasting with the Bishop, I accompanied him to Government House, where he saw their Excellencies by appointment. At 3.30 we embarked without much formality, and by dusk the *Tenasserim* was well down the river bound for Moulmein."

Here, unfortunately, the journal breaks off, and the latter portion cannot be found.

CHAPTER XIII

INDIA—*continued*

For 1883 we have only the interesting journal of the tour in Cashmere, which began on October 16.

“*Simla*.—At 10.30 started down in tongas, only a select few of which are allowed to come up to the house. Small fry such as myself have to find their way down on foot or horse to cart road. A certain number of officials, together with guard and band, were present to bid adieu to their Excellencies. I escaped as soon as I could, and went perpendicularly down the khud (as is my wont), and came upon General Cunningham’s house, where I killed a minute or two by going in to say good-bye. He is the greatest living authority on antiquities. All he knows, however, becomes known only through the press, for he shuts himself up, sees no one, and goes nowhere. Three years ago he looked over some old coins for me, but since then I have not seen him except at the one or two official dinners at which he thinks it his duty to put in an appearance. He received me kindly, but was not to be ‘drawn’ or ‘pumped’ in such a hasty moment. Consequently I withdrew very speedily, and the only reminiscence I have of my visit, except his pleasant face and manners, is a comparison of Jacquement’s about Cashmere, namely, that it is a handsome frame with a poor picture, which the General seemed to agree in. When I got down amid the dust I found my friend Lalla Dowlat

Ram in quest of me. 'Officers in charge,' you must know, always accompany the Viceroy over their beat, and as superintendent of tongas this man was in attendance with a seat for me in his special conveyance. He is the first native who has held this position, and is therefore rather pleased to be able to offer a seat to a 'Sahib.' He generally reserves it for me, maybe because he has difficulty in asking any one else—no matter, he catches me, it is true, but I try to catch him too. His grandfather was a judge at Jullundar under Ranjeit Singh; his father a Government Magistrate at the same place. He himself was educated at an English missionary school, and knows therefore English and the Bible, but happily not the beer bottle to excess. Though Hindoo in race and religion, he likes talking about other religions, so we generally have a talk on Catholic doctrine till our voices and heads are lost in dust and jolt, which, by the way, does not take long. By way of finish I promise him a book, and he a visit, and then when we meet next season there are mutual recriminations about unfulfilled promises. This time, however, I brought a book with me, 'Necessity of Enquiry into Religion,' which he skimmed through, and then asked for another I spoke about. Whereupon I gave him 'Catholic Belief,' so now he is set up. Luncheoned at Solon (thirty-two miles), reaching 'Pinjore' at dark, where we had an illuminated Oriental reception, presided over by the Council of Regency of the youthful Maharajah of Putiala, whose guests we are to be. The gardens with the stream through their midst, cool and pleasant to the dusty traveller. The weather still decidedly warm, so different from November last, though we are only two or three weeks earlier.

"*Friday, October 19th, Wazirabad.*—Strolled off to

chapel by moonlight. Just finished when Jock Anderson and Deputy Commissioner drove up to carry me off to 'Jummoo' (twenty-eight miles). Fell into the line of carriages, and pursued our way. Morning cool and pleasant. At 9 A.M. crossed the boundary and entered the territory of the Maharajah of Jummoo and Cashmere. A triumphal arch, and the heir-apparent, with the usual guard, &c., received his Excellency. On the banks of the river Tawi, that washes the foot of Jummoo, the Maharajah received the Viceroy, and then the party, mounting on elephants, 'processed' over the water and through the city to a palace outside, which had been run up for the Prince of Wales' visit. Usual salutes and ceremonies. Weather hot, reaching 100° in Viceroy's room, while her Excellency's, better located and cared for, was not up to 85°. At 4 P.M. Maharajah paid a state visit. Did 'purdah,' with her ladyship viewing the scene from the back room. His Highness looked very ill. Much changed in the last three years. At sunset went over to the camp of the Carabineers, who are doing escort duty from Sialkote. Found some dozen Catholics, and arranged for Mass on Sunday.

"Saturday, October 20th.—Fishing of sorts with rod in river. Good sport. Viceroy went down after early Mass for a bit. Cooler day, but tents hot. P.M., Viceroy returned Maharajah's visit. Chaplain accompanied the party, and processed through the town on an elephant like the rest. His Excellency then visited Carabineer camp, and returned to parade ground, where some 7000 of Maharajah's troops were waiting in review order. The whole went off very well, the military men agreeing that they were the best native state army they had seen. The Cin Chief, a son I think of the Maharajah, made a

speech, in which he hoped that as Jummoobordered the Punjaub, so his Excellency would look upon his army as a Punjaub post ready for any call, &c. . . .

"Sunday, October 21st.—Mass (in library) attended by some thirteen troopers and a few servants. Viceroy said Pope's Beads aloud during Mass. A good plan, for soldiers, like children, require help to prayer. P.M., a selection of rams, bulls, elephants, wrestlers, &c., paraded before the palace to engage in contest—very mild, you will be glad to hear. The rams butt each other till one falls more or less stunned. The bulls press with head and horns till one is undermined or driven into a corner, men guiding and checking them as they will by long ropes on their fore-feet. The elephants, divided by a bar, kiss and press each other's trunks. Called on Prime Minister with Prinrose and Colonel Bamfield. Went up to Fort Bhao, on opposite bank of river, whence we had a good view of Jummoob. Architecturally, there is nothing to be seen. No building fit even for a European to live in except the palace and a Dâk Bungalow. The town consists of long streets of ground-floor bazaar shanties, which an elephant easily caps, and so do many trees scattered here and there, and perhaps a dozen Hindoo temple domes. The whole, viewed from Bhao Fort, is a wooded slope, sometimes steep enough from the river-bed, and the first rise from the plains of India. It is not a walled town, but there are elephant gateways all round on every road, the intention being ravines, natural walls of steep khuds, built walls of sorts, so that for all matters in peaceful times it is equivalent to a walled city. However, trees and shrubs thrive so well that it is hard to trace the outline, but the effect from Bhao is green and pleasing, and, save the Hindoo temple domes, might be

a landscape in a better clime. Jummoo Hill (200 feet) was evidently once the river-bed, for all the stones are water-washed. With these the streets are paved in stable rubble fashion, which makes walking unpleasant and pony riding neither pleasant nor safe. Thus elephants are the ordinary means of getting about, plenty of which are always at the disposal of the Maharajah's guests, so that after a couple of days' experience one takes to an elephant as naturally as one does to a pony in Simla or a cab in London, and thinks no more about it, except the eternal shaking. Jummoo and elephants are inseparable. The Maharajah, wisely enough, suffers no more communication with India than he can help, and with and through this place (his residence) positively nil. I refer, of course, to white people, and all who do come are his guests, as we are now. He provides everything in royal style; peace and plenty surround his visitors. No want, no wish unsatisfied. Officers of the court and guards in attendance on every occasion. Every trooper and every servant feasts at his expense, so all go away delighted, knowing no more about the country than if they had never been. One thought remains, the bounty of the prince.

Monday, October 22nd.—At four all was ready for the start, and half-an-hour later the Maharajah came to pay his farewell visit. The Viceroy received his Excellency in private durbar in the great hall (of the palace) measuring 180 feet in length, and after mutual palaver, mutual congratulations, and mutual good wishes for the future, the Viceroy and his Highness went out hand in hand, and mounted their elephants. Staff followed; procession started, guards and guns, &c. Through the narrow streets some fifteen elephants, richly caparisoned, made their way, strings of foot and horsemen,

attendants and sight-seers filling up the picture. As we defiled through the Cashmere gate, and down the rubble-paved road to the river-bed, so steep and slippery a fall that each step well-nigh pitched us off, the varied scene was truly Oriental, and perhaps the most picturesque I have ever seen, for the round boulder pavement was unique, and the green wooded bluff hill-sides a pretty frame. Pursuing our course up the wide river-bed for two miles we came upon our ponies, so the procession halted, and dismounting, his Excellency and staff bid a last farewell to the Maharajah. I say a last farewell, because he looks so ill that perhaps we may not see him another time. As he shook my hand he said he was sorry that he had not had a talk with me, for his religion had much in common with mine. This is a frequent remark with Hindoos, for theirs is a sacrificial, ceremonious worship, and they are attracted to us. However, I do not know that much could be done in the present state of things in India, nor could I hope for any good from a conversation with him, even if I got the chance, but I think I will take occasion to write a word to his Highness before we leave his country. Half-a-dozen preachers who could speak fluently the native tongue, posted in the different centres of the north, would, I doubt not, get a hearing ; not only for their cause, but because so few Europeans make the language *their own*. Four miles more along the river bank and bed (for the stream is now small) brought us to Nagrote, our first camp, where all was in readiness.

"*Tuesday, October 23rd.*—All but myself made an early start at 6.30. I lingered behind detained by professional duties, and afterwards inspected the Viceroy's suite of tents, which Lady Ripon spoke of with admiration. Without, a reddish sail-cloth ; within, Cashmere

work embroidery on a coffee ground from top to bottom, the whole supported on silver pillars. The enclosure was not large, but, like the tabernacle of old, complete. A little gem—a ruby—set in an emerald ground. I then mounted ‘Scamp’—not a becoming name for a cleric’s nag—and went my way through streams, and nullahs, and ever-growing rises, some twelve miles to Dhautal just in time for breakfast. So far the country from the plains inwards is very similar to that of the southern slope of Cyprus, scrubby woods broken up by water-courses, and a light conglomerate sandy if not chalky soil. Grapes should flourish, and so they would, but for the rains which come too soon and damp the ripening fruit.

“Dhautal presented nothing of particular interest to the passer-by. Our tents were within and without the compound of a native house or shed, and the hum of 3000 followers, the neighing of 500 beasts of burden settling down to rest and food beneath the midday sun fell gratefully on the Padre’s ear. Towards evening their Excellencies did a little fishing in a stream hard by, while I wrote up this horrid journal.

“*Wednesday, October 24th (St. Raphael).*—His Excellency’s birthday, which falls on a good Travellers’ Feast, and gives us confidence on our journey. Mass at six o’clock as usual. About ten I overtook the Viceroy fishing in a wayside pool, and wished him many returns, &c. . . . An hour later we entered Oodanpure, the capital of the district, and passed through the well-swept main bazaar to the Rajah’s new palatial serai just outside the single-storeyed town. The low walls measured perhaps one hundred yards each way, and the two thousand square ones thus enclosed were again made into a series of open courts lined with rooms, thus

giving every prince and every zenana their own separate establishment, for each little court, like the great serai, had but one entrance. Colonel Bamfield, Captain St. Quintin, A.D.C., and myself, occupied three sides of one of these little squares, and some servants the fourth. It was a zenana, the doors opening into the courts were the windows, and a little camp furniture on a brightly-coloured chintz floor-cloth cheered the white-washed walls. There we rested. Later on Bamfield went into a dark corner and developed some photographic plates, at which I assisted.¹ Then we went out and took a picture in the bazaar, which came out to his satisfaction. Dinner and bed in peace, but not the night, for a breeze sprang up though the night was clear, and we had a rough time of it—almost like a gale at sea. The wind struck down into our court, and cannoned off each one of our fourteen doors, roughly held by chains, all the livelong night, and left each rattling in

¹ Schomberg mentions the photographs taken here and on other occasions during the tour, but would never agree to form one of the groups. "Father Kerr," says Dr. Anderson, "had an invincible objection to being photographed, and I had an invincible desire to get a portrait of my dear friend. Prayers were in vain, and I was mean enough to resort to dodges. When the Viceroy visited Cashmere, there was in the party an amateur photographer, Colonel Bamfield. With his aid, had Kodaks been in vogue, I have no doubt I should have succeeded, but alas! they are products of only recent years. However, without the aid of Kodaks, with Colonel Bamfield as my ally, I very nearly did succeed. One day we had halted for lunch in a beautiful bit of the Liddur Valley, and, after fortifying the inner man, we broke up into wanderers, each after his particular bent. I followed Bamfield, looking for picturesque bits for his camera, and we caught his Reverence sitting on a primitive bridge over a rushing river, which came from a glacier not many miles above us, and, unseen, Colonel Bamfield focussed our friend, and we thought the prize we had made many attempts to win was effectually won, when our reverend friend caught sight of us, and vanished like a hare. After this he was too wary to give us another chance."

the breeze till the next squall well-nigh burst them in again. I was glad when morning came and set me free.

"*Thursday, October 25th.*—Anniversaries fall thick: to-day is Balaklava, while 17th was Sebastopol. Off again early. All met at breakfast on the river (Tawi) side at 9.30. A terribly windy, dusty march. This is the first windy weather I have met with in India. The constant calms of the Himalayas are remarkable. And though we have storms with wind and rain, and dust, this is the nearest approach to a windy day in England I have seen. Our course lay almost north, and for thirteen miles we threaded our way through the hills entering the real skirt of the Himalayas. The outer or lower range of hills is but the fringe which hangs above the ocean plain. Soon after midday we had all reached our new camping ground, 'Dharamtal,' an exposed position on a bold shoulder high above the Tawi cooled by a glorious breeze. Height 3600 feet.

"*Friday, October 26th.*—An early start again. Four miles brought us to Chineni—a feudatory Rajah's village home—prettily situated where three valleys meet. Scarcely any *valle*, but the hillsides are noble in their proportions. This is essentially a large country. I do not allude to heights and depths but to grandeur—the true touches and lines of the Maker of Michael Angelo are visible, be the picture what it may. We wended our course up the northern valley—a heavy climb—and had a late breakfast on the pass of the Tawi Chenab watershed, 6600 feet. The view, and the snowy peaks in the distance, were magnificent. The top of the pass was a welcome moment for each one in turn. I watched her ladyship's arrival in a light jampan carried by four men, and pulled by fourteen men tugging ahead on ropes, while reliefs and attendants made up a goodly

cortège. After noon the party went down 2000 feet to Batote, where the tents were pitched. I loitered on the mountain-top amid the deodar cedars, and having accomplished my spiritual functions reached camp about dusk.

“Saturday, October 27th.—Down we went for some twelve miles to the bridge over the Chenab, one of the great Punjaub rivers. The rock-bound glen was hot, and so were the tents at midday, though pitched on a grassy plot close to the foaming stream. It was a tiring march, some fourteen miles in all—nothing on a hard high-road, but up and down khuds a different thing. Now we are only 2000 feet above the sea. To-morrow we shall have to climb steadily all day again, till we finally cross the pass into Cashmere on Tuesday next.

“Sunday, October 28th.—Early Mass and off. The road to-day opened up quite a new description of scenery; after three miles along right bank of Chenab we turned north over a high shoulder into the glen of the ‘Bichlari.’ At this point the river and the stream lay perpendicularly at our feet, 1500 feet, and perhaps 2000 feet. Winding along the glen side we gradually neared its bed, and there breakfasted amid the rocks and boulders, and a few scattered trees and shrubs. Threading our way up stream some three miles farther we reached camp, pitched on a bare spot just above the stream. The hills on either side all up the glen so far towered to great heights, averaging perhaps 1500 feet. On the whole they are very bare, being too steep to retain much soil or moisture. A few trees here and there lighting up the sun-browned grass is about all, but deep down the glen sides are fairly green and wooded. As yet we have not seen much forestry or flowers. For the latter the season is too late; the only new or interesting specimen we have met with is the beautiful little blue

gentian, common, I believe, on the Alps. A few stray bushes of oleander in flower represent the shrubs. Nor need much be said about the trees. Round Jummo, and the Tawi valley, acacias of various species predominate. Farther in on the hillsides and tops the *Pinus longifolia*, and in favoured spots groves of the deodars that we cherish so much at home, and which in old age here seem to change their looks and character, becoming just like cedars of Lebanon. About 'Batote' we met plenty of evergreen trees of poplar growth, some said hollies, others oaks, so we agreed to call them *holly-oaks*. Lower down about the Chenab we saw many wild olives, and other fruit trees, and walnuts as usual looking all forlorn. At seven we said the Pope's Beads and Litany in my tent. Our prayers are wont to be a little *mixed*, as you will gather from the following statistics of my camp congregation: two English, two Madrasses, two Bengalees, two Goanese. A common language is therefore a little difficult. This evening the English and Goanese languages were the favoured mediums.

"Monday, October 29th.—In these V-shaped Himalayan glens, for valleys there are none, the winter sun gets little chance. Yesterday the shadow covered the tents soon after two o'clock. And we left them still in shade this morning. After three miles more of the Bichlari glen, the lower part of which was really beautifully green and wooded, we turned east, and passing over the face of a hill we came down into another glen, and tracing up the babbling brook for some three and a half miles north reached our camp before noon. The general character of the scenery was much the same as yesterday, but not so large or fine. The autumn tints, however, were lovely, especially on the fruit trees

—the apricot in particular. This new glen was scattered with mulberry trees, and their yellow golden look surpassed all. It seems strange to raise one's eye from garden scenes to bare hillsides (and snows) but such is the case. Only to do justice to the latter I must say that there is a reddish tinge and effect about them, *i.e.* their grass, which is very pleasing and relieves the monotony. On the brook sides we met a large number of fine trees like elms, and our savants say they are. We are now 5500 feet, and to-morrow we cross the pass from the top of which we view at our feet the Promised Land. It is exciting. I feel like Joshua and Caleb. Nor is there reason to fetch out the milk and honey ourselves, for day by day they send it to us. Every evening of our march each one finds at his tent door a dolly of the finest fruits with the Maharajah's salaams, and each day they seem to get sweeter and fresher. This little custom is one of the few remaining Oriental marks of respect and affection—and this too will disappear in time. The Maharajah is one of the old school, sticks to old customs, and dislikes changes. His hospitality is unbounded. We are his guests from first to last—not in the English sense but in his own. The Viceroy is not allowed to spend a pice within his territory. Every conceivable want is supplied and we hope paid for. There is a general idea that provisions and coolies are requisitioned as the Sahibs pass through, but I believe in our case both are paid for. The Viceroy did his best to pay his way, but the Maharajah would not hear of it, and, as it seemed somewhat ridiculous to insist on paying coolies—a mere trifle—when the Maharajah spent so much, the matter was dropped.

“Disagreeable people are writing to the papers on the hardships caused by the Viceroy's tour, but it is all

nonsense. The harvest is over, and the coolies can therefore be spared from their homes. They are changed about every third day according to their district, and for their labour they get $3\frac{1}{2}$ annas per diem—fair pay enough. A few days' waiting I daresay was tedious, but it is not much to an Oriental even if he gets nothing, while at Jummoo the coolies got 2 annas a day demurrage. Repairing roads may have come heavy on some, but this is a common good and a lasting one. Altogether, so far, I think the Lord Sahib's tour has been rather liked than otherwise, but these people don't think and feel as we do. They are accustomed to do what they are told without thought or complaint, and travelling the hills with loads is their daily work. On the outer hills they carried on their heads, but here they hang their loads on their backs, sometimes in a framework of sticks¹ ready made. In one hand they hold a rest for their load, and the other is as often devoted to the everlasting pipe and the hookah, often a cocoa-nut shell, while their pots and pans and meal of sorts hang about their loads. Thus they are independent, and at night gather round a fire of sticks, cook and eat, and then draw their cloths about them and sleep till morning. The Cashmerees are the best carriers. They took on duty at Ramban. Physically a fine race and used to hills, their load is half as much again as others. One peculiar way of keeping themselves warm they have: namely, a little earthenware basin in a wicker basket which they keep filled with fire of wood or charcoal, mostly ashes, and place it under their cloak or blanket when they squat. It is called a kangri, and even the coolie carries it with him. The mornings and evenings are cold to us in tents,

¹ Kilta.

but as yet the temperature has not been very low. Primrose made it 37° in his outer tent this morning (the 30th) at six, and we saw hoar-frost by the wayside. Lady Ripon is standing the journey very well. The Rajah has put some half-dozen conveyances at her disposal. One resembles a landau, another a victoria, a cab, an arm-chair, and so on, for if the Lady Sahib feels fatigued in one another must be ready. Her own modest jampan is at a discount amongst these swell wheelless carriages. The Lord Sahib has also one or two of these in constant attendance, and each of the staff have one somewhere or other along the line. Then there are numerous led ponies, for his Highness scarcely approves of our having brought our own. As regards our suite, the Prime Minister is in attendance with his followers. His name is Anant Ram (Eternal God). He speaks English and seems of good sort. Then one stage behind, not to intrude, follows the heir-apparent in the room of his father, who is sick, so altogether we are a goodly gathering. I said 3000. but animals were counted over the Chenab bridge, and our party numbered 3400 souls and 600 beasts. Women we have not seen and children not a dozen. Report says the former are bound under a heavy penalty not to show themselves—probably a yarn. The country is really thinly populated, and there are no villages according to our sense of contiguous houses. They are detached homesteads in little groups. So few families make a village, and consequently few women and children. The number of men collected from all the country-side make a great show and mislead our calculations. The English mail of October 5 came into camp this evening and helped to warm us, for the evenings are long and cold. The name of the new

Father General is the chief news of interest, though it was generally expected, I fancy.

"*Tuesday, October 30th.*—I started about 7.20, a little later than the rest, and as I walked all the way did not overtake them. At four and a half miles I reached the foot of the steep road over the pass—a zigzag straight up. The coolies take this, the rest, jampans and ponies, go the longer road, double the distance but almost as quick in time for walkers. I followed the coolies. A straight rise of some 2500 feet over bare rocky ground. Every 300 feet or so I passed the post-man's dak shelter-house, for runners carry the mail-bag from Jummoo to Srinagar and relieve each other about every mile; in this stiff bit more frequently, for the distance is about two and a half miles, and I must have passed ten relief houses. To the right, the long row of jampans and riders seemed to be creeping to the top faster than myself, and so they were, for when I gained the summit after one hour and twenty minutes' slow climbing, all the Sahibs were still ahead. The view in extent equalled my expectations, but in every other way it was disappointing. The 'happy valley' was as brown as the plains of India, and the snow-capped mountains monotonous, wanting life and character. I walked down sad and grumpy, reason telling me that no mountains *could* look well seen from a height of 9000 feet, and that no valley *could* be green in November. Consequently the disappointment was my own creation. This reflection did not make me any happier. There was a cold wind at the top and snow lay in some of the northern crevices. The road was even steeper than the other, so I soon got down to trees—European trees if you please—poplar, sycamore, birch, maple, walnut, hazel, &c., all in varying autumn tints, delightful to the mind

and eye, and made me think of home. Three thousand two hundred feet down (1,300) brought me to Vernag, the camping-ground, where a well sacred to the Hindoos bursts up at the mountain foot and waters all around. Now the crops are over, but every inch is cultivated and the place studded with European trees, especially poplars and willows, which are pollarded and the leaves stacked on the trunks to serve as winter food for cattle. Grass does not flourish, but in other ways bits of Vernag landscape are very English. I must not forget the chunar trees (*Platanus Orientalis*), quite the handsomest I have ever seen, so large and graceful. It grows something like a horse-chestnut, but trunk, branch, bark, and foliage are much superior. The leaf resembles that of the common plane or maple, only much bigger and more deeply indented. Now they are in full autumn tint and look lovely, combining the beauty of the Canadian maple with the strength and power of the forest giant. They are not indigenous, nor will they grow from seed here. Persia is their home, whence the Mogul emperors, I think, brought them, and they remain, not unworthy monuments of their reign, in groups throughout the valley.

"I was just in time for a midday breakfast, and found the party discussing the pass and the view, regarding which we pretty well agreed. Primrose had come all on foot, and so had Alwyne Compton, who was with his Excellency. At the steep road digression he turned up and beat his lordship on his pony by ten minutes. The others walked and rode as convenient, and this is what we generally do, for according to Indian custom syce and pony are always at one's heels, though perhaps one may never mount. After a bit we sallied out to see the spring, the reputed source

of the Jhelum, and, as I said, a hallowed spot. The emperors decorated the spot with their usual taste, and a portion of Akbar's work still exists. The waters are led through gardens in straight canals, and here and there are covered with an open summer-house. Now all is more or less in disrepair. The spring gives out a far larger volume than St. Winifrede's, and the well is full of sacred fish, which we were allowed to feed but not to catch. In the evening I had a stroll round the fan of watered ground on which the village homesteads stand. Nature was at her best, but man had marred it. There was nothing bright about him or his work; abject if not depraved in look, filthy in dress and habits, he matched his ruined house and dirty ways which skirted the joyous rivulets and streams. The whole, however, was very picturesque, for the tumble-down sun-brick houses with their gable-ends and roofs, together with the stacks and yards, looked well amid the water and the trees. At dinner I sat next to a Dr. Neave of the C.M.S. Cashmere Medical Mission, who was making his round of the valley. He said sixty had consulted him this day, and that there was a good deal to be done medically. He said he had been talking with the coolies, and from what he had seen and heard the Viceroy's trip was on the whole a benefit. The chief hardship lay in mere nominal prices being paid to the villagers for stores requisitioned, *e.g.* one rupee for a fat sheep which generally sold for five rupees. But here again Oriental bribery helped matters in some cases. From one village was demanded fifty maunds, I think, of ghee, whereupon the villagers came to the official and said, 'Take three yourself and write down twenty, for fifty is impossible.' This little bargain was therefore struck, and I have no doubt it is a sample of many others.

The administration is thoroughly corrupt they say, and the Hindoo masters oppress the Mussulman Cashmeree. It is almost impossible, though, to get at the truth quite, unless one speaks Cashmeree, and what Englishman does?

“Friday, November 2nd.—We were not unmindful of *All Souls*. At nine o'clock the camp marched; about 10.30 we reached the famous ruin of Martand, which in point of interest is compared with Baalbec, Palmyra, Escorial, and the rest. For its history and origin is still a puzzle. Martand ruin is a central mass (of large limestone blocks) perhaps thirty feet by twenty feet, with small massive wings detached; the whole surrounded with the ruin of a cloister wall, alternate pillars, and trefoiled arches. One's first exclamation is 'It's Christian,' but Gothic gable tablets on the walls carrying images of heathen gods correct these first impressions, and a nearer view shows too that the arches are Gothic only in form, not in construction. Nor had they the true knowledge of the keystone. However, these discoveries only added to the interest, and Tom Hope asserted that the trefoil arches were the doors leading into as many cells, the ruins of which he traced. The general plan is, I think, Hindoo, and, as savants differ, let us say it was built by them 200 B.C. With difficulty we tore ourselves away and hastened on to breakfast at Bawan, a mile and a half farther. Another repetition of Vernag, a holy spring at the foot of the hill watering the ground around, the same trees and tints and picturesque homesteads. We sat down under a grove of chunars, and afterwards Bamfield took a photo of the group. Then we visited the well crammed with holy fish, which were duly fed in our presence. I came a few minutes before the rest and found five of

our Ghoorka guard doing pilgrimage. A Pundit was there to instruct them. First they offer a few flowers (the common marigold) and a few pellets of flour and water, then they bathe in the sacred stream. Meanwhile their priest recites prayers with them and for them. When dressed again they duly give backsheesh to the Pundit, and lastly make visit to the Temple of the Sun, the presiding genius. To go in they had to take their shoes off, and so I watched two kneel on the doorstep, for time was short and military boots tedious to pull off and on. They went away looking quite satisfied and cheerful. Poor people! What good Catholics they would make. Lady Ripon, accompanied by Dr. Jock and St. Quintin, A.D.C., now left for Srinagar by water down the Jhelum. His Excellency considered camp life in the cold a risk, and as the next few marches would certainly be colder, it was arranged that her ladyship should go into the city and stay with Lady St. John till the party arrived. We then turned up into the Liddur valley and marched some eight miles to Aishmakam, picturesquely situated on a hill-side. We encamped at the foot; over our heads there stood the shrine of a holy man with accustomed surroundings, making rather an imposing pile. There was an excellent *picture* to be got on the cliff side. We are great in 'pictures,' everything is viewed artistically. Bamfield must have his three-quarter sun, *i.e.* it must be just abaft the beam with plenty of light and shade, a figure here and a gable there, otherwise the prettiest peep is worthless. St. John and Alwyne Compton must have plenty of colouring, a good foreground, a couple of dilapidated huts, trees rising to eternal snows, &c. Her Excellency must have all this, but framed in the lattice window of a summer-house or by the arch

of natural bowers or set in the lines or curves of graceful hills. Nature is therefore considerably handicapped. I, plain I, am her best friend, for I want nothing but what she gives in each changing place and hour. The Liddur is considered the most beautiful valley in Cashmere, and we hope to penetrate it to its source. At present the view is of the smiling description, like Vernag, Shahabad, and Bawan, but larger and more varied, with the magnificent Pir Panjal range of snow in the southern distance.

"*Saturday, November 3rd.*—Continued our journey twelve miles up the valley to Pylgam, 7000 feet. The hills rose, the scene narrowed, the vegetation changed as we got on till at Pylgam, where three, *i.e.* two valleys meet, we were shut in by hills and forest, and overhead all round seven snow-capped peaks kept guard. The camp was pitched among the firs (*Pinus excelsa*) on a projecting knoll. At our feet the army of followers bivouacked on the river plain.

"*Sunday, November 4th.*—Considerably colder, as you can imagine, and I am afraid there must be some suffering among the Indian followers, who seem very insufficiently clad. The Cashmerees are of course all right, but there is wood in abundance, no snow, no wind, and a hot sun by day. Mass at 6.30. Small attendance—one Englishman, one Bengalee, one Madrassee, one Goanese; I often wonder at the want of interest or curiosity in the Lord Sahib's 'Puja.'¹ It seems to have no effect. Neither Sahib nor native ever question me, much less hover about, or even look as if they wished to come in. For the first years, few knew when and where the Lord Sahib did his Puja, and to-day all seem equally indifferent. Fear of

¹ Prayers or religious worship.

toadyism is one obstacle, and then again I fancy they consider it a matter of personal taste and opinion; that as the pious Hindoo has his Puja, the fanatical Mus-sulman his own also, so the devout Lord Sahib may do what he likes too. There is a great liberty in this respect, and not that absurd European shyness. Religion enters so into native life, morning, noon, and night, that one passes by a man doing a religious act, or private Puja, without thought or notice. And the white man gets accustomed to the sight so that he becomes independent, and allows his neighbour the same freedom also. We were to have made one march farther into the hills to Astanmang (12,000) feet, but an early fall of snow and the cold prevents us doing so. And even now a fresh fall would prevent us getting out and cause many deaths. However, the weather is fine, and Sir Oliver is not a man of vain fears. Next month the valley is closed, and Pylgam shut off for three months. On the northern slope the snow is well down now, but southern aspects are free again. This curtailment of the trip is a disappointment to me, as I had looked forward to climbing a mountain, and studying a glacier. My only chance then was to make this a real day of recreation by a flying march to 'Shesha Nag' and back, as to-morrow the camp moves back. I hardly liked devoting the whole of Sunday to a tremendous outing of this sort, but on reflection and consultation I determined not to miss the only opportunity of seeing a glacier—'one of God's greatest works.' So after Mass off I went at 8 A.M. with an old man for a guide, and a shikari (hunter) for a companion. For the first hour I rode a hill pony, passing the log huts of Pylgam, and three miles farther on another log-hut hamlet, the highest habitable point in these

parts. After another mile riding was difficult, so I sent my pony back. Then on we scrambled up the Liddur valley for an hour more, and reached Tannin bridge (9000 feet). Here I was leading (the guide being behind), and went up 1000 feet straight on end to the left, when I discovered I should have turned over the bridge to the right. This was a bore, but my impetuosity deserved it. Thinking it would be useless now to attempt 'Shesha Nag,' I began to take stock of the surrounding peaks near Astanmang, but as nothing seemed feasible in that direction, down I went again to Tannin bridge. There the guide still assured me there was time to reach our point and return, so on and up we went some 1800 feet straight on end, and then along the southern slope of a mountain side some four miles over broken ground, and ups and downs, but withal a good path. To our right a snowy range kept pace, and its northern slopes now covered with snow watered the Liddur stream between us. It was a grand sight. We three, however, were too anxious to reach our destination, and too tired, to dwell on such like thoughts. Both my men seemed utterly done, and I tried in vain to help them. I offered them my flask and called it 'medicine,' but they would not look at it, nor will Hindoo or Mussulman ever touch aught made by hands not of their own sect or caste. At last I made the shikari sit down and rest just before we crossed a snowy reach, and a mile further on the old guide hailed with joy his brother villagers who had escorted Primrose and Alwyne Compton an hour earlier, and were now all sitting at the Nag lake side. In a few minutes I was sitting there also, and with the contents of my bag and their remains I was soon refreshed. It was now 2.30. St. John certainly thought I would never reach

this spot starting so late, and he had been careful to impress on us the necessity of turning back soon after twelve, wherever we then might be. So we had no time to lose. But first I looked round. Shesha Nag is a punch-bowl lake (say a mile one way and less the other), 12,200 feet above the sea, the source of the Liddur, *fed* by the Shesha peaks which rise 5000 feet above it, or rather principally by a large *glacier* which the peaks embosom. This, alas! though the object of the trip, we could neither get at for the snow, nor even see from the point we were at, the mountain folds shutting it out. This was disappointing to all of us, and time did not permit further exploration.

Primrose, however, being an Alpine traveller, discoursed learnedly on 'Moraines,' glacier mud (which gave the water a slaty-green colour), and the rest. At 2.45 we gave the men a rupee. backsheesh, and commenced the journey home. We seemed well above all vegetation, and indeed ever since leaving Aishmakam we had been changing our scene in this respect—the valley for the glen, the chunar and fruit tree for the fir; now most sorts of this (*Spicea Smithiana*, *Pinus excelsa*) had been long left behind, and only the *Spicea Webbiana* and juniper, mixed with birch, reached 11,000 feet, when the former died away, leaving only their scrubby companion to fight the elements up another 1000 feet or more. Grass grows to any height, 14,000 feet, &c., according to circumstances. After we had retraced our steps some two miles, Primrose, ever watchful, spied through his glass a glacier to our left on the northern slope of the opposite range. There was no mistake. The snow of yesterday had been cleared in patches by the winds or beasts, showing the snow of centuries—now block ice—as clear as daylight. A

stream from its foot increased the Liddur, more we could not stop to discover, and so passed on delighted with our find. Two hours brought us to Tannin bridge, and presently two ponies were going a-begging, and so as I was supposed to have cause to be most tired, Compton gave me his ulster and I got on. At twilight we met an army of torch-bearers, and among them my pony, so we pushed on gaily, getting back at 7.30, and so ended a pleasant trip and a memorable day, for I can hardly hope to see another glacier, or be again in mortal flesh so near the heavens.

“Monday, November 5th.—Nine o’clock, weighed, and crossing the Liddur moved down its right bank to the foot of Bhoogmoor Pass (twelve miles), where we breakfasted. The change from Alpine snowy scenes to smiling valley was charming, and from one point on the road where the latter bursts upon one, full of autumn tints, the snows across the Cashmere plains in the distance, the fore and middle ground well broken, and the whole framed (except the snows) between the Liddur hills, I said it was the prettiest view I had ever seen. About one o’clock the party moved on, but my pony having missed me and lagged behind (for I had walked thus far) I said I would wait till he came up, having in view my Office overdue. Tom Hope good-naturedly said he would stay with me, so down we sat under a walnut and I finished up to Complaine. Two o’clock passed by but not my pony, so I said Matins and Lauds. Then Thomas thought he had had enough rest, so had I, so we began to go on, leaving word to double on my steed with an old Mussulman, who for a full half-hour and more had patiently held the other pony which Hope now mounted. Before getting up I made Thomas question the man regarding the viceregal visit,

coolies, stores, &c. ; but he was canny and avoided direct answers. Another man who came up was a little more communicative, and said in answer that he had brought 100 men from his village, who all got paid. When Tom asked him what requisition for stores had been made on them, he replied : ' How do I know what comes out of other people's houses ? ' but when pressed he allowed that one house had to supply say 5 lbs. ghee, another something else, and so on, but that they all expected to be paid by the tehsildar in time. ' As bad as questioning a Scotchman,' Hope said, and so we proceeded. In a few minutes my pony overtook us and I got on. Soon we commenced the ascent over the pass. Very steep, so my companion had to walk ; but my light weight was more easily carried.

" It was a heavy pull of some 2500 feet, and very hard on the poor coolies, who groaned under their loads, but nothing could be done to help them save a cheerful look or an encouraging word. The top was disappointing, so down we went quickly, and so steep was the road that it was often cut in steps. The route lay through an English-looking wood, and it was nearly seven o'clock when we had descended our 3000 feet and reached camp at ' Trahal.'

" *Friday, November 9th.* — 10.30, an impromptu durbar to receive the Governor and suite, who had arrived from Srinagar to escort the Viceroy. The whole party then embarked in boats and processed down the river. The boats are all of the same description, flat-bottomed, very like the Thames punt, but much larger, and running up to a point at either end. The midship part is housed in with mats, and the boatmen paddle at both ends. They only draw a few inches of water, and the sides or gunwales are only 12 to 18 inches

deep. The Maharajah boats are of course on a grander scale, though the same build. The chief boat measures about 170 feet in length and 7 feet in width, carrying a saloon cabin amidship and some twenty-five paddlers at each end—fifty in all—dressed in red with yellow scarf. And so with the other boats in due proportion. The Jhelum stream all through the valley is wonderfully placid, and its banks uninteresting. About one o'clock the heir-apparent met us in his boat—the Viceroy receiving him in durbar on board the big boat. Bamfield and I being stray sheep kept to our own boat—pleasanter work than doing durbar in stiff silence. As we entered the limits of the city we noticed the left bank was lined with troops, who greeted us with various musical sounds till we reached the 'Mandi,' a large summer guest-house prepared for his Excellency and staff. Lady Ripon and Lady St. John were seen on the top enjoying an excellent view, and when the Viceroy landed more salutes and sounds—in fact a 'tamasha.' The heir-apparent having conducted the Viceroy to the house took leave.

"*Saturday, November 10th.*—An English raw, wintry, sleety day. Snow low down on all the hills. Busy looking up my flock. There are very few European residents, four of whom are Frenchmen, two in trade, two in vineyards. The rest belong to the Church Mission Society's Medical Mission, and I believe one other in business. From April 15 to October 15 some 500 generally spend their leave here, but now the season is over. The Maharajah is very jealous of European aggression, and no one can own property, settle, or build. Visitors to the valley live in boats or tents, and at Srinagar there are a certain number of bungalows which are placed at their disposal by his

Highness. Even the political officer (Sir O. St. John) can only reside in the valley during the summer season. Towards night the weather got worse—cold, and rain, and snow. No view—nothing.

“Sunday, November 11th.—Mass at eight. Present M. and Mme. Bigex and M. Dumerque. Weather as yesterday. After luncheon the Viceroy went on river. Returned cold and wet. I dined with some others at the Residency across the river. Too cold and dreary to write or do any work. Our arrangements are for summer. This wintry blast is quite a month too soon. Heavy clouds all round.

“Monday, November 12th. — Breakfasted with the Bigexes. A good sort of man. She a gallicised Englishwoman. Both full of interesting conversation regarding the wretched state of the people. Bigex and Dumerque were both in the shawl trade, but now cruel fashion has wrecked it. Bigex is turning his hand to carpets—Dumerque to sport. In the afternoon, though the weather was still gloomy and cold, Tom Hope, Bamfield, and I embarked in a boat and went down the river to see the city. Passed under six bridges, and having sighted the seventh and last, returned a bit. landed, and went into the shop of ‘Mohammed Jan.’ The ‘Mandi’ where we live is above the town, so there is not much to be seen. The river is some 250 to 300 feet wide as it passes, a placid stream, under the bridges. There are two or three canals leading to lakes, but no water streets like Venice—only this one main river-way. A great thoroughfare however it is, as the city which lines the ‘way’ has no streets, only lanes, now knee deep in slush. The river is picturesque on account of the antiquated bridges, the turns of the river, and the broken lines of the

dilapidated houses, or rather huts, on either side, and here and there a tree. There is little or no colouring, and so the scene is suited to a gloomy day. Leaving Mohammed Jan, the shawl merchant, we pushed through slush to the big mosque—the ‘Juma Musjed’ now neglected and chiefly remarkable for its cedar deodar pillars — some sixty feet in height — which support the central roof on each of the four sides. I should think these wooden columns were unique. We then mounted a fort on a hill just outside the town and got a capital view of neighbourhood. A more miserable specimen of a town it would be hard to conceive. Not a single building worthy of note — a sea of gloomy house-tops. It might have been ‘Timbuctoo.’ One excuse for the fragile, wretched state of the buildings is that they stand an earthquake, which more solid ones would not. The environs, however, redeemed the town — water, wood, and verdure, like the Thames valley in flood, and then the snowy frame, but this was covered. State dinner at Maharajah’s Palace, to which all Europeans were invited. Did not go. River illuminated by means of fifty boats rigged up with skeleton frames covered with ‘chiraghs,’ the native lamp—a red brick oyster shell with wick and oil. I dined at home with Lady Ripon and St. Quintin; a miserable cold night. However, no native thinks a visit complete without fireworks, and so, as the Lord Sahib had a dose of them at the Rajah’s Palace, some were sent up to the Mandi for the Lady Sahib’s benefit and we two went out to see them for her. After a few had been let off, smoke and explosions followed rapidly, and then we presently discovered that the boat was on fire, and being cut adrift went slowly down the stream and was soon a smoking mass. We never dreamt of any accident to life and limb,

for many boats were there and the water shallow, and the first news was good. Afterwards, however, it was reported that a boy of ten sleeping in the stern was burnt to death. We took a boat and got on board the wreck, but what with excited females and friends could not find out much. So we went to the hospital and there found a man badly burnt on both legs being dressed, who said that his boy was dead and a child in arms missing. Off I went again to the wreck and found the mother apparently in a swoon amid shrieking women and excitement. We took her to the hospital, where she rallied, and said the child was passed about from one to another and she did not know where it was. Believing it to be safe we went home. It was a sad affair. In the meantime the state dinner-party passed back in their boats knowing nothing of it.

“*Tuesday, November 13th (St. Stanislaus).*—Weather still uncertain. Start deferred in consequence. Went out to the vineyards, and saw Messieurs Bouley and Peychaud. By-the-bye, returning from the vineyards, I came over the ‘Tukt-i-Suliman’ (throne of Solomon), a famous hill, and got a capital view of the whole valley. Speaking very roughly, it measures some hundred miles by fifty miles, and lies nearly east and west. Undoubtedly once a lake, whose surface may have been 1000 feet, or even double that, above the present valley level, it is cut up very much by streams and watercourses from the mountain tops and glens, which have eaten down into the soft bed of the ancient lake, so that the valley is by no means a level plain, but of irregular heights and flats, though looked at from on high it seems an oval basin. It averages about 6000 feet above the sea, while its sides may average 12,000 feet, with peaks rising to 15,000 feet above sea level. Rice is the

staple of the valley, and in the season must carpet it with green. But trees—chunar and walnut, fruit and rose—cover the valley like a park. Population is estimated at only 312,000, all being Mahommedans but the odd thousands, who are Hindoos, and the *rulers*, which is the grievance. After the first Sikh war the country was made over to us, and we sold it to the Rajah of Jummoo for seventy-five lacs. Now we would give five times that sum to buy it back. The cheapness of provisions is extraordinary. A coolie can live on eight annas a month, and only expects a rupee from his master. A Sahib can get three meals a day for eight or ten annas. Rice and barley are sold at 160 lbs., two maunds, and more for the rupee; chickens and ducks at a few annas. Being a Hindoo country *beef* is prohibited, and Dr. Neave told me that the mission sent to India once a year for their Christmas joint. The Cashmerees are clever and intelligent, and work, as you know, wonderfully well with their fingers. Lady Ripon declares that they are the best and cleverest salesmen she ever met, sparing themselves no pains or labour to please their customers. They will come to and fro, show their goods, wait all day, come again the next, and in the end perhaps sell nothing, and all without a murmur. Great examples of patience.

“ *Wednesday, November 14th.*—At Mass this morning I had for congregation M. Bigex (who went to Holy Communion, as did the St. John cook), M. Bouley, and M. Peychaud from the vineyards. The medical mission is doing a deal of gratuitous medical work, and is an excellent charity. The doctor (Neave) is a good man, and his heart and soul are in the work, for which he only takes food and covering. A system of bribery and extortion is engrained into the life-blood of the people

here. Even in a court of justice if two suitors have a case for decision, one rich and the other poor, the latter has no chance though in the right, for the rich man will be given to understand that a certain number of rupees will make it square for him. And in buying the owner never gets the price. For instance, if we wanted to pay for provisions ourselves in the villages, say a rupee (sixteen annas) for half-a-dozen chickens, well, before it reached the right man it would be filtered down to four or perhaps two annas. In fact, the whole country seems hopeless. Yet, poor people, as they know no better, they are happy in their way, but to occidental eyes humanity in Cashmere is piteous to behold, and I am sure must spoil many a tourist's pleasure as it does mine, for there is want and suffering and degradation all round, and yet one is powerless to relieve it. Fortunately the Lord Sahib sees little of it, or his tender heart would be sorely tried: but there *it is*, in the high-ways and byways, for those who will go and look.

"3 P.M., boats being all ready, and weather comparatively fine, we embarked, and departed down the river and through the city. We did durbar, and this time I swelled the numbers. When well clear of the city the heir-apparent bid adieu, and we broke up, each one going to his own boat if he liked. About seven o'clock we all ran into the bank and assembled for dinner: the kitchen boat, pantry boat, Lord Sahib's boat, Lady Sahib's boat, dinner boat, all being drawn up together. Afterwards we proceeded farther down the river to the entrance to the Woollar Lake, where we stopped about midnight, but I was asleep. My bed and stead was simply lifted from my room into the boat, and other things in the same way, the whole covered with rush-matting—in fact a tent. The night was fine and clear,

and the full moon rose over the snowy mountains to perfection. Very different from November 14, 1854, Crimea. The immediate banks of the river were low, arid, and uninteresting for the most part, but in the season I believe they are green.

“*Friday, November 16th.*—Weighed after breakfast, and went on, following the course of the Jhelum, to Uri (twelve miles), the prettiest march we have had—Alpine scenery. Near camp a leopard was seen (or prepared) by the local Rajah, and when Bamfield and I passed the sportsmen were after it, but the animal weathered all their shots, so they came on to luncheon. Later on the Rajah arrived, having (*bonâ fide*) shot the leopard, which he brought with him. But he pointed to another bullet hole which he declared to be the Lord Sahib’s, and so, following the custom of the country, which gives the game to the first shot or hit, the leopard belonged to the Viceroy. However, one of the party being curiously inclined wished to examine where the bullet came out, and so, turning the animal over, they found, much to their amusement, a *round* bullet, and with it several *slugs* and the *wad* that rammed them home. Evidently the Rajah or his men had put the muzzle close to it, and made a hole for the purpose; on a former occasion the eager huntsmen, in their simplicity, credited his Excellency with shooting a hind, which, of course, he would not have and did not do, so anxious are they to give the Lord Sahib sport. Meanwhile I had been down to the river bank to examine my first twig bridge, and, finding it a warm spot, remained there to say my Office when the others went back. These bridges are curious things, consisting of three large ropes made of twigs, one to walk on, and one

for either hand on either side breast high to steady oneself with. The width was about 240 feet between the uprights, and the ends on our side were simply fastened to roots of trees. Every ten feet or so the ropes are kept in their proportionate places by V sticks to prevent them sagging too much. The whole thing swings about in the wind in a disagreeable manner on a cold day. Bamfield looked at it, and took a photo. St. John and I tried it, and then piped down. After a few yards we discovered rather suddenly that there was nothing to be gained, in fact, that we did not want to go over; but Alwyne Compton came down, and went over and back like an expert. He is a sailor's son. His father commanded the *Modeste* in the Mediterranean when I first went to sea, and Uncle Freddy had the *Scourge*. I see them both at Corfu now.

"*Saturday, November 17th.*—Marched to Chacoti (fourteen miles) up and down along the banks of the Jhelum. Nothing of much interest; indeed, we feel the interest of the trip is over, and are like boys going back to school.

"*November 21st.*—Crossed the Jhelum on the Kohala suspension bridge, and found ourselves on British territory once more."

The year 1884 opened sadly for Schomberg. If he was still spared the sacrifice that he must have so often faced, of Henrietta's death, the early part of the year brought him two great and unexpected trials in the deaths of his mother and soldier brother. On January 18 Lady Henry died after a short illness, and in the spring Francis was seized with diphtheria at Malta, and although he rallied from the disease itself, a relapse followed, and before his wife, who had

preceded him to England with the children, could return to him he died on May 30. The external circumstances of the two deaths were thus widely different—Lady Henry dying at Huntlyburn with her son and daughter by her bedside, and Francis in almost complete solitude at his official residence at Malta; but though so widely different, Schomberg was granted in both cases the consolation that he most desired, of knowing that, as far as it is permitted us to know, they had received from the Master they had so well served the grace of a holy and happy death, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, and with perfect resignation to God's will as to the time and place of His call. His mother's untiring charity and his brother's unhesitating devotion to all that came to him as duty, were not only special subjects of consolation to him, but were to be more markedly than ever the characteristics of his own life. Henrietta, who shared Schomberg's special trial of being absent from her mother's and brother's death-beds, wrote to him as often as she was able, and although growing gradually weaker and more suffering, continued to write at intervals during this mournful year.

On June 13 she wrote as follows about Francis' death:—

“S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

“June 13, 1884.

“DEAR SCHOMMY,—So the first break has been made in our compact ranks, and one of the six has finished his time of service in the Church militant. R.I.P. and *Deo Gratias*, too, for all the graces bestowed on our old Francis. I know you have had letters with all we know so far. I fancy we shall never know much of what he thought and suffered, which is a sacrifice to offer, but it

is great peace to think of his habit of calm acquiescence in God's will, and his fortitude in daily trials. I am sure you feel many things, a tighter clasping of our minds together, a firmer will to help each other on to God by prayer, till, as my girls sing—

“‘We stand in unbroken ranks
Upon the eternal shore.’

God by you. Your affectionate sister,

“H. KERR.”

(*Dictated by MOTHER KERR.*)

“S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,
“July 31, 1884.

“I often think of the loneliness you will feel on nearing England, and I have often cried at the idea of adding to it. Still I know this is foolish, for God can console for all, and you will, D.V., be happy at all He allows. It is still quite possible we may meet. I have prayed ever so much for you to-day, St. Ignatius. William says you are the only one of us that will reach mamma's years, so have a strong heart and prepare for many labours. God by you, old Schommy, and make you a great saint, is the prayer of—Soror tua,

“H. KERR.”

By September it seemed possible that Schomberg and she might meet again after all, but, as the following letters show, both brother and sister were entirely resigned to the other alternative, and raised their hopes and thoughts to a meeting in heaven:—

“S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,
“September 4th.

“Your letter of August 8 just come. The casual remark that you *may* be home at Christmas created no

small impression, for I *am* holding my ground, and Reverend Mother hung over my bed, with the tears in her eyes, saying that I still might see you. This is God's secret, and we will leave it peacefully in His hands."

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

"September 11, 1884.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—May has just sent me the slip from newspaper about Lord Dufferin's nomination. I am almost too pleased to realise it. It puts out *my* plans for me to live till January, but it looks as if Providence intended I should! Well, well, supposing after all we do meet. . . ."

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

"September 17th.

"MY DEAR SCHOMMY,—Your letter of August 18 has been of the greatest consolation to me. I had always felt that last meetings were a very doubtful consolation, and to know that you think the same gives me great peace. I owe you reparation for having thought it might be otherwise. Your words have the supernatural manly ring about them which always fits into my higher self. So now let us think no more of the matter, but leave it all to Providence, caring only for the A. M. D. G. part of it. I am much the same, and show no signs of a final break up. I believe, however, that in all probability a case like mine has no *last attack*, but ends suddenly. You sent me a famous budget; the episode of the woodcutter and his wife is delightful.—Soror tua,
H. KERR."

(*Dictated.*)

"S. C. J. M., ROEHAMPTON,

"October 2, 1884.

"Your letter of September 6 has just come. It is curious what you tell me of the previous night. I do not remember anything particular about it, but I value the Pater and Ave and litanies and the thought of your prayers for me at odd times. You are right about my weekly notes, it is impossible not to have the thought that each may be the last; however, my bulletin again to-day continues the same. Your preceding letter (August the 18th?) is continually in my thoughts, and has removed the only thing that troubled me.

"A meeting in heaven will be much brighter than here. I wish you would ask our blessed Lord that Reverend Mother shouldn't mind my dying. I think the idea is less trying to her than it was, still she has the tears in her eyes too often. You know what a friend she has been. Her own health is miserable, and I tell her she may die first. God by you, old Schommy.—Soror tua,
H. KERR."

November brought a still greater diminution of strength, and it was evident that the meeting would not now take place on earth. On the 13th Henrietta wrote this little note:—

"(In pencil), November 13, 1884.

"I have had another rather severe week, but am getting easier again, I think. I dreamt you came, but said it was more pain than pleasure to see my yellow, withered face. I am *quite* happy about our meeting

or not. Even if you do reach mamma's years, the time will soon be gone, and we shall scarcely recollect which died first. God by you, old Schommy.—Soror tua,

“H. K.”

And on the 20th she dictated her last words to the brother she had loved so well:—

“CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,

“ROEHAMPTON, S.W.

“S. C. J. M., *November 20, 1884, 8 P.M.*

“My last letter to you on Indian soil, and your last from me from this land of exile! I really think I am dying this time, and find my heart clinging to the hope of being safe with God to-morrow. I am held up by prayers on all sides, and in the early hours of the night comes your Mass and your memento of me at the Elevation, so you open the flood of graces on me each twenty-four hours of my struggle. God will reward you, and you too will always find grace and strength prepared beforehand for you.

“Your letter of October 28 has again made me happy about our not meeting, and this evening I am exulting, for I know now about Amy and Lord Ripon's kindness, and about your answer after my own heart. Would you thank Lord and Lady Ripon for me, and say I would not change your decision on any account.

“I was wondering what should be my last word to you on earth, and this verse occurred to me—

“*Expecta Dominum, viriliter age, et confortetur cor tuum et sustine Dominum.*”

On December 1 Henrietta's hope was realised; with all the blessings of the Church and “upheld by prayers on all sides” she gave back her soul to God.

We cannot lift the veil which Schomberg's silence has drawn over the intense suffering of these losses. He was strengthened and consoled, alone, by his constant deep resignation to God's holy will.

In January 1885 Lord Ripon's time of government came to an end, and Schomberg accompanied the viceregal party home to England.

At the close of this part of his career we must consider the result of his five years' work in India, and see how he was regarded by those best qualified to judge. The often quoted words "could we but see ourselves as others see us" are capable of a twofold interpretation. We have seen with what diffidence Schomberg entered upon his duties as viceregal chaplain, and Henrietta's letters show us that he often felt discouraged, and certainly always took the humblest view of his own work. It is only fair, therefore, that we should gather together the views expressed by others of him, and of the way in which he impressed them in regard to these very duties. After his death, among the many letters of sympathy received by his family there are special references to the time he spent in India, and to the love and respect with which he was regarded there. He who had the best right to speak says: "Of course I who knew him so well and owed him so much, loved him truly, but all who came within his reach were attracted to him, and I have seen many men, soldiers, civilians, and travellers, who have all spoken in terms of the highest praise of him and his work."¹

Two friends high in office thus write of Schomberg. "He seemed to me one of the most attractive and lovable characters I ever met in a man," says one;

¹ Lord Ripon.

"I have always held him in the greatest esteem, and this world can ill afford to lose such examples." And again the other: "To me Father Kerr was an impressive personality; in bearing and conversation he was wholesome and manly, with charming manners. His conduct as the chaplain of a Catholic Viceroy was prudent and circumspect to an extraordinary degree, and as I was a member of Lord Ripon's government during the whole of his Viceroyalty, I had special opportunities of observation in regard to matters ecclesiastical."¹

Two more intimate friends of Schomberg write in terms such as these: "I virtually lived in the same house with Father Kerr for over four years, and I must honestly confess I never was more impressed with any character I had to deal with in my life as his. He was so high-minded, so generous, and really so good, and the kindest and best friend imaginable. I must own Father Kerr fascinated me more than I can say, and I would have gone anywhere or done anything for him. When with him I always felt he was a superior being to the ordinary people one meets."² And again, "With Father Kerr was exemplified that it is not what a man says which carries the conviction of the higher, the spiritual life, being the ruling guide and power, but what he *does* and what he *lives*. He was not a great talker, and seldom talked on so-called religious subjects unless invited to do so. But it was impossible to be with him without feeling his own personal goodness; and he carried charity and piety with him. He was never a damper to healthy and wholesome conviviality and sociability, but his very presence ensured that both

¹ Sir Donald Stewart.

² Lord William Beresford.

these adjectives would be ensured, and at the same time would not be felt to be irksome.”¹

To sum up: “His self-denying life and tender helpfulness to others gave him an influence of a sort not too common among our countrymen abroad. . . . His position in the Viceroy’s household was an extremely delicate one, but before long all felt the charm of his absolute sincerity, his rare talents, and his goodness of heart.”²

¹ Captain Barrington Foote.

² Notice in the *Times* of September 30, 1895.

CHAPTER XIV

WORK IN ENGLAND

“Twilight and Tweed and Eildon Hill
Fair and too fair you be,
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me.”

—ANDREW LANG.

ON his return to England Schomberg went to the Jesuit house attached to Farm Street Church, and the following note written to Father Amherst gives us a glimpse of his feelings on returning home. The allusion to the Nile reminds us that it was at this time that General Gordon begged Schomberg to accompany him to Khartoum, an invitation which the latter, at the wish of his superiors, regretfully declined.

“MOUNT STREET, *January 29, 1885.*

“MY DEAR FATHER AMHERST, P.C.,—Your letter of welcome is next best to yourself, whom I wish I could greet face to face, but as far as I can make out I am not going north at present, but stay here. . . . I am right glad to return to common life again, though if I had had my way I would have been up the Nile by this. . . . William and Mary are both looking well, much as they were six years ago. . . . I say nothing about the dead, or rather the *living*. I feel that I have four more anchors in heaven, and I do not intend to let slip the

cables. . . . Thanks for N. D. de la Garde. I said my anniversary Mass there for mamma on 18th."

Schomberg was stationed at Farm Street until the following October, but during the summer he spent a short time with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Francis Kerr, at Huntlyburn and with his cousins at Abbotsford. This return home must have been full of sadness for him, but his great unselfishness made it a bright time for those who welcomed him, and for the next few years these little visits were repeated from time to time, renewing under different circumstances something of the old happy family gatherings.

In October Schomberg went to Manresa House, Rochester, to make his "tertianship," or third year, during which time he acted as socius to the Master of Novices, then Father John Morris.¹

As the tertianship is in fact a second noviceship, Schomberg had few dealings with the outer world during the months that it lasted, but it was during its course that he assisted a brother Jesuit in giving a mission in the Church of Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane, during which he laboured with his usual indefatigable zeal, and impressed the people with his earnestness, while of the edification which he gave to his fellow-priests, the rector of the church writes: "His unflinching adherence to the rule of life he started with us was our admiration, and his tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and his long hours of prayer before the Tabernacle from the Tribune near my bedroom,

¹ The tertianship is a third year of noviceship which all priests of the Society of Jesus go through before taking their last vows. Father Morris's absence, through illness, made a considerable difference in the ordinary "tertian" life for Schomberg, as he was for five months in charge of the novices, and preached the annual eight days' Retreat for the community.

which he thought no one knew of, won my deep heart's reverence for a truly spiritual man."

During the autumn of 1886 Schomberg was appointed to the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester; but before going there he made a short visit to Huntlyburn, and it was while there that he heard of his selection by the Holy See as the first Archbishop of Bombay. The news of this honour—the result no doubt of the self-sacrificing zeal, and of the tact and energy he had displayed as chaplain to the Viceroy in India—came as a great blow to him.

By his rule every Jesuit is bound to refuse ecclesiastical dignities, unless under a special order from the Pope. Schomberg's health, weakened by his illness and the climate of India, also rendered it doubtful from the first whether in ordinary prudence he could accept the position. His humility, therefore, had two powerful supports, and he set about with vigour to refuse the proposed dignity, always however with his will ready to accept it, should it prove to be God's will, indicated by the final decision of the Holy Father. "All I want is God's will," he wrote to his cousin, "*Fiat Voluntas Dei.*"

The medical opinions, however, and especially that of one who had witnessed the prostration produced on him by the hot weather in India, were quite decisive; it was considered impossible for him to return to India, and subsequently the Holy See appointed Archbishop Porter in his place.

Towards the end of 1877 circumstances rendered it necessary that Abbotsford should be let, and the Maxwell Scotts went for a time to Winchester. Schomberg took a special interest in this move to what he calls "my first school home, dear old Winchester," and often

adverted to old days in his letters to his cousin. "I pity your solitude," he writes on one occasion, "but there is no better place to enjoy it than Winchester, so full of thought and rest. I will send you the college roll of my day, and when talking to the warden and others, whose names you will see, please glean what you can, and mark the living and the dead. Dear old Barter, the great family friend, reigned in my day, and Moberley over Commons."

In April 1888 there were rumours of Schomberg's being sent to Bournemouth, and in reply to a letter he says, "If I had written when I would, I should have accused your reverend and venerable friend and yourself of being *gossips*, but now it is a fact. Bournemouth for ever. Pity me leaving this centre of life and action for that sleepy home. I view it as a preparation for death, though I know it will really give me plenty to do. Winchester will be then within measurable distance, and old naval haunts too. How history repeats itself—school and sea, &c., over again. My exact dates are not settled, but I am due there next week. Very busy. God's will be done. It is always best."

It was, no doubt, a wrench for Schomberg to leave Manchester, where the work resembled that in Glasgow, and was very congenial to him. He felt himself to be "a square man in a square hole," as he wrote in May 1887 (adding, "there are no Superior chairs vacant at present, D. G."), and he left his mark there, as elsewhere, in the hearts of the people. At Bournemouth, the scene of his last work in England, he did much, and his memory is still held in benediction. One now gone from us, and whose own good work for the Church and poor enabled her often to co-operate

in Schomberg's parish work, wrote the following reminiscences: ¹—

“The good that Father Henry Kerr did to the mission at Bournemouth was very great. He came to find it in a somewhat sad, disorganised state. A new Superior, already in declining health, had been appointed in November, and had died in March. Father Kerr arrived in May. With his wonderful gift for organisation and steady power of systematic work, he took things one by one and put everything into perfect order. Church, Presbytery, school, sodalities, &c., &c., all needed improving, reorganising, or setting afloat. He had the gift not only of working himself, but of making others work, of communicating to them some of his energy, zeal, and devotedness. It would have seemed too miserably unworthy to plead fatigue, worldly business, or pleasure as an excuse to one who thought of nothing but being about his Master's business with heart-whole devotedness and perfect forgetfulness of self. There was a strong, heroic element in Father Kerr's character which would have made its mark in life, no matter in what line, for strong convictions, strong purpose, are what tell, far beyond cleverness or learning, however great or deep. I remember on one occasion his speaking to the school children on the Feast of the Purification. He said that the Evangelist had recorded for us that holy Simeon was ‘a just *man*’; that it was a consolation to us to know this nowadays when the world was weak and womanish. Father Kerr's grand faith, as well as strength of character, always seemed to me to belong to another century. If St. Theresa had

¹ Baroness Pauline von Hügel.

known him, I think she would have seen in him one of those apostolic men whom her great heart, so passionate in its love for God's Church, used to pray for in burning words. It was a sight to see him work; *age quod agis* must surely have been one of his mottoes. It was he who introduced the devotion of the 'Quarant ore' into the mission; it had always previously been considered impracticable, in consequence of the invalided state of so many members of the congregation. He managed to fill every one with enthusiasm. No little detail for the more solemn veneration of the Blessed Sacrament was too small for his attention. And then, on the first day when the school children paid their visit to the church, he pointed to the Blessed Sacrament, and in the words of St. Catherine, kept saying, 'There He is, there He is, under the whiteness of bread.' It was always a fresh pleasure to hear Father Kerr intone the 'Credo' at High Mass, his whole heart seemed in the work. If it was a good sight to see him work, it was a still better to see him pray. After he had done all he reasonably could to ensure the success of any undertaking, he did not anxiously pursue the matter further, but head in hands would pray for it with all his soul. His two great devotions seem to have been the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady. He said to one who could not at the time understand the former devotion, 'It has done so very much for me since I learned to understand it.' His addresses to the promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer were excellent, though very simple and without any attempt at eloquence. Two of them struck me especially; one was, 'They shall go in and go out, and shall find pasture;' this he applied to the Sacred Heart, which we must go out of to work, and return to for prayer, never leaving it for long, always

faithfully returning to it, if our 'going out' for action was to do any real good. The other was on seemingly fruitless work. He dwelt much upon how the Sacred Heart was just as much honoured and pleased by the labours of St. James, who, tradition says, converted but one soul, as by those of St. Peter and St. Paul, who converted thousands. We must not wish to see results. Spain, the scene of St. James' unsuccessful labours, was afterwards to be the most Christian of lands, with its great religious founders and grand roll-call of canonised saints. Father Kerr loved Our Lady with the simplicity of a child; there was an image of the Blessed Mother and Child in the Presbytery, of which he said one day, 'I *love* it; I always long to kiss it.' But this simplicity of a true, strong nature was about all his spirituality; to love his Master, to work for Him, and to die to self more and more, that was what it all came to, and for this no high-sounding words or elaborate system were needed. And so it was that there remained something very fresh and boyish about Father Kerr, which made it very delightful to give him pleasure because he could be *so* pleased. 'Oh,' I remember his exclaiming to one of the Fathers on one occasion, 'look what I've got here,' and with the glee of a schoolboy he held up £5 which had been sent him for the Church Building Fund. On the eve of a feast, if the decoration of the altar particularly pleased him, he would say to the Sacristan, 'Let's go to this part of the Church, or that, I think it looks best from there.'

"On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Bournemouth he, like many other loyal citizens, took care to have house and garden decorated with flags. I found him viewing the show of the Presbytery, that seemed to me very pretty, rather disconsolately. 'It

looks very nice,' I said. 'Ah, you may think so,' he said ruefully, 'but you don't know about flags as I do. They are not correct; I think they must have hired us the bottom of their bagful.'

"Father Kerr would always allow those who worked for, or with him, the length of their tether, as it were. There was in him the absence of suspiciousness, or of 'nagging,' of a strong nature that felt conscious of having the reins well in hand, so that his horses could be pulled up whenever he required to do so; hence he could afford to let people go on unchecked. On one occasion, during his absence, I had thoughtlessly started something that on his return I realised very uncomfortably ought to have waited for his advice and approval, and which for want of it could have done mischief. He never once reproached me, but when fully sensible of how rashly I had acted, and how easily he might, had he been less generous, have grievously misunderstood me, I begged his pardon, saying, 'I never meant to outdo you during your absence.' His hearty 'I know that,' had the ring of perfect trust and conviction in it. On one occasion he thought some one was trying to elude his authority: he said merely these few decisive words: 'I'm captain of the ship, *and I intend to be.*' That he should be zealous and devoted shows the action of grace in such a character less perhaps than that he could often and often be very gentle. On one occasion an angry servant forgot herself, and said things to him for which most masters would have ordered her out of the room. He listened patiently for some time, and then quietly left the room himself, saying, 'Well, well, God bless you, my child.' In a few hours the servant was back in that room again, penitent and tearful at having so spoken to so kind a

master. 'So and so must be treated very gently, she is susceptible,' or again, 'Be careful how you speak to —, he is so sensitive,' I remember his saying, much to my edification.

"Père de Ravignan's words on allowing nothing to nature, and thus finding time for prayer even in the most busy life, must have been familiar to Father Kerr. During those years of his life at Bournemouth, I don't think one of us could have said we ever saw him prolong a visit unnecessarily because the conversation was agreeable, or give in to the hundred and one little seductions of nature that make one lose one's time. Each member of the congregation could feel 'he cares for me and my eternal good,' and yet he had no particular friendships. One felt that he had put away *self*, and even the fine disguises under which a glorified self is apt to lurk. No one could have loved his mission or the Society more than he did, but this never seemed to cramp his sympathies or breadth of views. A.M.D.G. did not mean Bournemouth, or even the Society, to him. He was delighted, for instance, to make promoters, and take time and trouble in forming them, though he knew well they were leaving not to return. 'It's such a good thing,' he would say, 'this being a shifting congregation, the devotion to the Sacred Heart will be carried to other places like a good seed.' He seemed as pleased if any other mission, or any other religious order, got on or prospered as if it had been his own; one felt that the best love of his heart was given to God and to the Catholic Church, the rest was but means to an end. On one occasion only did I see his soul slightly unveiled, as it were. He was speaking about a Retreat, and suddenly he began to walk about the room with an unwonted light on his face, and he said,

‘Oh, is it not beautiful—does one not feel God so wonderfully near at such times!’ His greatest wish seemed to be to keep his personality out of sight. He used to take the greatest pains every year to provide a happy day for his Children of Mary—no trouble seemed too great. But if we expressed any gratitude to him for it, he always managed to turn the conversation. So too after he left Bournemouth, it was thought he might well return for the 8th of December, to enrol for the last time some members into that Sodality which he had made so flourishing; but he wrote ‘No’—that the quicker the ties that had bound him to Bournemouth and he was forgotten, the better it would be, though nothing would give him greater pleasure than if he could hear, in a few years’ time, that Our Lady’s Sodality and the Apostleship of Prayer had increased, and were doing well. He left Bournemouth without bidding any one good-bye. Very early one morning a member of the congregation happened to enter the church alone and noiselessly. There was some one there already. In the dim light, lying prostrate before the picture of the Sacred Heart, was Father Kerr—that picture which he had caused to be painted, and had loved so well, and which is now very dear to his children. It was no doubt there that he was saying his ‘*Sume Domine*’¹ for himself, and there bidding his flock good-bye by placing himself and them in that loving heart for ever. An hour or two later he was gone never to return, knowing, as he wrote to a friend, that ‘the cross was before him, but that he went in peace and confidence in answer to the will of God, made known to him through holy obedience.’ To the same friend he wrote, ‘It is well at

¹ St. Ignatius’ Prayer.

last really to feel one's vow of poverty, the anxiety about money, and the want of it. My new mission is no-man's child, and so can claim the help of none.' He also wrote pleading for prayers, and a monthly remembrance in the Apostleship of Prayer; intentions, not for himself, but for that poor no-man's child, his foreign mission. The remembrance of Father Kerr will always be precious to those who knew him—the remembrance of a heroic character that had given its beauty and its strength entirely to God."

Some words which seem to echo these just given find their place here. Father Delany, Schomberg's friend of Roman days, went to visit him at Bournemouth, and after the interval of twenty years which had passed since their last meeting found him little altered. "I saw little change in him," he writes, "beyond that of his outward appearance. There was still the stamp of the soldier on him—the earnestness, the directness, the simplicity, the firmness of resolve and promptness of action that are the characteristics of the good soldier—and perhaps still more of the good sailor—were plainly visible in the Jesuit, making him all the better representative of his soldier founder, Ignatius."

If we were to select any special object among the many in which Schomberg was interested at Bournemouth, it would be the Convalescent Home of St. Joseph. He devoted himself with the tenderest charity to the needs of the patients, spiritual and temporal, and very many had reason to bless God that they had come under his care.

By the Superioress and community he was deeply loved and venerated, and after he left Bournemouth he continued to take the keenest interest in the work, and as he wrote to Reverend Mother, he "made a

daily memento in his Mass for 'St. Joseph' and its inmates."

And now we come to the moment when Schomberg was to be called away from friends and country to devote himself to the foreign missions, and so to realise, in so far as was granted to him, his and Henrietta's old cherished dreams. He had often offered himself for missionary work, but the call came unexpectedly in the end. On December 1, Henrietta's anniversary, he received a letter from the Father General appointing him Superior of the Zambesi Mission,¹ and with his usual prompt and whole-hearted obedience he left Bournemouth two days later to begin his preparations for his new labours. Although Schomberg accepted willingly and gladly his new charge, looking upon it as God's will for him, we must not suppose that he did not also keenly feel the trial of leaving his own country. He expressed himself in these terms in writing to a friend: "We should welcome the particular cross that is given to us. To each it is sent in a different way. Things were too smooth for me at Bournemouth; it required a great effort to keep up to the mark. It is better to have a great trial, and then the consolation of God which always comes to support us in the trial." The allusion to things being "too smooth" for him at Bournemouth, reminds us that he used to speak of his

¹ If Schomberg had always longed to devote himself to missionary work, it was as a simple missionary that he had hoped to be called, and there is no doubt that the dignity and responsibility of the post to which he was now appointed came as a heavy trial to him. In the Zambesi Mission itself he had a special interest, as the scene of the self-sacrificing labours of his great friend Father Weld, who had devoted the last years of his life to the development of that mission. However, as he would have told us himself, likes or dislikes mattered little, the call of obedience represented to him God's will—the *unum necessarium*.

mission as a "fancy craft," but any one who knew him was aware that the command was no sinecure, and his health was far from good during these years. Although he did his best to conceal it from those about him, we know that during a greater part of the time he never said the late Mass without paying the penalty of severe sickness; and he passed constantly almost sleepless nights, at the best he looked upon five hours' sleep as an exceptionally good night. Nothing, however, interfered with his cheerful, unremitting work, and if one spoke of health to him, he would playfully rejoin that he generally felt best when he looked worst, and *vice versâ*. After leaving Bournemouth he spent some three months in preparations for his journey to South Africa. The poverty of this new mission was very great—the expenses of an expedition up country in those days immense—and it became Schomberg's duty, and perhaps to one of his temperament it was the hardest he ever encountered, to beg sufficient funds for the purpose.

He spent most of the interval in Farm Street, but also made farewell visits to Scotland, and to some of his relations and friends. He had naturally a great reluctance to say good-bye, and although we now know that he felt strongly that he would never return, he made as light of these leave-takings as possible for the sake of others, and often managed to elude any formal good-byes.

He left England on March 4 for the Cape. True to his love of poverty and mortification, he had purposely taken his passage by one of the intermediate boats of the Castle line, which seemed to depend more on cargo than passengers, for on reaching Tilbury at what he had been told was the time for departure, he found that the

Warwick Castle had gone in the early morning to Flushing, and that the passengers were expected to join her by crossing in the night boat for Queenborough. "This, however," writes Father William, who was with him, "gave the brothers a long day together, and I shall never forget the parting at the close of it, when Schomberg, in his humility, knelt down in a corner of the cold, dreary custom-house shed to make his confession and receive absolution from me before the midnight train arrived." We can well guess how his brother's presence had cheered and lightened Schomberg's last hours in England, and as we think of the parting, Barbour's words come back to us, for certainly it was "with oft blissing and regrat both" that the brothers separated, "for it is a full noyus thing, of dere frindis. the departying." From Flushing Schomberg sent a short note to his brother, in which he says that he thinks their day together must have been obtained by Henrietta's prayers.

During the voyage he kept the following journal for his family:—

"FOR MARY, MAMO, AND MAY.¹

"*Wednesday, March 4, 1891.*—Said good-bye to William on Queenboro' Pier, and embarked on the Dutch packet for Flushing—a fine steamer, and fair weather. Landing about 6.30, and leaving my things at a small café-hotel, went by the 'penny steamer' to the town. There I saw a fair number hurrying to a church hard by, and going in I found Mass prepared. After half-an-hour I said Mass. The Sacristan then beckoned me into the house, and I joined the parish priest at his

¹ Schomberg's sister, cousin, and sister-in-law.

Chota Haziri, who was chatty enough. I got back to the port by the penny steamer, and found the *Warwick Castle* had come inside. The wind was fresh and cold from the north-west; arranged my passage, and got my light gear on board. About 2.30 we made a move in the ship to the dock gates, where we had to wait the tide, and it was six o'clock before we were well out and on our way down channel, with a stiff breeze ahead. It soon came on thick, and, passing the *Wanderer* lightship, we heard its fog-bell before we saw the light. Presently it got thicker still, and what with steam whistles, bells, lights, and the rest, the situation was very mixed, and so the skipper prudently dropped an anchor. After three hours we weighed again and proceeded.

"*Friday, 6th.*—Noon, abreast of Beachy Head; six, off Bournemouth.

"*Saturday, 7th.*—I was naturally very anxious to say Mass yesterday and to-day, and I succeeded, which was more than I had a right to expect. The wind was strong, and the ship not quite steady, but I judged it practicable, and it happily proved so. But portable altars are not made for shipboard. I was alone *sine ministro*.

"*Sunday, 8th.*—Most disappointing. Not discovered a Catholic yet. Steward and stewardess report none. I make up to the steerage passengers, but with no better result, and as for the seamen and firemen, they were only shipped yesterday, and nobody knows anything of them. Amongst them, however, there must be some. Time, I hope, will discover them. I resolved to say Mass in my cabin as before. 7 P.M., off Cape Finisterre; crossed the Bay of Biscay therefore in thirty-four hours, an average of twelve knots. We have been very for-

tunate in escaping with so little fog, wind, and sea, though the weather has not been 'God's best.'

"*Monday, 9th.*—I spoke too quickly yesterday. Neptune has not let us escape after all. To-day we have had a regular sou'wester in our teeth. But the ship has behaved very well, though the decks have been washed down fore and aft. However, I said Mass this morning very comfortably before the worst came on. Passengers are looking very miserable to-day. There is hardly a dry spot for them.

"*Tuesday, 10th.*—The weather is still dirty, but the wind fairer. I got through Mass with difficulty, but there was no danger of accident I hope. Experience helps one's judgment as well as arrangements; but special Providence and ministry of angels is necessary, and this I pray for and rely on. I am much pleased with the ship; she is an excellent sea-boat, and I believe the best in the line. 'Why,' said an old salt to me just now, 'if my "last one" had been in that weather yesterday you couldn't have stood up, she'd have pitched you about nowhere.' I have not discovered myself, and I find it more satisfactory not to do so, and so I pass as some poor landsman Devil-catcher! At times I am rather hard pressed. 'You don't seem to suffer at all!' says one; and another just now, 'This isn't the first time you've been to sea!' 'Oh no, I've made several passages before—was once in India, and came home round the Cape!' My great catch to-day, however, is discovering my first Catholic on board, a seaman, Richard Conn. He is an old sailor of good sort. This little meeting St. Francis Xavier considers enough for one day.

"*Wednesday, 11th.*—After writing last night I went on deck, and found it raining, and as dark as pitch, but this morning all was changed. Before daylight we had

picked up the N.E. trade, a gentle breeze, blue sky, and blue sea, so to-day the weather is fine and tropical, and the ship and passengers brighter. It reminds me of old times when I first met the trades in the *Indus*, and afterwards in the *Phaeton*.

“To-morrow is the great day, the 12th,¹ and we (S.J.) all say Mass *pro societate*, to which I add ‘all intentions.’ I thought I might have said it on shore, but we are a full day late, and cannot reach Las Palmas till to-morrow morning. I look upon daily Mass as fairly certain now, as far as weather is concerned, but I shall esteem it a great privilege not to miss. The steerage passengers have been sent to the fore-castle now the fine weather has set in, and I miss some interesting family groups and children. It is sad to be idle among so many. We have to post to-night. If this reaches, you will know that we have reached the ‘Gran Canaria’ all well. Capetown, alas, not till Holy Saturday. A silent Holy Week. *Oremus pro invicem*.

“*Friday, March 13th.*—For three hours only we cast anchor off ‘Las Palmas,’ great Canary Isle, about nine o’clock yesterday morning. The island is large, with green valleys and mountains, but the town and port reminded me much of the Isles in the Grecian Archipelago, and when I landed my opinion was confirmed. In many respects I was carried back to Malta. The people are Catholics, and the houses and stores all flat-roofed, and the ways and manners generally very Maltese like. Quite a place of the old world—unchanged and unspoilt. The women were gathered round the wells with their pitchers, and washing clothes in the bed of

¹ The last day of the annual Novena, or nine days’ prayer, in honour of St. Francis Xavier, which had begun on March 4, the day Schomburg left England.

the stream which divided the town; and as I paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral, boys quickly gathered round and chattered and played on the altar steps waiting a copper, as lifting the veil over the altar they disclosed for my admiration a somewhat grotesque Spanish Madonna. When called to order, they tried a little prayer, and then settled down again to wait my devotions. There was no malice, and I thought what a home to them God's house was (I fancy an Englishman on his knees was quite sufficient excuse for a little merriment). Evidently a fête was just over. There was an immense erection in the body of the building, and a general 'putting away' was going on. The Cathedral was a fine Renaissance specimen, and I believe it has treasures, but I saw them not. Noon is an impossible time, and I had to double on board. We passed two or three little chapels, but I did not see any other large church. A few years ago the place was *quite* untouched, but now some English are trying 'to run' the port and the place. Already it has become a place of call for steamers, and the new hotel had ninety within its walls. A steam tram, of all horrors, too, invades the town and ousts the mule and go-cart. Pulling off to the ship, the boatmen discovered I was a Padre—blessed themselves, pulling out their Rosaries and crosses which hung round their necks. Simple folk, may their faith and piety stand the shocks in store for them!

"*Thursday, St. Joseph, March 19th.*—I must wish you all a happy Feast, and scribble a few lines in honour of my patron. We had no celebration in public, but I have said Mass as usual. However, St. Joseph has manifested himself in many silent and kind ways of late, and I am sure too he has done the same *apud*

vos, so, D.G., L.D.S. This evening I hope to have a little meeting to celebrate the day. It is somehow being kept a sort of gala day on board, though they know not why!

“For the last week, and it is just a week since we left Las Palmas, we have steamed on very uninterruptedly, and have been fortunate—kept the N.E. trades to within a couple of days of the Equator, which we crossed this morning at one o’clock, and now it seems as if we had picked up the S.E. trades, which are cooling. The weather is beautiful, but decidedly warm, and uncommonly like Red Sea weather, and it stands to reason we must have a hot bit somewhere. The sun, too, is just now crossing the line, so theoretically this is our hottest day. All I can say is the heat seems very natural to me, and reminds me of old times. People don’t think much of ‘Dr. Jaeger’s’ system, or any other but ‘the lightest’ and ‘thinnest.’ The children are all running about in bare feet. I have had an anxious time with one man passenger (consumptive); sea-sickness quite knocked him up, and it fell to my lot to look after him a bit, body and soul. I was rather puzzled, and had to calculate the chances of death, and also of his rising to the Catholic faith. He is a good fellow, and lately married, and now sent out by a Protestant Society, or some lady. For some nights I visited him and made acts as he kissed my cross. Now St. Joseph has given him a good turn, and so my ministrations are over—which, perhaps, is the best solution. The journey gets longer as we go. We may get in Holy Saturday, if we have good luck and no head winds. To-night the minstrels are to perform in honour of the Feast.

(Signed) “H. S. JOSEPH KERR.”

"*Tuesday, March 24th.*—I did not get far enough on St. Joseph's to tell you of my second Sunday on board, and now a third has passed by and I have great good news to give. On leaving Las Palmas, I dived deep into the mysteries of the fore-castle, and discovered four disciples, one A.B., one fireman, the engine-room store-keeper, and the donkeyman. Then the stewardess informed me that there was 'a lady' forward who belonged to me. Black, but beautiful, and so she proved, for she is an ayah from the Mauritius; but with so much quiet dignity and grace of soul, that she is by far the most respected among the steerage passengers. Well, on Passion Sunday we had Mass in a little room on deck at nine, and all five came, and again we met at 10.30, when the captain read 'Dearly beloved' in the saloon. In due course I proposed Easter duties, and to my surprise all five showed great readiness, although I knew some had missed for years. In my loss to account for this fair promise, I immediately thought of the many prayers at home for a blessing on the voyage, and thanked the Lord. We met three times during the week for Instruction, to which all came most faithfully, and then followed Saturday evening Confessions. So all prospered well for Palm Sunday morning, but now came the difficulty. The A.B. had the middle and forenoon watch, the fireman the middle also, and the other two (daymen) were due at work at six. It seemed almost hopeless to get a time for all. Hardly fair to expect those who watched from twelve to four to stay up for an early Mass: besides, the fireman said he couldn't stand four hours' stokehole without a drink! However, the donkeyman, who was a power, said he must get a chum to stoke for him—even if it cost him a sovereign—it was worth

it. And so, finally, Mass was arranged for five o'clock in the ladies' saloon. The A.B. who came off watch at four called me in good time. (He had to go on watch again at eight.) At five all was ready, five hosts prepared and five came. The ship was a little lively, but there was no danger and all went well. I hadn't a server, but the A.B. could put in *et cum spiritu tuo* and an 'Amen' now and again; and the old donkeyman read the Passion with characteristic blunt earnestness. The Communion came, and by the dim candle-light all received their Lord, who, I think, must have been pleased with their efforts. After Mass we said a few prayers together, and then the daymen had to hurry off to their work, and the others, I hope, got forty winks. We met again on deck at 10.30 for a talk on 'Palm Sunday' and the 'Passion,' and in the evening for the Rosary. Half-a-dozen Rosaries that a certain person sent me 'to bless' at the last moment came in very handy. I served them out. The sixth fell to the lot of an Austrian Slav, who came on board in a surreptitious sort of way at Las Palmas, and is working his passage as a steerage steward. During Mass the Mauritian ayah disappeared for a space, it seems in quest of him. He was forced to work at five, and so got up at four, to do an hour's work and so gain time, and be free from five to six. Needless to remark, Mrs. Weble brought him back in tow. He is a good fellow, though a regular tramp. Leaving his home he went to America, then to Buenos Ayres, then to Las Palmas (where he got sick), now he is going to try his luck as a mechanic at the Cape. Saying the beads, I told my crew that the only way I could account for the graces of the day, was that they were due to the

prayers of many at home, for whom they were now to pray. I finished the day by establishing the 'Living Rosary' for Holy Week, and enrolling the donkeyman in the 'Apostleship of Prayer.' He said he felt twenty years younger.

"*Holy Saturday morning, March 28th.*—All Hail to the 'three Marys,' their kith and their kin. Alleluia and a happy Easter. I have been trying to think of their respective Holy Weeks, Gillingham and Brandsby for sure, and if Huntlyburn was absent, she was probably at the latter or in town. I hope Bournemouth has done well, and I feel sure they have. We have got on better than I expected. We had meetings most evenings, and yesterday a morning service, and all have shown equal readiness to keep up their fervour. L.D.S.

"Good Friday was kept as a Sunday on board, and the last fatted calf was duly slain the previous evening, by way of Paschal Lamb, I suppose. However, I must give the ship's crew credit; the day passed off very quietly, and the captain read a service, which was well attended. I heard that they did not generally have 'Divine Service,' and so I was preparing to have a number at a Passion sermon. As it happened, my little flock were left alone. In the evening Mrs. Weble brought four or five men to *Mater desolata*, and afterwards I invited discussion, and had to listen to the stock objections—the Bible, the One Mediator, and the rest. Amen.

"I have got through Abbé Fouard¹ pretty steadily, and it is certainly helpful for scientific minds. Of course, like all such works, it is very unequal, some parts are much better done than others. He certainly fills in the picture now and again very well, and makes the reader realise the state of things our Lord had to contend with, especially the ever-increasing hatred of the Pharisees.

¹ "Life of our Lord," by Abbé Fouard.

He gives one thought regarding the 'beloved disciple' that I entirely approve of, namely, that it was his passionate ardour and soul of fire that gained him pre-eminence with the Sacred Heart—not mere timid tenderness. In other words, the Eagle, not the Dove. On the other hand, the author is too silent about our Lady at the Cross. Now Easter has come, I must go and read the last chapter on the Resurrection, and in the evening finish these notes by the way. Alleluia.

"*Holy Saturday*, 9 P.M.—We are within a few miles, I hear, of Robbin Island light on bow, Table Mountain ahead, Twelve Apostles, Lions' Head, Devil's Neck, and other familiar Capetown prominences. Apparently this is our proper time for arriving, and we certainly have had a most successful passage. Ever since crossing the line we have had most charming weather, a nice breeze ahead, and so the heat was reduced to a minimum, and now folk are putting on their big coats again. We have four or five young men for the Mounted Police, and two mature young ladies under the stewardess's charge. Also, among others, a German medical man, a strong hypnotist, who tells interesting stories of his craft, says none can resist him, cured a girl of sea-sickness thereby on board, but only temporarily. Very anxious to try his hand on me, but two things are necessary for this. First, that I am morally certain of the actor's trustworthiness; second, that there is sufficient reason. Neither of which are present. If they were, and I was alone, I should be inclined to try. No doubt it is a most dangerous power, and liable to great abuse, though in the hands of proper people possibly useful. The professor calmly admits that the one acted on must commit murder, or anything else he is told to do. My sick man is still doing well, and seems perfectly happy at heart, and so I leave him. This voyage has con-

vinced me more than ever of the dangers on board for young people of the emigrant class especially, and others too. So much so, that the chances of their being spoilt, &c., &c., would be quite a matter of consideration in settling to go. It crossed my mind to take a boy like Charles with me. Happily it never came off. 'Chaperons' are little or no good. I would only trust an anxious parent, and not always even her. To me the passage has been pleasant and useful, and certainly much blessed. To-morrow morning I have arranged to say my Easter Mass of Thanksgiving at 5 A.M. High Mass at the Cathedral!!

"*St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown, Lady Day.*—Capetown went off excellently well. We stayed till last Wednesday afternoon. High Mass was grand. Bishop and clergy hearty. Made many acquaintances. Got a rare tossing coming round the Cape, pitching and rolling for twelve hours, till nearly every one was sick. Landed at Algoa Bay on first Friday. Reached here 7.30 Saturday night amid much cheering. Duly 'announced' at dinner to-day. Place small and quiet, but rather promising. Salaamed Bishop yesterday. Henrietta's life much known in Cape Colony, which, of course, is 'one' for Schomberg. Uncle Mark's name well remembered here, hat and stirrups, &c.

"This afternoon I must go and see dear Father Weld's grave. They say the parting scene between him and Father Murphy was most touching. R.I.P. . . . What severe weather you have been having again. The Prefect has just been for leave to commence winter order! Sounds odd. I seem to have had plenty of it, but I believe there is not very much difference between the seasons. Please don't weary praying for me. Much light required. God bless you all three."

CHAPTER XV

ZAMBESI¹

“For martyrdom does not consist only in the shedding of blood, but also in serving God the Lord with an irreproachable and fervent spirit.”—ST. JEROME.

BEFORE we follow Schomberg to the scene of his last labours, it will be well to cast a glance over the history of the very interesting missions of the Zambesi, a history which, in the early annals of the Society of Jesus, is closely connected with the saintly Father Silveira, who in the sixteenth century visited the country which lies between the Limpopo and the Zambesi Rivers, then known as Monomotàpa. Very beautiful is the story of Father Silveira's mission to the King of Monomotàpa, a mission sealed with his blood on March 15, 1561. After the holy missionary's death, a well-authenticated tradition lingered for many years among the natives, to the effect that the body had been miraculously preserved on an island of the Zambesi River. The Jesuit Missions, which were still in existence at the commencement of the seventeenth century at Sena, Tete, and the mouth of the Zambesi, are further links between the labours of Father Silveira and the present work of his brothers in religion, which was begun twenty-five years ago. In 1875 Dr. Ricards, who had lately succeeded

¹ For the following facts regarding the Zambesi Mission we are indebted to the interesting articles in the *Zambesi Record* (November 1898; May 1899; July 1899; January 1900), from which also the map is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor.

Dr. Moran as Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of Cape Colony, made a journey to Europe to secure more priests for his large diocese. He was successful, and obtained from the then General of the Society of Jesus—Father Beckx—eight Jesuits, of whom five were priests and three lay brothers. Two secular priests and some nuns also joined the Bishop, who, with his band of fellow-labourers, landed at Port Elizabeth in October 1875. The Bishop was now enabled to realise a wish dear to his heart, by handing over St. Aidan's College at Grahamstown to the Society. This he considered to be the first step towards the future evangelisation of the interior of the country, by forming the basis of a great missionary system, and of this he had specially spoken to Father Beckx in seeking for his co-operation. The college was opened under the care of Fathers Bridge, Law, and Lea, S.J.

In 1877 Cardinal Franchi, then Prefect of Propaganda, cordially approved of the project of establishing missions north of the Limpopo River and throughout the basin of the Zambesi, and he promised to establish the Apostolic Prefecture as soon as the Father General had made the necessary arrangements. It was not until the end of the year that the General was able to complete these. He then recalled Father Depelchin, a Belgian Jesuit, who had been for eighteen years in India, and made him Superior of the new Zambesi Mission. The year 1878 was spent by Father Depelchin in Europe in collecting a band of missionaries and the necessary funds. He met with generous answers to his appeal in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and England, and innumerable volunteers from the ranks of the Society desired to join him. Eleven of these were chosen—six priests and five lay brothers. Among

them were three Belgians, Father Cronenberghs, and Brothers de Sadleir and de Wylde; three Germans, Fathers Teröde and Fuchs, and Brother Nigg; two Italians, Father Blanca and Brother Paravacini; and two English, Father Law, already stationed at Grahams-town, and Brother Nigg. By March 1879, Father Depelchin and his band of devoted workers had joined Father Law at St. Aidan's College, and by April everything was ready for the journey up country. The limits of the new Mission or Apostolic Prefecture had been definitely settled at the audience which Father Depelchin had with Pope Leo XIII. in December 1878, and they were fixed by the Rescript of the Congregation of Propaganda, dated February 7, 1879. These limits are to the north, the 10th parallel of south latitude; to the south the Limpopo or Crocodile River; to the east the Portuguese possessions on the east coast; and to the west the 22nd meridian of east longitude. The mission comprises the immense area of about 250,000 English miles. Let us glance at the nature of the country, and at the various races of mankind who inhabit it. As we have said, the country between the Limpopo and Zambesi Rivers forms the chief scene of the labours of the Jesuit missionaries up to the present time, but their work extends also far into the country beyond. The general aspect of the country is thus agreeably described by a writer in the *Zambesi Record*:—

“The traveller who reaches the Limpopo from the south-west at first ascends by slow stages the vast sandy plains of the Kalahari Desert by almost imperceptible undulations of country, but when he has passed Mangwe, about lat. 21 S., long. 28 E., the aspect of the scene around him changes. He finds himself in the midst of mountains, and strangely piled-up rocks sur-

round him on all sides. Each valley has its stream, and the rich verdure that clothes the banks stretches upwards until it reaches the granite cliff above. Large trees with graceful and brilliant foliage overshadow these ravines. The whole space between the two rivers is occupied by a series of granite plateaux, whose mean elevation scarcely exceeds 3600 feet. Their direction is from south-west to north-east. The watershed of this region is the broken-up and disjointed chain of the Matopo Hills, and from this elevation the rivers flow north to the Zambesi and south to the Limpopo. . . . The traveller, on emerging from the mountainous district we have just described, finds himself in the midst of an open country and surrounded by kraals well supplied with cattle, cultivated fields, enclosures, and a healthy population. This is Matabeleland, and compared with the region south of it, may be likened to Canaan after the wilderness. Continuing his journey to the north coast, and still keeping upon the plateaux, which begin here to slope off to the Zambesi, the traveller reaches Mashonaland, the fairest and perhaps also the richest country in South Africa. The vegetation in the valley of the Zambesi is so dense that waggon roads are almost impracticable, and the forest abounds in elephants and all manner of large game. . . . Two mountains prolong the plateau towards the east. The most northerly of these is Mount Doe, which, from a height of 7200 feet, overlooks Manica. The more southerly of the two prolongations of the central plateau is called Outabi, and it is situated where the Sabi makes a sudden bend to the north." Such, in brief, is the description of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and the inhabitants are of many races. Besides the Dutch and European population, there are a great variety of blacks. Hottentots,

and a few Bushmen, are to be found in the south, but except these the tribes of South Central Africa all belong to what is called the Bantu race.¹ These tribes speak a common language, and have woolly hair like that of the negro, although they do not otherwise resemble him.

The Kafirs and Bechuanas both belong to the Bantu race, of whom the Zulu Kafirs are the most warlike, as the most peaceful are the Mashonas, and to these we must add many lesser tribes. Among these peoples, the Bushmen, the probable survivors of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Cape, have a special interest. They have ever refused to be enslaved, and in their search for freedom have gone farther and farther into the interior, and although extremely low in the scale of humanity, they believe in a future life, and have a proverb that "Death is only sleep." In Manica some traces of the early Spanish missions remain. A Portuguese gentleman related to one of the Fathers that when he asked some natives to assist him to explore the gold mines in that district, they said, "Yes, but we must have Missa first." They then knelt down before a tree and went through some form of prayer, and this was supposed to be a remnant of the tradition which had come down to them of assisting at Mass before starting on an expedition. Another traveller said that he had himself heard the natives use the words, "Ave Maria," though probably with no knowledge of their meaning. At Zumbo, which is situated on the Zambesi River, and near the mouth of the Loangwa, Livingstone found the remains of an ancient Catholic Mission, which he thus beautifully describes: "The chapel, near which lies a broken church bell, commands a glorious view of the

¹ Bantu, "men" or "sons of men."

two noble rivers, the green fields, the undulating forest, the pleasant hills, and the magnificent mountains in the distance. It is an utter ruin now, and desolation broods around; . . . one can scarcely look without feelings of sadness on the utter desolation of a place where men have met to worship the Supreme Being, or have united in uttering the magnificent words, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,' and remember that the natives of this part know nothing of His religion, not even His name."¹ No wonder that Father Weld, to whom the new Zambesi Mission was to owe so much, should write of this country that, "The vision of what once was, and still more of what might have been, is a powerful incentive to foster the seed that still remains, to plant again what has been uprooted, to rebuild the ruined walls of the church, and cause that bell again to send forth its summons to prayer, the echoes of which still seem to be floating in the atmosphere."

We cannot here follow the travels of the first pioneers of the mission, headed by Father Depelechin, nor indeed do their experiences differ greatly from Schomberg's own first expedition up country, which was made in the very early days of the train system; nor can we linger over the great work done by Father Weld, Father Law—whose life in its chief lines was in so many ways like Schomberg's—and the many other noble lives spent on the mission and sacrificed for it. Such sacrifices, like the blood of the martyrs, ever bring a blessing, and much, we feel, may be hoped for in the future, from this seed of holy lives and heroic deaths in South Africa. When Schomberg reached South Africa Father A. Daignault was acting as Superior of the mission, but from the moment of the new Superior's arrival he

¹ "Zambesi and its Tributaries," p. 203.

devoted himself to his assistance with all the light of his long experience and the zeal of the most disinterested friendship.

The work under Schomberg's care when he took up his charge was to be twofold: the college and mission work in Cape Colony, and the Zambesi Mission proper—and it was to the former that he first devoted his attention. As regards the latter, he reached South Africa at a moment when a long series of misfortunes had reduced the missions almost to nothing, but his arrival coincided with the development of the Chartered Company, and the opportunity afforded to the missionaries of accompanying the Pioneer Expedition into Mashonaland, was to be, providentially, the means of enabling them to make the permanent establishments at Salisbury, Victoria, and the other stations, whose names are now familiar to us. "This expedition," writes a friend of Schomberg's, "and the good services of the nuns, gave them a start, and Father Kerr was just the man to please the governing authorities. . . . Father Kerr's own prudence and zeal gave the work a good start, so that ever since the missionaries have stood well with the administration and settlers alike, absolutely necessary conditions for any stable work. It was the impossibility of having anything secure under Matabele domination that had ruined all previous efforts."

Schomberg's voyage, as we have seen, was prosperous. Writing to an intimate friend from St. Aidan's soon after his arrival, he says: "The more I think of my passage out, the more I am convinced of the many blessings and privileges I have received—the fruit of so many prayers and good works offered up for me. Thanks, a thousand

times. I am just now finishing the visitation of this college, where there are some sixty to seventy boys. All well, body and soul, thank God. Next week I commence a small tour of inspection. Travelling is slow and easy in this country; the waggon and the ox fitly represent it." Shortly after this letter was written he had a sharp attack of pneumonia; writing home after it, he cheerfully declares such an acclimatiser to be a real benefit to soul and body. This was only the first of the many attacks of illness which kept pace with his work in South Africa. In September he wrote to one of the family from Vryburg giving some of his impressions of the country. "As for myself, I am now returning from visiting a mission farm colony, two hundred miles beyond the railway, which has given me some introduction to South African life. The conditions of life are vastly different from Europe, Asia, and America, and it is as well to do things by halves. Next time I shall do the other half to Mashonaland. The Dominican Sisters are now established with their hospital at Fort Salisbury, and I hope the two fathers, Prestage and Hartmann, will be able to secure a native centre. I should be, and I long to be, there myself, but this autumn I am needed in the colony. Next year I hope to be free. Till I get there I can hardly write, or beg, to interest people, at least so it seems to me, but my hand is always out. Africa is a blighted continent. The shadow of Ham still covers the country and its crew, nor is it easily dispelled, but we must persevere. I have been evangelising stray white sheep along Bechuanaland, of which this is the capital. It is still No Man's Land and sparsely populated, but a fine climate for half the year and more. Next week I shall be in Dunbrody or St. Aidan's again, and then on All

Saints' we have the consecration of Coadjutor Bishop Strobino at Port Elizabeth, then a meeting of Heads, then Christmas summer holidays!"

In January 1892 Schomberg went to receive Bishop Strobino on his first visit to give Confirmation at Dunbrody, the mission farm on which Father Weld had lavished such special care. Of this visit he writes on January 15: "To-day at noon I left St. Aidan's for Dunbrody. The day was fairly cool, and reaching Coerney Station at four o'clock I got to my destination by sunset, the road being in average condition. The cart neither capsized nor broke, and I had not to get out more than four times nor walk more than two or three miles—a most happy, uneventful journey. I found Dunbrody in Retreat. Next evening it ended, and up to time came the Bishop with Father O'Brien across the Sunday River from Blue Cliff Station.

"They were warmly welcomed, not only by superiors and brothers, but by smiling rhododendrons encircling a cool, refreshing pool, giving life and colouring to the cells and would-be cloisters around. 'How beautiful. What an improvement!' burst almost unconsciously from the lips of the visitors, and this was renewed again and again, as in spite of sun and heat we gadded about among the vineyards, growing avenues, and gardens, all richly laden with fruit of all descriptions. Presently came the Community dinner and heavily burdened dishes and heavier atmosphere, till we were glad to find a cooler spot and chat about Dunbrody, past and present. The Bishop had not been there for eight years, and he could scarcely credit the change. The harvest had begun. The soil as well as souls was bearing fruit. At sundown the farmyard bulls attracted

our guests, and then they watched some fifty milch cows and the antics of cowboys and calves."

The Bishop gave Confirmation next day (the Feast of the Holy Name), and left Dunbrody on Tuesday, January 19. Schomberg went into Uitenhage the same day, sleeping there and reaching Port Elizabeth in the morning of the 20th. Here he received the very unexpected news of the death of the General of the Society of Jesus, Father Anderledy. "Reaching Port Elizabeth at 10.30, Father Apel met me with my letters and a telegram, which I opened somewhat casually, little thinking what it contained. It took our breath away, and after saying a *De Profundis* we sat down to consider and reflect. I never doubted that his Paternity would have lived some years yet. I never knew he was sick, and yet there could be no mistake. Just, too, in the midst of so much necessary work begun and not ended. This very mail I had written; ten days ago I had heard from him. What grief at Fiesole, and throughout the world. So we pondered."

Next morning the two fathers said Mass for Father General at East London, and then Schomberg proceeded on his way alone to Natal. "Quite a calm passage. While saying Matins on deck, up came a fine-looking sailor man, who said, 'Beg pardon, sir, but are you a minister of the Gospel?' I replied, 'Yes, I am.' 'Well, can you tell me then where I can find these words, "Whosoever is ashamed of Me before men, him I will be ashamed of before My Father who is in heaven."' 'In St. Matthew's Gospel,' I replied: 'not exactly those words, but substantially the same.' 'Oh, in St. Matthew's Gospel? because I have been thinking a lot about them lately.' We then got on the navy: I found he had joined the same year as myself; was

on the *Furious* in the Crimea, and had named his little cottage at home 'Odessa' after his first engagement.

"After Office I went on to the fore-castle, and there I found a Kafir brought up from the stokehole—lying full length—attended by the doctor trying to revive him. The patient did not respond to the remedies. More serious ones were tried in vain also; so, as we cast anchor off Natal, the doctor determined to land him. This determined me to go on shore too. So I hurriedly got my things together and waited; the man being hoisted out on a grating. Soon we got away, just saving our daylight inside. I was sorely puzzled what to do, but at last watched my chance and gave him conditional baptism. That night the poor man died. R.I.P. At the Presbytery door Bishop Jolivet met me, and soon made me quite at home. 'I have been to Huntlyburn,' he said, 'and I know your father and mother and two sisters, also Mr. Hope Scott.' It is an unexpected pleasure to find his lordship half an Englishman and a friend. He too is extremely practical—goes straight to the point without delay or diplomacy—and so before we parted for the night we seemed to have discussed every point, leaving nothing for the morrow.

"*Saturday, 23rd.*—Was exceedingly hot from morn to midnight. A native missionary came in to dinner, so the good Bishop recommended my returning to Oakford with him and spending Sunday there. At one we started; by rail twenty miles, and then a ride of five miles brought us to the mission farm, prettily situated on the slopes of undulating hills all green with crops of sugar, mealies, vegetables, tobacco, and fruits of all sorts. Beneath, a perennial mountain stream swept by, which the convent and grounds slightly hid. Here, as

indeed on every native station, the work of the sisters is invaluable. A solitary priest can do little, and much valuable time and many lives have been lost in consequence. Now it is an acknowledged principle that to found a mission in South Africa without a convent is useless, and in every station they are to be found. The development of the Oblates is really wonderful, and they have a large slice of South Africa. Dr. Jolivet has put up eighty buildings (of sorts) and more. Here at Oakford they pulled down the old mill they had purchased, and of these materials and no other put up the church, &c.

"We chatted away till late, and inviting me to say the Parish Mass at eight o'clock, Father Mathieu retired with thoughts, no doubt, of his Zulu sermon in the morning.

"*Oakford, Sunday, January 24th.*—At Mass the sisters played the harmonium, sang, guarded the children, said prayers, &c., and there were evident signs of their care in the sanctuary and sacristy also. The congregation—men and women apart—were quiet and attentive, and knew how to hear Mass. The two clergy were at the altar in surplices, and afterwards one preached in Zulu. He, Father Mathieu, has them well in hand, treats them kindly, and penances them seriously when required—kneeling on the floor—prohibition to enter—exile—reminds one of early Christian times. They look up to him for guidance in everything. Three councillors assist him, and nothing goes on without his knowledge, no one comes, no one goes. If they want a feast leave must be asked for 'Kafir beer,' which may be granted with restrictions. All intoxicating liquors are forbidden and forgotten. In this way pride is checked, simple ways remain, and they imbibe

the Faith and Christian habits. For all these privileges each family pays one pound a year for the right of living and tilling what land they want. And for the support of the Church every man gives one day's labour to the mission every moon. For the most part these 300 are Zanzibars and Mozambiques; docile people enough, the latter especially take instinctively to Christianity—a remnant, I daresay, of old Portuguese teachings. After Mass the sisters marched off the children, while the elders, in their Sunday best, dispersed to Catechism, and the whole scene was a picture of village life which better lands might envy in vain. In the afternoon there was sermon and Benediction at four, and during the week Rosary every evening. Instructions and baptisms are going on constantly, but catechumens have to prove by a year's constancy the sincerity of their desires. The Bishop always baptizes at the font on Holy Saturday, and in many instances the white robe is worn till Low Sunday. Zulu is the language spoken in these parts, and it seems to be the mother of all the Kafir dialects. The Stations of the Cross is the most popular devotion, and every Wednesday evening they crowd to make them. Altogether I spent an interesting and instructive day.

“*Monday, January 25th.*—At six I said Mass, which was well attended, and before eight was on my way back *vid* Vienlau, by rail twenty miles to Durban. It is a nice town skirting the bay from the point round the eastern shore. An excellent tram service; no cabs; convenient railway. St. Joseph's Catholic Church, with its convent and schools, are well positioned on the tram line. The former is by Goldie, and though somewhat peculiar in appearance with its overhanging eaves and pagoda-like tower, seems admirably adapted for the hot

climate, and within is spacious, pious, and cool. The congregation numbers 2000—800 Mauritians, 700 English, rest native. Sermons in French and English, and on Sundays catechism classes in half-a-dozen languages. Schools large and well attended. Holy Family nuns in force. In the suburbs there is a native mission of Mozambiques very similar to Oakford. Weather decidedly warm, hotter than usual all say, but still not Indian. Somewhat heavy, damp air. Thermometer about 85 maximum. South African heat has this special feature, *that it does not last*. After a few days, just when people are complaining, it goes for a time. People in Natal look better than they do in the Cape, and I believe the climate is good.

“*Wednesday, 27th.*—Father Murray returned last night from his month visit to the military station in Zululand. Father Daubray and the other fathers are French, and excellent missionaries they are. At 3.30 P.M. I took a ticket for the capital—Pietermaritzburg—but got out at Pinetown, 4.40 P.M. (Well named, as excellent pineapples were selling on the platform at 2d., proper retail price, no doubt, 1d. each. Fruit of all sorts most plentiful. Yet the natural flora is not tropical, though it becomes so at man’s bidding.) Looking behind the station I spied the trusty Trappist Brother waiting with pony. He greeted me with many signs, which I returned, the result being that I got on, and he trudged ahead to show me the way. When properly tucked up and sandals in good trim, he took out his rosary, and I followed his example. So we went some three miles up and down across a grassy undulating country, when, on coming over a rise, he pointed below with glee, and sure enough there was the Trappist Monastery—a quadrangle, two sides complete, the church dome 200 feet

in height, and opposite the refectory, and dormitory over, the rest temporary huts, and below numberless buildings, schools, homes, workshops, and quite a little town. On the left large stables and farmyard, and further off the convent and its satellites, the whole in red brick.

“Hardly had I entered the guest house when the good prior came to greet me. My first inquiries were, of course, after the health of my Lord Abbot, who lay sick in the neighbouring mission. He had received the last sacraments, and was now happily convalescent. The prior invited me to stay three weeks, and make the round of their missions, but, alas, I had but one night to spare! Meanwhile supper was preparing, and the Angelus ringing, and his Reverence departed, leaving me in the good keeping of the Brother Porter. My frugal meal was soon over, and while the friars gathered in the church we commenced our rounds. Passing by the church, we went across the lower side of the quadrangle, covered temporarily with huts. Here we came upon a band of some seventy brothers in working dress and habits, who, amid profound silence, were being told off to their morning work. Certain passages in the ‘Jackdaw of Rheims’ occurred to me, but I must not seem irreverent. Turning into the dormitories we saw the wooden bedsteads and ticks of straw. Fathers and brothers fare alike, white and brown habits often lying in alternate beds. Abbot and prior alone have cells. Now we entered the fine new refectory, I daresay 150 feet long, and wide enough for three and four ranges of tables. Each place was laid with cup, spoon, knife, enveloped with a neat blue napkin, which served the double duty of cloth also. The daily menu is sparse enough. At breakfast: barleycorn coffee (or tea), and

bread. At dinner: maigre soup, vegetables cooked in water (only), fruit, and bread. At supper: beans (cold with oil), bread, and tea or coffee as above. From this *régime* there is literally no exception, not even on Christmas or Easter Day. The only change is in Lent, when breakfast drops out altogether. Observe: no milk (not even as a condiment), no eggs, no fish, no butter, no lard or dripping, not even in cooking. Only vegetable oil, and that at supper once. We next went through the kitchen, simplicity itself, three or four big boilers or vats round a central shaft chimney, supplemented by a wee range for guests and sick. Overhead the dormitory, destined to bed almost as many as the refectory beneath. Leaving this west quadrangle I heard harmonious sounds in the church. Thither I hastened. It was the *Salve Regina*, chanted by some hundred and fifty monks. It was very grand, and made up for much, I thought, as I reflected on the band of seventy shorn heads who were now taking part in this glorious antiphon. Twilight rays were getting dim, as after many solemn prostrations the Office ended, and the monks filed out, each being asperged and blessed by the prior for the night. The clock struck seven, and 'Marian Hill' was hushed in sleep.

"*Thursday, January 28th.*—Punctually at 2 A.M. rang a somewhat clattering ill-toned bell: presently a second and better bell, and then a few tolls on the fine-toned great bell of the monastery was answered by the roll of Matins from the choir—or at least of the morning office, which went on till four o'clock, when the Community Mass for the brothers was said, most of the professed receiving Holy Communion. At 4.30 the native men and boys under tuition trooped in and heard their Masses in the aisles. Every day in the year a black Mass is

said for benefactors deceased, and one in white for benefactors living, at St. Joseph's and Our Lady's Altar respectively. A black Madonna has been painted to suit the Kafir taste, the style of Our Blessed Lady of Perpetual Help. Over the high altar there is a fine statue of Mother and Child, supported by one of St. Bernard and another of St. Francis Xavier. Facing a long transept or wing set apart for the devout sex a large and striking statue of the Sacred Heart presides, which with the Stations of the Cross completes the objects of devotion. At five all dispersed for breakfast, and then the work of the day commenced. The brothers to their various industries outside and in, and the fathers, novices, and choir brothers to their studies and the rest. For these latter the forenoon work is interrupted by Prime at six o'clock; and Terce followed by Community Mass, closing with Sext, eight o'clock to nine o'clock. At the works the master brother in each department gives a signal every fifteen minutes for a short prayer, when all kneel. At 11.30 labours cease. 11.45 None is said. Twelve, dinner.

"*N. B.* — No intoxicating liquors, no siesta, no smoke.

"A brew of tamarinds forms their dinner drink in this country. At 1.30 the bell summoned all to prayer and work again till 4.30. Supper at five o'clock. Then the Angelus and Night Office as before. The only change or relaxation from this order is on Sundays and Feasts, when the Office is sung and they rise at one o'clock (an hour earlier), and sleep again from 4 to 5.30. On these days even the brothers have four hours in the church at a stretch, which one confessed was harder than a week day.

"After this long digression to resume. I said Mass

at 5.30 as arranged; a young novice in white habit and scapular serving. At breakfast the prior paid me a morning visit, and said that Father Agritius would take me round, so I arranged to start after Terce. First we went one and a half miles down to the mill, where some twenty-five monks reside, devoting their time to grinding corn, printing books, and bookbinding: all of which they do uncommonly well and in silence. Indeed I was surprised to find how exactly this rule was kept. On knocking at the mill door my companion produced a chit to the miller, which gave us the *entrée* and leave to speak with the master brother in each department. At each stage of the proceedings this chit was reproduced, and not before would even the one in charge salute us. The rest if addressed would only speak to us indirectly through the chief—this is the rule.

“The community never talk and the brothers never speak together, but what is necessary at work is asked for through the master by word, if signs are insufficient. But the signs are manifold, and for ordinary things most intelligible.

“In fact, I could see that fingers and eyes supplied the place of tongue and ears uncommonly well, and that rightly, therefore, the use of signs was strictly limited. If the prior wanted Brother Juniper, the messenger who met him would probably tap him gently on the chest, and then with *right thumb* erect beckon him to his superior, before whom the brother sent for would humbly kneel; if the sub-prior, the messenger would cock his *little* finger, &c., all according to order, and very expressive. The sign for bread is palm up and tips (of fingers) united; but enough. For breaking silence bread and water is the usual penance. The

inspection of the mill being over we passed over to a temporary shed, and the chit being produced I found we were in conversation with a very interesting man on a hot morning—the refectorian. Presently we sat down and took what we were hospitably offered—pine-apples, bread, and tamarind drink. We then toiled up the hill, and on the way met a bevy of young natives under a brother going down to their trades after their hours of morning school. Fra Agritius was chatty and pleasant. Quite the right cicerone. A man of wide experience in the world, with honourable grey hairs, yet an enthusiastic and fervent novice. ‘Have you ever seen a Trappist die?’ he asked; ‘it is a thing to remember. The brothers are called, the Abbot administers the last sacraments and blessing, the floor is sprinkled with ashes, the body laid thereon, and, Crucifix in hand, he dies without a struggle. Such a thing as a trouble or agony is unknown. No instance of any such thing. The world smiled upon me, but a gracious death I had no certainty of—so here I am, age forty-eight, just ready for forty years of Trappist life and then die a Trappist death. I don’t believe there is more grace to be got anywhere. I am as fit and happy as possible, 69 lbs. lighter, and shorn also of even the liking for former tastes and habits. It is a wonderful life, and I tell you there are some saintly brothers here. I have not the patience of a Trappist yet, alas! but wait a bit,’ he seemed to add, with a significant shake of the head. This proved to be Monsignor —, who had refused the Bishopric of —, and who, meeting the Abbot in other lands, had become his spiritual child.

“We now had reached the convent, a square with garden and cloisters within. Schools were just over,

and sisters and children dispersed to a dozen works. In the sewing-room there were a dozen or twenty machines—I forget which—and a number of busy hands; then to the wash-house, laundry, kitchen, fruit cellar, and a large contingent on the farm. Quite a troop of babies came to welcome us, and showed any amount of intelligent joy on meeting Fra Agritius. Near the convent was a home for young women, where they live and get taught. The Trappist Sisters of the Precious Blood number over 200, and here and on out-stations have under their charge not less than 500 women and children. It is a congregation founded by the Abbot to aid his work. The life is the same in principle as the Trappists'. On Sundays and feasts they come once to the church. For the rest Mass daily in the house. Making our salaams to the superior, a German like most of the sisters, we hastened on through the monastery works. First in order we came to the photographic studio. Two monks with assistants were busily printing off views of all their missions, schools, domestic life, and of course a Christian marriage. Next came waggon builders, and there I saw the native who can build one by himself without any supervision or assistance—the pride of Marian Hill. Then a very large and airy smith and machine shop, moulding, &c., carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, paint shop, tinsmith, fine art department, and designing. Morning schools were over, and the boys and young men from the home were distributed at the works and on the farm, I dare-say some 200 in all. Some few who had passed their apprenticeship received pay. Then we passed by the lower quadrangle again near the temporary chapter-house, a very long building, and on to the stables, new brick buildings quite in keeping with the whole. Room

for scores of horses and oxen; one is set apart for 'man and beast' coming in from the missions, so as not to disturb those at home. Cows, Trappists care nothing about (they kindly give visitors lacticinia and eggs also). 'None' was commencing as I got back to my room, having seen all. Noon, Angelus and dinner."

In the spring of this year Schomberg began the long journey up country which he had been obliged, so reluctantly, to postpone. He reached Vryburg towards the end of Lent, and early in May he wrote the following account of his travels and of the arrival of the German Jesuits to his brother.

"MAFEKING [*May 1892*].

"I have dated this as above, but really we, *i.e.* the seven Germans and myself, are in waggons fifty miles to the north *en route* to Vleischfontein, some seventy miles further. The party reached Capetown 3 A.M. on Easter Monday, the fastest passage, I fancy, on record. The same day they went on by rail to Taungs, a native town, the capital of the Batlapins or Fish tribe. There they rested after their 6000 miles by sea and 773 by land, getting their first glimpse of Kafir life. After four days they moved on in two divisions by rail to Vryburg, the capital of the Crown Colony of Bechuana-land, and then by coach to Mafeking, a further distance of 140 miles. Here I met them with two waggons, and that same evening we trek'd on.

"*Wednesday, April 27th (Feast of Blessed Canisius).*— They are a delightful party; simple, united, and full of work. Three speak English well, and the others are learning. All seem strong and very anxious to proceed in *nomine Domini*. Certainly it is very generous of the German Province to spare such men. Father

Daignault's persuasive powers must be great. May they live long and do much, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. Five Dominican Sisters, under Father Barthélemy, moved on from Mafeking on Easter Friday, April 22nd. That is one of the three reasons why I could not go to meet the new-comers. Another was that I had arranged to visit the Mafeking Catholics at this time, and lastly, the best of all, that I could not have got down in time if I had tried. . . . The chief inconveniences and trials, *Deo Gratias*, regarded Holy Poverty—*i.e.* separation from goods and chattels and consequent privation. However, they all take it grandly, and are now travelling quite as our Lord prescribes His disciples should do in the Gospel. Such lessons are most useful, and teach us to rid ourselves of half the creatures we thought most necessary. *Laus Deo semper*.

"In this matter I am speaking of my own experience and advantages. The Lord generally sweetly arranges that superfluous things are either lost or left behind. It is the part, however, of a superior to be solicitous for all, and this I fairly try to be in all that is advantageous according to our circumstances, vestibus, &c. . . . Then it has pleased God to strike our cattle at Vleischfontein with lung sickness, a most fatal disease. Thus two span of oxen and cows, prepared for the upward journey, are placed *hors de combat*. Whether we shall be able to use them remains to be seen. Father Temming must feel it very much, and I am anxious to set his mind at rest. However, it is some sort of self-satisfaction to think that the disease came by an act of kindness. A friend passing asked him the loan of half-a-dozen oxen, and shortly after their return a fatal case broke out in their midst. The expense is

terrible. If £2000 sees us safe in Fort Salisbury, with some stores and provisions left, I shall sing a Magnificat.”¹

From this time forward we shall be able to follow Schomberg’s movements chiefly by his own long letters, and the reports of his work sent according to custom to the fathers of his mission, and of which we are permitted to avail ourselves. The first letter we have is dated from the mission station at Vleischfontein.

“PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH,

“May 8, 1892.

“MY DEAR FATHERS AND BROTHERS, P.C.,—Travelling about to various missions it is interesting as well as instructive to note the different methods pursued in giving civilisation to the Kafirs. They differ almost as widely as the distance. Our three missions have little in common beyond essentials. The Oblates also differ among themselves, and the Trappists have a system of their own. In Natal I believe, they get great credit, and externs, at least some, are quite of opinion that their method is the true one. As far as possible, they absorb the Kafir into their family life. They live almost their own lives. They have schools for children, and homes for apprentices and unmarried adults: the males with the monks and the females with the sisters. They have the same food, often

¹ One who knew Schomberg in South Africa thus notes his impressions of their meeting on this occasion: “The last time that I saw him was in Vryburg (in 1892). I shall not easily forget his face. It then bore the marks of hardship and cares. But it was the expression that so impressed me with its strength and calm determination. It was the resolute face of one who says, ‘It is hard, but I will go through with it to the end, come what may!’ It was the face of a martyr.”—W. SEDGWICK WALMESLY.

better. They work with the brothers, side by side, and follow their practices of piety, every quarter of an hour reciting a little prayer. They sleep on bedsteads, sit on stools, eat at tables, and then when marriage comes they insist on square partitioned houses and sufficient furniture. In this way family units gradually grow up around their stations with Christian manners, which in time will produce a Christian society. The great point is that they enoble work, *labora et ora*. The Trappist rule singularly lends itself to such a system, and few could compete with them; but their principles and treatment of the natives might be carried out, so far as it is good, and I have no doubt equal results attained. As yet, however, I have formed no definite opinion; but I confess the spirit and practice here with almost opposite treatment seems good. So much depends upon the character of the priest, place, and people. The chief difficulties here are the large proportions of heathens, but they are gradually diminishing; and the Kafir beer question, which I suppose must be. Towards sundown we had an evening service and Benediction, and afterwards, by special request, Father Temming found time to give an exhortation in German on South African mission life, which was much appreciated. All to-day Father Temming had two other guests, Lieutenant Wight and Mr. Middleton, of the British Bechuana Police, who, thinking he was alone, came over from Gaberones (twenty-seven miles), to spend a quiet day; both Protestants. They arrived in one of the heaviest of thunder-storms, and were, as you may suppose, not a little disturbed to find themselves in a nest of Jesuits. However, we absorbed them into our family life as best we could.

Our host multiplied his single mattress for the ninth and tenth time, and on the whole I think they rather enjoyed themselves. This little mission is really quite a refuge, I find, for all Bechuanaland. It is widely known, and the police force constantly come over, and in this way good is done to non-Catholics as well as our own. As long, therefore, as we have any charge of souls along the frontier from Mafeking to Palla, it is a useful centre, being only some ten miles from the border. And this reminds me of a bit of geography I learnt at Ramoutsa. There the Notwani is the dividing stream, but three miles beyond, the boundary follows a line drawn north-east till it strikes the Marico River (about Sekwani), which then becomes the limit till its junction with the Crocodile. On Monday morning our two guests rode off. Wednesday was the day named for starting on, but our difficulties were twofold, oxen and luggage. We might hope for the latter on a certain day, but when and where we should really see it, no man of any South African experience (where the unexpected always happens), could possibly predict. As for cattle, seventeen had died and one bull, and many others were unfit for work. Were we to buy six oxen to complete the two promised span, or take one span and freight the second waggon? A rich man would probably have bought two full span as being cheaper in the end, but our circumstances pointed to the least expensive alternative. McCabe went off, therefore, and bought six. Two days after one was reported lung-sick, a new dilemma, a fresh influx of poison; how many would catch it, where would it end? The situation was not promising for a long journey and a large party, but we determined to take to the road and

trust the Sacred Heart. After infinite preparations then, and taking all the Vleischpots our waggons could carry, we got ready to start on Wednesday night. Father Temming was most generous, and wished to keep nought the mission needed, and we took him pretty well at his word. He killed a fatted calf for the journey, which as biltong carried us far, and the brothers packed and pressed the waggons well. After Benediction then, on the evening of Wednesday, May 11, we made a start with the Canisius waggon, carrying three, Father Richartz, Brother Biermann, and myself, and Vleischfontein waggon No. 1, which we christened the 'Jerome,' in honour of the feast, sheltering Father Boos and the remainder of the party. Regarding our crew of Kafir boys we had suffered many vicissitudes. All were supposed to be engaged and 'nicely ready' long since; but they fell off for various reasons, and I do not believe we had one of the original lot. I saw two in gloomy conversation with the missionary shortly before, who up to then were ready and anxious. They were satisfied with thirty shillings a month, but they had been told it was only one shilling a day, and if so they would not go, as they never worked out for less than a dollar (1s. 6d.). Of course I could not give in, and there was an end of it. However, we did not suffer, as a herd from Linchwe's dropped in begging a job, and we took him for £1. Also a Matabele boy of fifteen years, returning home from Zeerust, asked leave only to come with the waggons and work his daily 'beker' of meal, which we consented to, and both have proved excellent in their way. Jacob, the elder, is quite a court jester, a mimic, and always cheerful, while Wilhelm herds our six cows and is as happy as

possible. I hope we may be able to rescue him from a return to savage life, for he is a good boy. Another, Leo, who drives the 'Jerome,' is one of much promise, self-sacrificing and pious, who is always ready to fill a gap and do what no one else will do. So on this occasion, hearing the difficulty, he at once volunteered. Father Temming has great hopes for this youth of twenty. The road lay across the rise or hill due north, and proved the most stony, rocky bit we had met. Next day we toiled on, expecting water in a certain dale which was dry, or never came, and it was night before we struck the Marico, at Sekwani, twenty miles. The oxen, therefore, did not get water till next morning. A bit of very bad management, and inexcusable so near home. The course now lay down what is called the valley of the Marico, till it joins the Crocodile (forty-two miles), but really no valley at all. The river merely cuts through a plateau of bush and grass some twenty feet below the level, feeding a very thin emerald margin along its tumbled banks. There is no smiling vale, nor irrigation, nor indeed is the Marico a favoured spot, since it is a famous fever district, and last year McCabe says several of their party were down. This year the rains have been small and early, and the country is already dry.

"After forty miles along the Crocodile, we sighted the telegraph wire at the junction of the Notwani, which Father Spillman, in his published account of the journey of our first fathers, puts in latitude 23.45'. Twenty more miles then, on the course we were steering, would bring us to the southern gate, and we prepared accordingly. As the Palla office was hard by, I planned wiring the Observatory for Greenwich mean time; but my arrangements failed, and with such a large party I

did not dare linger in these infected parts. Accepting, then, the latitude of Father Terörde, S.J., we calculated our 15', and found we crossed the tropical line, and so entered the mission on Saturday, May 21, under the patronage of St. Michael. The day was kept with full honours. A General Communion was given, Te Deum sung, the cook was busy, and the refectorian produced his best. At ten o'clock that night we came upon the first house in the mission, which proved to be a new store of Musson's, the agent. Here was a large outspan, and here we spent the Sunday. There were many waggons and folk about, for it is the junction on the Crocodile for the highway to Khamatown, Tati, Buluwayo, and Zambesi. However, we had no addition to our congregation, though I searched the byways previous to late Mass. This I knew to be the last departure for Macloutsie, some one hundred and eighty miles off. So again we considered our oxen. Some coughing, but no sickness had shown itself. Indeed, on the whole, their state and condition was better, the change had done them good. But not all were up to the work before them, so we determined to break up one span, send the weedy ones home, and freight the heavy 'Canisius' up to Tati; and with the help of Messrs. Musson, who were very obliging, I made a very cheap bargain with Romulala, a Bamangwato from Khamatown. He seemed to be a man of some quality, who had a good span, and had been waiting long for a load. The terms were £8 to Tati, he, of course, providing a leader and his own food. On Monday morning, then, we started once more along the Crocodile, while Radinwani, with ten discarded oxen, had to make the best of his way back to Vleischfontein. Travelling along this Eastern Congo is an improvement on the Marico, though the

character of the country remains the same. The course of the river is well marked. There is more foliage, and many fine trees. At this point its stream may be compared to the Tweed at its best, but the framing is very different; nor is there any sign yet of tropical verdure such as I expected, but here and there the banks are rich with grasses, and the river-beds with pools fit to shelter crocodiles young and old. Day by day my travelling neophytes sought in vain for the sacred animal, till we turned away to Selika hills, eighteen miles from the river-side. Here we stayed for Sunday (29th), and had our largest congregation, numbering fifteen in all. A spring runs out of the hills, and the place is green and a pleasant change. Four of the police force are stationed here, without much apparent reason, unless it be to hold the place. They are encamped on a spur, and have command of the water, the important thing in these parts. The bush begins now to change its character, thorns grow less, leaves larger, and the Mopani makes its appearance, rather a pretty green shrubby tree, with roots in all directions, and a twin leaf reminding one of seraphs' wings. The most remarkable specimens, though, are the Baobab and the Hardekoolboom, both exceptionally large trees of quite opposite qualities. There are a number of the former monsters here, one was forty-five feet in girth; but the author of 'Zambesia' pictures one of sixty-five. The latter we first noticed when we touched the Crocodile—a white ebony so hard and heavy that it still masters man's art, but burns like coal, hence perhaps its name. Leaving Selika, we had a long track of twenty-four miles to the Lotsani river-bed. Here we found water by digging in the sand. On the way we passed Elebe, the police outpost before the advance to

Macloutsie. We were now in the South African Punjaub, or land of the five rivers. We made one of these sandbeds day by day, finding water, sometimes brackish, in pools or hollows. But in season the waters must run strong, for the drifts are wide, steep, and heavy. Oddly enough the water is sweeter now than in the rains.

“On Friday, June 3, we made Macloutsie, and before noon were outspanned in front of the blacksmith’s shop. We had come in unawares, and had settled down before Father Nicot with Father Barthélemy found us out, and it was fortunate, as a tempting bait was prepared for us near the hospital, where the other waggons were, and a large marquee and tents. The arrangement was excellent, but it was important to have all the navebands shortened of one waggon and the tires of the other, and this without delay, so we could not move. Father Nicot, however, gave up his round hut to me. Father Richartz and Father Boos had a tent, and we all, a community of eleven, including Walter Jordan, had our meals in the marquee. All this answered very well. Father Barthélemy had been here nearly ten days already, and had profited much. He looked very well, with rounded face and beard, and in excellent spirits. As he came near I did not recognise him, and had shaken hands before I found my mistake. Father Nicot, on the other hand, hardly does justice to Macloutsie air and hospital diet. He seemed sallow, worn and weak; but Father Barthélemy relieved me by saying that he was not unlike his ordinary self, though a bit tired with all his preparations, and so it proved. I wish he were a bit stronger, however, and I hope to find him so on my return. The Feast of Pentecost (June 5) we could not celebrate with much function, as, owing to



*Church of the Mother-House of the Sisters
of Charity of Nevers*

want of music and vestments, a late *Missa cum cantu* was all we were able to accomplish. In the evening Father Barthélemy preached an appropriate little sermon. The chapel is within the sisters' enclosure, which is attached to the station hospital, and the doctor's as well as the chaplain's huts are hard by. The camp or station is well laid out, the lines radiating from different angles of the fort, which crosses the top of the rise and commands the surrounding country, the view towards Matabeleland being very extensive. Water is supplied by a never-failing stream hard by, and in the neighbourhood there are several springs. One lately opened irrigates the military farm, and capital garden stuff is being produced. The Macloutsie is a fine sand river fringed with large trees, and altogether the country is green and pretty, the Mopani growing everywhere. We have been given the use of a farm, and it may prove a useful 'half-way house.' In the meantime it will interest the chaplain, and perhaps a Christian family may be sent from Vleischfontein. But unfortunately there are no natives at hand, nor cattle kraals within a radius of some miles, and as the British Bechuana Police are essentially a frontier force, they will be ever on the move. Already the Shashi is accepted as the boundary of Khama's kingdom by us, and various rumours are about regarding the movement of the force. At present Macloutsie is the headquarters, and I was agreeably surprised with the military spirit and discipline that prevailed. The officers were most kind, and ready to help us in every way. They invited us to dinner frequently, put horses at our disposal, and made provision for us as best they could. Indeed, one of the pleasantest things was to hear the hearty and sincere way in which they spoke

the praises of our fathers all along the line from Mafeking to Motoko, the men from Gaberones especially speaking very warmly of Father Temming. Nothing could exceed the hospitable desires and plans of Father Nicot and Mother Jacoba towards our party, and the sisters spent a well-earned respite of a fortnight within the convent enclosure. The Germans, however, were all for moving on, with or without their luggage, which was still chasing us astern. Their 'get up' hardly commended itself to the eye, but it was practical, and with colonial shoddy goods and boots renewed, they declared themselves independent of all further use of creatures. Indeed, holy mother poverty herself must have planned this separation from all things, for a chain of accidents has prolonged it beyond measure. First it was hoped the waggon would join us at Vleischfontein, then Sekwani, Palla, &c., and now I doubt if it will reach us at Tati. Their cheerful spirit and union is admirable. Nothing causes discouragement nor complaint, and they are as anxious to work as they are to pray. It is true a special Providence has dealt kindly with us. We have had a taste of nearly every kind of difficulty, just enough to make us grateful, but when the worst seemed upon us we have been happily relieved. May this give us greater confidence for the future! Father Barthélemy, too, has had his trials. His oxen died, and the leader left them. Some of the sisters were sick, and Walter Jordan passed through a bilious fever. These were in addition to the usual troubles from the intemperance of the men, short commons, and privation of lacticinia, and the rest. But the good father is a campaigner, not by nature but by grace, and so he throve on difficulties. At Mafeking he was fortunate in getting a good transport rider,

recommended by Lord Henry Paulet, who knew the country well, and who has proved an invaluable guide and friend in need. Of the sisters it is enough to say that they well sustain their high reputation under no ordinary trials and troubles, and that the regularity with which they accomplish the Divine Office in choir, and other spiritual duties, is very edifying. Indeed, according to our experience, waggon life is very helpful. There is more time to pray, and I suppose God rewards the extra effort required. We try to keep community life as far as we can, but of course it is frequently modified by the exigencies of trek and water. As regards hours of travelling, we have settled down to three treks a day—afternoon, evening, and morning—which we find suits us best, and the oxen also. Meditation is made on the march, six to seven. Then, on stopping, follow Masses and the rest. The brothers have their spiritual reading in common, and at dinner we have small readings from the rule-book and *À Kempis*. Litanies are said on week-days at the beginning of the afternoon trek, and points of the meditation given by the Spiritual Father on starting on the evening trek after supper. We kept also the Novena before Pentecost according to the German custom, and Father Boos supplied us with daily practices during the month of May. The first hour of each trek being by common consent a silent one, is also helpful. We thus get plenty of time for prayer, and the brothers generally manage to hear two Masses every day. Even Leo made them understand that it must be very nice to have time to say so many Rosaries. This youth manages to get to Mass every morning, and in general is proving himself worthy of his training. The Kafirs we meet are docile enough. They quickly take on the manners of

their masters. I have seen them all standing up and blessing themselves round the fire before and after meals, and when they come to Mass on Sundays they follow Leo and are very attentive. Joseph, too, is doing well, as well as his disposition allows him, and is proving true to Dunbrody care. He is cleaner than the Bechuana, and his knowledge of English is very useful. It is interesting to note that he, a Cape Colony Kafir, understands the Matabele boy better than Leo, the Bechuana. As yet I am afraid none of us have made much progress in native languages. Father Temming declared they would not help each other, so we are reserving ourselves for the Mashona tongue, regarding which he has given us some MS. notes. A taste and talent for language is, however, of the greatest importance. Every hour we feel the want, and it is sad to think of so many opportunities passing by. The natives from various parts certainly seem to be able to talk together after a fashion, and so, though in our case learning Bechuana might have been a mistake, I am hardly inclined to agree with Father Temming in principle. Father Boos is learning it by rule, and I hope he may soon get a colloquial knowledge for the sake of our boys. The brothers are learning English.

"And now, my dear fathers and brothers, I must conclude this portion of my account of our journey, a small return indeed for the help your prayer and penance have won us, but I hope enough to encourage you to help us still more. The most difficult half of the journey is before us, and our progress will be slow, but I hope none the less we may reach the mission farm by the Feast of our Holy Father, and the mission of Motoko, some hundred miles to the east of Fort Salisbury, not

later than the Assumption. Wishing you every blessing in our Lord, yours very sincerely in Christ,

“HENRY S. KERR.”

The following letter ¹ takes up the narrative on June 8 :

“MACLOUTSIE, *June 8, 1892.*

“MY DEAR FATHERS AND BROTHERS, P.C.,—The first part of our journey is over, and so I will try and give you some account of it. We have travelled up to this in two divisions, Father Barthélemy and Father Richartz being the two divisional leaders. After preparations at Vryburg, Father Barthélemy moved the Loyola waggon, new buck waggon, and two Scotch carts—all well loaded—out to the first water, three miles, and there waited the arrival of the sisters. The staff consisted of Joseph McCabe, transport rider, the son of a famed old hunter and traveller; Walter Jordan, and three Kafir boys from Vleischfontein. On April 7, at noon, the pioneer and three Sisters came from King William's Town, and the same night two more sisters from Potchefstroom Convent. Next morning, the Feast of the Seven Dolours, I said Mass at the station, and after breakfast all the party made for the waggons, the day being spent in packing, repacking, settling down, and the rest. In the evening, Sir Sydney Shippard was kind enough to drive out in his carriage and four (mules), with Miss Shippard, to visit the sisters. After tea a formal presentation of two kittens by Miss Shippard—a most useful gift—closed the proceedings, and Sir Sydney, full of good wishes, returned to Government House. Mrs. Newton also paid Mother Prioress a visit. I mention it, because her husband, Mr. Newton, Colonial Secretary, has proved himself a very kind friend to the

¹ This letter is evidently independent of that just given, and was intended for another of the Jesuit houses.

Mission on several occasions. I met him at dinner at Government House, and he was full of helpful thoughts and actions. May God reward him!

"Next morning, Saturday, April 8, we struck the sisters' tent, and at noon shook off the last of our camp followers, paid away our final cheque, and reciting the Itinerarium, Litany of Loreto, and many invocations to our saints and patrons, headed the train of waggons and started on our way full of the glorious and rapid march in store for us. However, in less than half-an-hour the 'buck' having yawed a few inches from the beaten track had its near fore-wheel buried well up to the axle, and there it remained till past sunset. In vain double and treble spans of oxen. Jack-screws, levers were tried in vain. A passing friend, M'Gear, a very efficient driver, came to our rescue with all his crew and oxen, and worked most patiently. Finally, the work of yesterday had to be undone and the waggon unloaded. It was late that evening before we trekked on, and we did not reach our outspan till the sun was well up. This somewhat interfered with our Palm Sunday functions, which under the circumstances were reduced to the lowest terms. Here at Fincham's the roads divide. The mail coach takes the higher or Setlagoli route, the express coach the lower, through a corner of the Transvaal. There had been some question as to the prudence of risking customs dues, but as the road was the better one, we took the bolder course. The country had hardly yet recovered from the rains, and parts were very heavy, so we made slow progress. Consequently, as I was due at Mafeking for Good Friday and Easter, I took the express coach as it passed on Tuesday, and reached Kurana, a native chief's stadt in the Transvaal, that night—just half-way. Next morn-

ing I said Mass betimes, and soon after six we were on our way again. My fellow-passengers were two—a young man from ‘George,’ who said he had been travelling for seven days and nights, and that in his district every horse had gone, six hundred having fallen victims to disease. The other proved to be Lord Henry Paulet, who soon had an opportunity of proving his worth, for we had not gone far when we came up with Clarke, the trader, and his family; last night he had an accident, his Kafir driver had fallen out of the waggon, and there he lay on the roadside with a broken leg. Quickly we stopped, and as quickly Lord Henry was by his side preparing his splints. The leg was much swollen and the man in much pain, but we straightened and bandaged successfully, Lord Henry devoting his whole self to the case, and leaving orders with Clarke to put the man into his waggon as it passed and send him on to the doctor at Mafeking, where he would look out for him. This little episode detained the cart and eight (mules) some two hours; but it won his lordship a good name, for Clarke has spread it through the country as far as Palapswe. In the afternoon we reached our journey’s end. On Holy Thursday I said Mass (*propter sanctam communionem*) in a private house. Next day, Good Friday, I hired a small room for services, and the same on Easter Sunday. Altogether during my stay I had seventeen Holy Communions and three baptisms. On Easter Tuesday evening Father Barthélemy and party arrived, having had many trials of waggon and weather. They were kindly allowed to outspan near the hospital, and thither I piloted them in the dark from the drift on the banks of the Molopo.

“Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to prepara-

tions for the longer journey, during which the sisters received many visitors and not a few acts of kindness; among others the Rev. J. S. Moffat. Rev. M. Carnegie, the Misses Shippard, Mrs. Fuller, &c. Mr. Moffat is a well-known name from Kurana to Gubulawayo, where he has been at Lo Bengula's elbow, living in a waggon, as a political agent, for some years. I found him full of information, and most helpful and generous. He gave me a bag of good grain wheat to sow in Mashonaland. Next evening at sunset (Friday, April 22), Father Barthélemy and party, with 'Loyola' waggon and two Scotch carts *per modum unius*, made their start for Macloutsie with orders to evangelise as they went. Their first halt for Sunday was only a short trek of sixteen miles, Ramatlabana, the northern boundary of the Colony. As we passed the cemetery we paid a visit to the grave of Father Booms, who died in his waggon hard by a few years back. I then bid them 'God-speed' and returned to town to wait the arrival of the Germans, who were already nearing Taungs. What with distance, delay in letters, and the speed of the 'Scott,' which made the fastest passage on record, their arrival beat me, and I thought to gain breathing time by getting my friend Mr. Hartigan to entertain them by the way. Their further journey depended much upon the weight of luggage, and so, when I received a wire '300 wt. at Vryburg,' I said to myself, Prudent people, they have kept a few light things with them and sent the heavy portion, about 50 lbs. each, on to the terminus. I therefore told them to divide and come by coach, some on Monday and the rest on Tuesday. In the meantime I hired a tent-waggon, prepared the 'buck,' and made ready. What then was my dismay when face to face I learnt that

they were seven in number, that Mr. Hartigan was not at home, that the telegraphist was dying, and had stuck to his post to the last, and finally their telegram meant 300 wt. of luggage following on to Vryburg by goods train. Furthermore, one coach was crammed with eight other passengers, and the other had previously broken down and been replaced by a smaller cart. However, delay was useless, and so, completing necessities, hats, coats, and shoes, we started on that same evening (Wednesday, April 27) five in the tent-waggon and three in the 'buck,' which we named 'Canisius waggon' in honour of the feast. We trekked well, and before noon next day reached Ramatlabana, where on crossing the boundary we were clear of all customs, contraband and rebate troubles, and I drew a long and grateful breath. The eighty-eight miles to Ramoutsa were covered without much difficulty. It was dry under foot and overhead, and so this party had an easier noviceship than the other, nor was it altogether fruitless. For on outspanning at Avelkop on Monday morning, May 2, and searching for water, we spied a cattle-post among the bushes, and so we made towards the huts. On nearing we found a large family circle busily engaged in building a new one. However, they had nothing to give us, and we were just walking away when in a deserted kraal we saw an old creature seated making passes over what seemed to be a piece of raw beef.

"'A witch doctor,' I said: 'let us stop and see.' We looked again, and beheld a grey-headed old woman with a pained look vainly trying to keep the flies off a ghastly wound, an open cancer on the knee some twelve inches across. We thought what we could do, no hospital nor doctor near, and the sufferer not caring to leave her home. So we carried off her son-in-law to the waggons,

and sent back a dressing. Later on we became more impressed with her sad plight, and felt convinced she could not live for long, so we determined to baptize her if we could. Taking, therefore, Father Boos, anxious for his first baptism, McCabe, who spoke Dutch, and Franz, a Bechuana Catholic, we set out for the desolate kraal, a somewhat formidable party. We made straight for our point, and were seated round the old woman before we were discovered. Then I instructed McCabe, and he Franz, who in turn spoke in Bechuana, while we watched her every movement. The idea was well received, we noticed, and she answered that she had heard of God before. Then I gave her my crucifix, which she eagerly clasped, and made a fervent prayer aloud with her eyes cast up to heaven. Meanwhile the family had gathered round and seemed much interested as they watched events. Presently when I thought that under the difficult circumstances she was sufficiently instructed, I proposed that she should become a Christian. She replied that she did not want to learn religion out of a book. Having satisfied her on this point, which was her only difficulty, we made ready for the ceremony, and without delay Father Boos baptized 'Maria,' who received the sacrament with gratitude and devotion. We then left her with 'Laudates' on our lips, and more fully convinced than ever that her sufferings must soon end.

The waggons were now ready to trek on, and next morning (May 3) we all said Mass outside the native town of Ramoutsa. That evening, having determined to visit Vleischfontein, we skirted the town, and having crossed the Notwani, outspanned in the Transvaal. Ramoutsa is a large place, and is picturesque enough with its clusters of thatched bell-roofed huts for eight

to ten thousand souls. But unfortunately there has been civil war, and one aspirant to the chieftdom has decamped, and carried with him the greater number, and made another mushroom town. During this revolution, Lance-Corporal Flattery, British Bechuana Police (late of St. Aidan's), and one man, sufficed to keep the peace. Vleischfontein lay just twenty-five miles off, and so we had to travel many hours, and being an unfrequented road our tent sail-covers suffered much, being brushed by every overhanging bush. About noon we reached the extreme western point of Vleischfontein range, a low limestone whalesback studded with scrubby trees, and flanked at one end with a fine kopje. At the foot of this kopje there was water, and so we rested. The valley we were now entering ran east and west, and opposite us to the south the Dwarsberg formed a parallel line of hills, enclosing a width of some four or five miles of fertile though often stony soil. Patches of mealies cheered the eye amid the never-ceasing grass and bush, and as we neared our farm beacons the fields increased. By dusk we were on our own land, but as another hour's journey lay before us, we spared Father Temming the ordeal of having to provide for so many unexpected visitors, and so stopped and took our evening meal. It was a relief to think we were sitting on our own land, and we ruminated on possible Christian villages and a smiling valley. It was nine o'clock when we reached the gate of the pomegranate avenue which leads up from the fontein outspan to the mission house and church. Loud cracks of the waggon whip had already told of some arrival, and the herd-boy came running down to see; but when he saw our endless numbers filing up that narrow way he was back in breathless haste with the news. So, in a trice we were

warmly welcomed by the good Padre, who up to this very moment was busily employed trying to make room and beds for eight, and his labours were rewarded, for he managed to house us all. Never before were the hospitable walls of Fleischfontein, which greet nearly every passer-by, so well filled. The Germans were delighted, as with a bright moon they walked about, and made their first visit to the little chapel of the Immaculate Conception. Next morning (May 5) a status was made. Father Richartz, *Subminister*; Father Boos, *Pater Spiritualis*; Brother Busman, *Coquinarius*; Brother Book, *Faber ferrarius*; Brother Lindner, *ad domum*; Brother Löffler, *ad omnia*; Brother Meyer, novice, *Faber lignarius*; and all got to work, and were as busy as bees accustomed to their hive. A week passed away very pleasantly, for time did but strengthen their first impressions, and I believe one and all would have liked to remain, but not one was destined to stay. On the Sunday Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, we had a Missa Cantata and sermon by Father Temming. The church was crowded, most of the congregation of ninety souls being represented there. The village contains some two hundred, so some are always *in via*, thank God. Father Temming is very careful and methodical in his way of treating them, and seems most particular to educate them with great reverence for the Blessed Sacrament, and for everybody and everything connected with God's house. *Sequitur in eodem capite.*"¹

¹ Schomberg found time to write to his family and friends now and then during the long journey. On June 27 he wrote as follows to his cousin: "We are travelling through this vast desert of about one human life to 100 square miles, wondering over God's designs for the future. Water alone is needed to make it teem with life as the world grows older and more populous. All, thank God, goes well, and little trials succeed each other so quickly that one loses count of them."

“FORT VICTORIA, *July 8, 1892.*

“It was now only twelve miles to Fort Victoria, and we looked forward to our next trek. During the forenoon I walked with Father Barthélemy to a mining camp about a mile or so up the spruit, in a valley among the small hills which clothe the base of the higher range. It was a good specimen of a camp, and belonged to the Mashonaland Agency Company. Mr. Stokes, the General Manager, was ‘at home,’ and kindly took us round. The stamp was being erected on a convenient site, and 100 tons of quartz lay ready waiting. Then we saw the shaft, some fifty feet deep, and a variety of openings and deep cuttings all laying bare some auriferous stone. The reef cropped up most unexpectedly, and dipped again equally so; but there was a rich vein, and their hopes ran high. It was altogether a promising station, but they confessed they had had a great deal of fever to contend with this season. Two carpenters were busy putting up the station huts, and they were very civil, and made us realise something of the realities of their life. Returning to the waggons we heard of three Beahans trading in the next valley. I told them, if they made it worth my while, I would give them Mass in the morning; they promised to do so, and so when we went on at sunset Father Boos remained, stayed the night with them, and next morning they made their Easter duties, all three. These were satisfactory first-fruits. Meanwhile we had all ascended the gorge, spending the mid-hours of the night mid-way. Lions rampant were likely visitors, but they did not call in. It was here that the sick man Cock, however, was visited *en route* down. ‘It was a very simple affair,’ he said, ‘they heard a movement among the oxen, and there was

a general fright and disturbance for a moment or so among the stock, and then all was quiet again, and hearing the bell on one of the donkeys ringing as usual they thought all was right, and went back into their waggons. Next morning they discovered that it was the lion ringing the bell as he devoured the poor donkey. It was very good of him being so easily satisfied, as he generally paws half-a-dozen at a go. When he returned the following night the remains were deeply poisoned, and he took all.'

"Daylight found us just at the top of the rise, with the high plateau in front and the gorge behind. Reflecting on the latter, I found it disappointing. There seemed to me no true gorge nor pass. It was more like the gentle swell of the ocean rolling up a river-bed. The incline was very gradual, and I believe the ascent to be only a few hundred feet. On the left rather a fine line of hills direct the course, culminating in Mount Victoria, rising some 1200 feet above the plateau. From the foot of these there is a gentle fall or slope of bush veldt to the spruit, of varying width, becoming more sparse and meagre and narrower too, till the last bush is reached, where the sun found us outspanned for Mass. On the right, all the way up, kopjes and hills succeed each other and stretch away to the east as far as Zimbabwe and the watershed of the deadly Sabi.

"Viewing the landscape in front breathed new life into the soul: the absence of bush gave a sense of freedom, and the extensive plain running away both to the north and to the east for miles without interruption, made one feel the presence of a new world. On the left hand lay Fort Victoria, marked by a few lines of round thatched huts and stones, standing in the western end

of the plateau. But neither the picture nor the frame are to be compared with similar views that burst upon the gaze—say in Cashmere or in Mexico. It is winter, and all the grass is burnt, more especially on the golden veldt, which here runs east and west with a width of twenty miles. The scene is most desolate, and hills of moderate height only, to the north and on either side, hardly relieve it. After breakfast the waggons went on five miles to the nearest water at the new township, while myself and companions turned off to visit the old town.

“We have now accomplished, thank God, another portion of the journey, and in continuation of my former letter I hasten to give you a few details to encourage you to pray us safely through to the end. Well, to go to Macloutsie once again. It is really a nice station—a bright little place—and all the more appreciated because so generally desired. We left it with regret, as we had not nearly explored all its beauties and resources. Father Richartz and party, with the Canisius and the Jerome waggons, moved on at 4 p.m. on Whit Tuesday; Father Barthélemy the following afternoon, with the five sisters, in the Loyola waggon, followed by the Scotch carts *per modum unius*; Walter Jordan, Berry, and twenty-eight oxen completing the party. Being left alone, I made my visitation and gave some spiritual exercises nightly in the chapel to a few of the British Bechuana Police.

“On Trinity Sunday morning, June 12, Major Grey, the commandant, returned by mail-cart. He was good enough to call on me, and I found him very obliging and ready to carry out whatever I wished. He is a cousin of one of the directors of the British South African Company—Albert Grey—and hence interested

in Macloutsie, which indeed he has made. I afterwards luncheoned at the mess, and at dark took the mail-cart to Tuli, the only passenger. At Lipopi, sixteen miles, we outspanned and waited the arrival of the down mail. At nine, the two-wheeled cart and oxen arrived. At this point the carts meet, and the mail and passengers are transferred; but last week, on account of poor M'Clurg's death, the cart went through. The new arrival there was glad to see his cart waiting, for, he added, 'I've capsized twice.' The 'only passenger' also showed his feelings, which were somewhat moderated, however, when the other driver replied, 'Well, we've got a bad wheel, but as it has held on so long, I dare say it will go through.' And these words had some meaning, as a worse bit of road I had never met. A waggon that gets through without a capsize is considered lucky. We soon moved on, the road improving as we went. The other cart remained on the veldt till the morning rays lighted up holes and dangers. Every fifteen miles or so we changed oxen, but we travelled slowly. The driver spent an hour doctoring the bad wheel, and it was about noon when we covered the distance (fifty-six miles), and reached Tuli. Our waggons were lying to the west of Tuli Hill, just under the empty hospital huts which had kindly been placed at the disposal of the sisters. I found all well and glad to see me. My first duty was to call on the magistrate and get my letters. Several little matters remained to be authoritatively settled—the exemption of the lay brothers from military service, the reception and 'rationing' of the sisters at Fort Salisbury pending further arrangements, the removal of all custom and police impediments—and I am happy to find these things done. A letter from Dr. Harris puts me quite

at rest, and Captain Barnett was most civil and anxious to oblige in every way. During our stay one of the round hospital huts was used as a chapel, and on Sunday the only two Catholics in the place attended Mass. My next business was to arrange for freighting up the Canisius waggon. I was warned I should have some trouble, as there were no Kafirs with cattle, and Dutch don't care for separating, *i.e.* leaving their own waggon behind, and it took me part of three days to come to terms with 'Gaspar Vassyl' of Zeerust. The first day I would have nothing to do with him, and as for paying 20s. per 100 lbs., I would rather leave the goods in Tuli. Next day he came back, but we could not agree. He would rather take his own waggon, while I, on the other hand, considered that supplying the waggon I ought to get very low if not half freight; so we tried to persuade Romulala to come as far as Fort Victoria with us, and he was inclined to come, but he had no leave from his chief—a telegram to Khama would probably have settled this. Now, however, that I know the road and the difficulties, I am glad I did not wire. Kafirs and their oxen seem to have no idea of transport work. They are very well for tent waggons, but give them a heavy Buck with 8000 or 10,000 lbs., and they can't get along; and of this we had had some experience. Lala and his beautiful beasts were powerless in a bad bit. There is only one way of making oxen pull who won't under such circumstances, but use this he did not, and so the oxen, not being trained to pull, we had to send the other span to help him oftener than we ought. It was most amusing to watch him speaking to them, changing them about, putting a leader as wheeler, &c., but all not to much purpose; so we bid good-bye to Lala, who had become very friendly, and said he would

stay to help us over the river. On the third day old Gaspar came back, determined, I could see, to do business, and most anxious to know my highest figure. I said, 'Take up my luggage load and the Buck to Fort Salisbury, and then you may keep the latter as payment.' This he rather liked, and so, after a close inspection, he went off to bring his son, who, after a glance round, muttered out, 'I can get a better waggon than this for £35 down country.' I had valued it at £85, so I saw that would not run. Finally we agreed for the load of luggage (daily expected) at 15s. per 100 lbs., and the Buck load at 10s., or, as they put it, 12s. 6d. all round. Two hours after the oxen were inspanned, and the toilsome drag across 'the Shashi' began. It is the widest river-bed, perhaps, in South Africa, some four hundred yards at the drift of soft sand into which one's walking-stick sinks eighteen inches. The drag, therefore, was heavy. Two or three span are always needed; but the Dutchman, whose oxen had been idling these four months at Tuli, had much faith in their power—too much, for he tried in vain, and had to yield amid the chaff of Tuli. His span was a very fine one, and splendidly trained to work, and pulls as one. It was dark before all got through, and late when the waggons reached the five-mile water. I stayed behind with Father Barthélemy to close accounts and letters. We crossed the little stream on the back of our Kafir guide by moonlight, and then paced the heavy sand, reaching the outspan at 10 P.M. Tuli was sad and distressing, and we were glad to get away. It wore the look of departed glory. Last year it was full of business and future promise. Now it was reduced to a mere handful of whites, and I suppose the British South African Company and the majesty of their law, was not upheld by more than six.

“Next morning we halted to celebrate *Corpus Christi*. Near the outspan there were some green trees and quiet spots, and there we all assembled for late Mass and sermon. Father Richartz has quite a special talent for decorating, and made as usual a pretty altar, while Father Boos treated the German nuns and lay-brothers to a German sermon. In the evening we moved on, and next morning at daylight reached ‘Spage,’ where we found a small stream, with good water, and fine trees giving plenty of shade. Next day’s treks brought us to the banks of the Umzingwani River, and here we spent the following day, Sunday. We were now in the lion country, and we commenced our night fires and watches. Canisius’s waggon took the first night, the occupants dividing the night; but not a sound was heard except an occasional wolf-howl. After service in the afternoon we crossed the river—a heavy sand bed and steep banks. Twenty miles more brought us to the Umba Umshabetsi, another sand river with steep banks, a somewhat desolate place. When crossing the Dutchman broke his dissel-boom, and spent the night with his wife and family in the river-bed. Next day both his leaders ran away; but he cares for none of these things, his imperturbable spirit is delightful. The storekeeper here is building a well-proportioned hut with verandah entirely of ‘mopani,’ the trunks making posts and the branches supplying the wattling. In one of these skeleton rooms we said our Masses in honour of St. Aloysius.

“In the afternoon ‘Vassyl’ had finished his new dissel-boom, and we moved on together. Father Barthélemy’s two spans were missing, and so his division had to remain. Jacob, a boy Khama’s brother had supplied him with near Palla, lost the oxen in the

morning, and was afraid to tell till noon, and so the searchers were still out when we inspanned. Such carelessness might have serious effects, what with wild beasts and wily natives; besides, if ever frightened, the patient ox will run for miles. It was, therefore, with some feelings of satisfaction I heard their waggons trek past our outspan at two o'clock next morning. In fact, they reached the next water in Umslane River before us. Grass is improving, and the growth of mopani and other trees also. Thorns are disappearing and leaves enlarging. Kopjes, great granite boulders, some bared, others covered, are raising their heads; but all the same it is unmistakably South Africa, the same general character pervades the whole. Letoutsi, seven miles further on, seemed an exceptionally pretty place, but we passed it at night. Here native villages begin to be heard of near the line of march, and the police once had a station here.

"Next morning we outspanned on the banks of the Bubyana, or Little Buby, and Brother Meyer had to supply a new dissel-boom for the Jerome waggon. We found the young storekeeper on the hill, quite a gentleman, just recovering from fever—the fate of most of these men, if they have not actually got it. Beyond him lay the Big Buby, and he was full of lion stories. How, early last December, on five nights, they alternated between these rivers, killing two oxen from passing outspanned waggons each night, on one occasion adding two horses from the waggon-side, and finally wound up by killing a koodoo near his store, which he added to his larder next morning. If a lion means business, it is a very simple and short affair. I understand. He creeps up in silence, springs on the neck of his victim, with one stroke of the paw rips

it open, and then devours the entrails, leaving the rest for the following meal. The noble animal has a special fancy for donkeys, choosing them in preference to anything else. What a lion will dare seems to depend entirely on his appetite. If very hungry, he despises camp-fires, and will spring into a kraal, seize a man, and be off in a moment. Hence old hands seem to take little guard against them, saying, If he means to come he will, do what you will. Of course, certain general precautions, as far as circumstances allow, may be taken; but I find a growing inclination to make a big sign of the cross, and follow my neighbours. An attack is quite the exception, and I believe there is no instance of an ox being taken from a waggon in motion, though they may follow and growl, as they do, round kraals, often enough for weeks and months, as by so doing they hope to frighten some poor beast to come out, or cause a general stampede. As yet we have not heard even a growl, though their spoor has been seen.

“Up to date none of our sportsmen have been very successful, and both parties have been constantly short of fresh meat, so we planned a halt and shoot on the banks of a second Buby, three miles on. The number of guns was really alarming. Brothers Biermann and Löffler, Walter Jordan, Berry, and Vassyl, with the Winchester. Only two shots were fired, but with the happy result of a small Daika buck. Hardly had this been apportioned, when our eyes were gladdened by the arrival of McCabe and the luggage waggon coming up the drift. The brothers were at spiritual reading, and of course took no notice of the arrival. After dinner the luggage was overhauled, and there were general rejoicings at the good state it was in considering all the

shaking it had had. The provisions too were in good order. Most of the luggage had not been seen since leaving Southampton, and now we were fifteen hundred miles up the country.

"Twelve miles further on lay M'Tike's station and kraal, dotted about the kopjes, and there we should be on the morrow, the Feast of the Sacred Heart. There was a general desire to celebrate this first feast with a great function and fervour, and even Exposition was spoken of. After a trek then of six miles we tied up for the night, and lit our camp-fires. Next morning, soon after four, we were all on the road again. Shortly after I was doubling up behind when I heard a great crack. It was scarcely light, but advancing a little I saw the Jerome with all the brothers on board, heeling over to port heavily. Another look down into a hole showed me the near hind-wheel a complete wreck, every spoke broken. I whistled my alarm loud and strong, and the caravan was brought to a stand-still.

"The situation did not require much consideration. A wheel is the only thing that cannot be made on the road. It was evident, then, that unless we could get one we were done for. The next water was some five or six miles on. Thither the Dutchman made for with his waggons. Being then delightfully alone, we made our morning duties, and celebrated the Feast of the Sacred Heart as best we could. The Canisius waggon was past the danger, Father Barthélemy's division behind, and the sisters had to walk through grass above their heads to reach their tent for Mass. After breakfast, with Leo and Jack, the brothers raised the arm of their after-axle, and borrowing a wheel from the 'Loyola,' the 'Jerome' was soon on safe ground again, and the axle choked. Father Barthélemy was then able

to pass on, and he reached M'Tike's at noon. Meanwhile the brothers were busy fixing a new dissel-boom, which was just ready when McCabe returned with an ox-sleigh bearing one of the Dutchman's hind-wheels. It told its own tale—no wheel was to be had. But to get our two span to the water was of first importance, and we were just inspanning, when in a moment one span vanished. McCabe's oxen, who knew the water, were with them, and they had begun 'to travel.' Happily, however, they were caught in time. The sun was hot, and the way long, but soon after two we outspanned near the rest, and returned the wheel. The sisters had kindly cooked our dinner, and so the community quickly regained their equilibrium. Afterwards I went with Father Barthélemy to inspect the water, and my misgivings proved true. I determined to move on at any cost.

"We then made for the store. The man had a waggon in his yard, but the loan of a wheel is the loss of a waggon, and in the morning he had been obdurate. However, he was a Scotchman, and I was bent on trying my luck with him. We met him at his back-door—of Limbo stretched on a frame—and slightly refreshed with mountain dew, he was eloquent in showing us a rent made by the burglars the previous night (to lift the latch), and detailing all his losses. We listened most attentively. From one pile they had taken six blankets, from another twelve, and had dared to come close up to where he lay asleep with a rifle by his side. The bill of damages exceeded £40, and already he had claimed restitution from the chief M'Tike. I was sorry for the lonesome man, and almost believed the story.

"The opportune moment had now arrived, and having paved the way, I popped the question. He responded nobly; I might have as many wheels as I liked. To

Nuanetsi he would make no charge even, but to Fort Victoria weekly hire. It was nearly dark. In a few minutes the wheel was on the 'Jerome.' This really was a great relief, for which we are still very grateful.

"Next morning we trekked on to the next water, Massowe, a pretty place, with some fine trees, and found quite a natural little chapel of trees for Mass. In the afternoon we had our usual Sunday service. That night Father Barthélemy went on to give Dillon Mass next morning. He was once at Stonyhurst, and has proved true to his religious training. On Monday evening we too outspanned at his abode by the way. I paid Messrs. Smith, Dillon, and Perkins a small visit. All these young men are fit for better work.

"At 3 A.M. we left Gondoque, and trekked to the five-mile water. Dillon walked over to see the last of us, but had to lay up with fever, and Father Barthélemy stayed behind to nurse him. We went on and reached the banks of the Nuanetsi the next morning, the Feast of the Apostles. We had no addition to our congregation, but about 10 A.M., Fitzpatrick, an old St. Aidan's boy, arrived in the post-cart. He was very hearty, and sent us the best part of a small buck he had shot on the way. He came to dinner, and afterwards pressed on, being keen to see Father Barthélemy, and if possible make his Easter duties. The Nuanetsi has a bad reputation for fever, and the river-bed is rocky and steep. The waggon wheels danced about cruelly, but all got safely through. At the store there was a sick man, Cock. He was happily convalescent, but still unable to travel. His brother was nursing him, and we made friends. Like Hill, the transport rider, and others we have met, he hailed from Grahamstown, and was educated at St. Aidan's. He was anxious for advice, chiefly medical,

and we gave all we could. It is most difficult to get food in these places when sick, but fortunately Fitzpatrick brought him a box of 'comforts.' Crossing the river proved such a business, that after two or three miles we outspanned for the night.

"We were now well in the kopje country, and some of these clusters of hill and bush were really pretty. Some were quite bare, and these hoary-headed granite monsters revealed the work of ages. Not many villages lined the road, but here and there Makalakas find out passing waggons with goods for barter. Father Barthélemy soon overtook us again and went on. At noon on the Feast of the Visitation we came up to him, and found the sisters' waggon hard and fast in the middle of the fatal Lunde. Their two spans were done. Berry, up to his knees in water, thrashed in vain. Walter Jordan came to beg a third span, and then after another half-hour they got out with difficulty. Fortunately the river was low, but standing so long in the water caused great anxiety for the oxen. We too followed into the bed of the stream, and with two span each the waggons were safely dragged through. Meanwhile the brothers unloaded the Scotch cart, and repacked their cargo in order to avoid damage by wet. Arrived at the other side, we bivouacked for Sunday.

"We were now in Mashonaland. In the afternoon Father Richartz walked with me to inspect the ruins of an old tower, one of many after the style of Zimbabwe, which seem to encircle these parts; some think they served as an outer line of defence. Just at dark our cattle crossed the river and cleared, and could not be found. The only thing to be done was to follow up their 'spoor' at daylight, and meanwhile trust that no roaring lion would either devour or frighten them.

Father Barthélemy had to shoot another ox at the last river. In addition to its own malady, a wolf had taken a mouthful out of its haunch. It was near there that a tiger sprang over a stable door and killed a calf. Wolves of various kinds and jackals abound, but I have not seen a wild animal yet. Our sportsmen are very persistent, but still no luck. The brothers have hardly a fair chance as their time is much taken up, but we have four guns besides, who labour in vain. The truth is, before the country was disturbed, big game abounded, now more work and skill is required, and horses and dogs. McCabe and Leo attended Mass very early, and then went after the cattle. Some ten miles back there was some very good grass, so it was impossible to say how far they might not have to go. The Makalakas too are very quick in picking up stray cattle, and concealing them till a reward is offered. It was, therefore, with some feelings of relief the party were reported to be crossing the river soon after last Mass, with all the deserters in charge. The storekeeper was a big, healthy-looking man, but he excused himself by saying that he always looked well when convalescing from fever. He told me of a party of Dutch hunters down the river who had fever very badly, but considered themselves fully recompensed by eight sea-cows. His messenger had taken the party some medical comforts, and on his return he promised me a joint. He further proved himself a right-thinking man by promising to care for the small graveyard on the river bank. A great many are said to have lost their lives here while crossing the river, and in the floods it must be a business, but I could not find more than ten graves.

At 3.30 Sunday devotions, Sermonette and Rosary, and at sundown we trekked on, not considering it

prudent to linger on these river banks. Next morning we made a long trek through the Naqua Pass, passing through some deserted mealie gardens, and a pretty but silent country. It was a district raided only last moon by the Matabele. We outspanned right across the path they took for the doomed village. One report said forty men killed, fifty-six women carried off, besides cattle and other loot, but I believe the number to be much smaller; men know their fate, and take to their heels quickly enough. I examined several empty kraals and gardens on the line, and saw evident signs of a surprise. Not a soul to be seen, yet I could have loaded many a waggon with grain and pumpkins, not worth the Matabele's greed. It is very difficult for the Makalaka to get much warning of the enemy's approach, as they are trained to rush forty miles and fight at the end. The excuse for this raid is said to be Chili's refusal to pay taxes. Just off the line they spared a village hard by, and these came to barter their goods, but we found it almost impossible to get any definite information. Asked where the bodies of the dead were, they said they had carried them to the foot of the big mountain, near to Chili, their chief, in the midst of their tribe. Others had evidently only escaped by being happily absent, but none seemed in much distress. They view the matter very philosophically, and seemed to take it pretty much as the poor at home do a surprise visit of the tax-gatherer. Altogether it was an interesting day. Father Richartz, who is developing a decided turn for bartering, which means much patience, did good business in necessary stores; and Leo, who can make himself understood, told the Gospel story with much warmth to a circle of attentive listeners. In fact, the poor people would have had us remain, and

it would have been nice to have settled on the raided gardens. The following morning we outspanned near Father Barthélemy on the Tukwana, and found he had had similar experiences on the raided district. He had actually set out to attend a wounded man, but his conductors were superstitious and frightened, and he gave it up. Here again we were beset with eager barterers. Salt and beads were in great requisition. They listened as eagerly to the jingling of beads as Jews to the tinkling of gold, and the terms 'piccanini' (too little) and 'barsilla' (backsheesh) were always on their lips. The climax was reached when Leo announced, 'This man wants five shillings for conversion.' The banks of the Tukwana, however, witnessed the completion of a very real conversion.

"It was now (July 5) just ten days since the smash of the wheel on the morning of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. True, we had the loan of another, and were so far independent. But though all said it could not be made on the road, the brothers were determined to try, and so day by day Brother Book and Brother Meyer had been quietly at work. Seasoned wood was found in spare and broken dissel-booms, and the sixteen spokes were shaped accordingly, then came the fitting into the nave and breaking out and fitting on the felloes with much exactness, so that the old tyre would serve again. All the centering and scientific measurement required surprised me, and now by the waters of the little Tukwe they heated the tyre and completed their work, success proving them to be master wheelwrights. The same evening we reached the Tukwe proper, and crossed it by moonlight. The drift proved almost as bad as any, and the poor oxen had to suffer. How mails and passengers get across in the rains I cannot

tell. Broken bones and boots and ropes tell a tale, and next year's things will be no better. But licences are heavy, and these store-keepers are glad enough to get a reduction by contracting to aid the mails. The store-keeper here is the cheeriest we have met, and is evidently doing well. I gave him my wheel to return, and we increased our farm-stock by a couple of Kafir sheep, as empty bags still ruled. Fifteen miles of trek brought us on Thursday morning to Fern Spruit, a pretty brook, at the foot of what is termed Providential Gorge. The road across the Tukan veldt was prettily wooded, but the grass was burnt, and at times the scene was quite wintry and desolate. One is inclined to forget it is mid-winter, and so not give Nature her due unless reminded by autumn tints and leafless bush."

The end of the long, weary journey was approaching, though there were great difficulties still to face.

The scarcity of proper food was one of the chief trials, trials difficult to realise in reading Schomberg's cheerful descriptions. The travellers had relied on finding fresh game, and the ill fortune of their sportsmen increased their hardships. Kafir corn-pap, boiled rice, black coffee, and milkless tea were the chief items of their provisions, and after a time this diet "began to tell." It is wonderful that Schomberg was able to undergo privations of this sort; as one of his friends remarked later on:¹ "It is a very wonderful thing to my mind that in mid-life Father Kerr can face such a life as this. Young men find it very trying to live long out in the wilds in this way, and here he is travelling backwards and forwards, and never seeming to think of himself, in order to know the Mission and make the most prudent arrangements

¹ Very Rev. R. Colley, S.J.

for the success of the work. . . . There are a great many trials in these journeys beyond what appears; the dirt and disorder is very trying, and of course the food is very insufficient." We must now return to Schomberg's letters, with their description of Victoria and the last stages of the journey.

"On reaching Victoria, the first exclamation might have been: Where is the town and the fort? so insignificant and desolate did it seem. The magistrate, twelve men, and a Maxim gun, were gone to quell a dispute, and that pretty nearly meant the whole population. Two of the British Central African Police found us out, however, and gave us all the information we required, while the gold commissioner, Mr. Vigers (acting in place of the resident magistrate), after we had looked at the plan of the new town, was most suggestive and kind in helping me to secure good sites. Practically no one can settle on the Gold Belt, and this reduces the available land. I saw some rich specimens in the office; the best was in Sir John Willoughby's camp. The same spot had been prospected more than once without result. The Willoughby Syndicate burnt and found. At the post-office a large budget awaited us. Father Prestage was sending a waggon to meet us. Father Hartmann was still out alone on mission work, while Fort Salisbury admired his pluck.¹ At 1 A.M. Father Richartz, Father Barthélemy, and Brother Meyer, with guides and

¹ The tribe with whom Father Hartmann was then stationed, and whose chief had given him leave to settle and build, was apparently specially given to witchcraft. "The chief is so afraid that the father will bewitch him by writing in his book," writes Schomberg, "that he refuses to see him, thus sacrificing his presents;" and after successfully doctoring a man for a bad leg, Father Hartmann heard with horror that his poor patient had been *burnt for witchcraft*.

carriers, started for the famous Zimbabwe ruins, a distance of about fifteen miles. A beautiful moonlight night. I envied them their walk. We left Victoria, Monday, July 11. A drift gave us trouble and we did not get far, but that day outspanned near a native village of tiny huts dotted about on low granite boulder kopjes, so stationed for shelter from the Matabele, and perhaps to be above fever range. Here we met the waggon sent by Father Prestage in charge of Van Rut. On Wednesday we outspanned in a desolate place, a noteworthy day for the log. Firstly, headquarters were transferred to Father Prestage's waggon. Though we do not know its history, it is evidently one that belonged to some of the first fathers, and it has lately seen service with Father Hartmann, with whom it entirely capsized in a river, and got much knocked about. On our journey too it lost an off-wheel, recently repaired by the brothers. The Germans, who reverence the past, were delighted to be housed once more on board the 'Jerome,' and welcomed the new arrival as a dear companion. Secondly, the Dutchman was anxious about his oxen. He transferred his load to a friend passing down, who selected twenty of his best, accepted half the freight, and became our guide along the way. Our hopes ran high once more of reaching Fort Salisbury, as he said, in sixteen days.

"An old St. Aidan's boy passed with his down mail-cart and dined with us, took our letters, and went on his way to Fort Victoria and Tuli. Hardly had we commenced our trek when the administrator, Dr. Jameson, was sighted driving south with his six-span mule-cart. He kindly stopped and came to greet us, and seemed much interested by the arrival of our party, and said he hoped to be back in Fort Salisbury to meet us. Thurs-

day we spent at Makori, which stands more than eleven hundred feet above Victoria. Around it are gathered many quasi-independent native villages, it seems above the fever range, and there is plenty of good farm land. A Mr. A. L. Coole is storekeeper, field-cornet, inspector of telegraph line, postmaster, and general resident. He made himself extremely agreeable. He had noticed this place as he passed up with the pioneers, and returned straightway armed with various titles, and pegged off nine farms. I felt inclined to peg off the tenth, and a very slight expression of God's will would have made me halt. Makori seemed to possess every requisite, and all were inclined to it. However, there seemed not sufficient reason for change of plans, and we made fresh arrangements of oxen for passing through the *terra deserta atque inaquosa*, as it was declared that Berry's admired red span would not reach Salisbury alive without some rest; so all the spare oxen were in-spanned, and one poor creature was left behind. Before leaving, Mr. Coole showed me a curious retreat in case of a Matabele raid, a natural fortress, which could be held by a single man against a hundred. It was capped by a thatched hut inhabited by a poor chief, or chief's relation, whose hands had been cut off by the Matabele. As we crept higher and higher along the watershed, bush and grass disappeared, till at last we reached, on the Feast of St. Henry, a spot we named the 'last tree.' It had been arranged that the Superior's name-feast should be kept then. The kind wishes of all were expressed the night before, and Masses and Communions promised, and I in turn offered up Mass for the community. The refectory *menu* embraced what was possible, consistent with a Friday feast on Mashona heights! Next morning desert, burnt grass, and hills,

here and there a granite boulder. Close to the waggon a neglected grave. We had some difficult climbs to cross. Presently a great commotion in Father Barthélemy's division, and we learnt the sisters had lost one of the precious kittens! After a long trek in the dark we outspanned, and next morning revealed the most desolate spot we had yet seen. No shelter of any sort or kind from the howling, piercing wind. The sisters had their tent, but were unable to make a fire. We laagered our waggons, and in this way thought we had secured shelter for Mass. Father Richartz had contrived quite a tabernacle within, and Mass was begun with every confidence. But little black things kept showering themselves on the altar, and at last it dawned on me the grass had only just been burnt. The wind circled round our laager, and the burnt remains found refuge in our sanctum, as autumn leaves in a sheltered corner on a windy day. The credence cloth was covered. Father Richartz had to say his Mass in the tent, which only afforded partial shelter. The day passed drearily enough. The wind increased, and food was cooked with difficulty. The Kafir boys were perishing with cold. The oxen somewhere on the horizon trying to get a bite. The future became anxious. Sunday afternoon devotions in the laager, and Rosary was ordered to be said publicly and privately every day for protection for the rest of the journey. When darkness set in the oxen had strayed, and it was a race against time to find them. The waggons outspanned on the only bit of grass about. It was evident that on the night of the conflagration waggons were standing there, and they only managed to save themselves from destruction by burning the grass round them in good time, so that the raging line of fire had nothing to feed on. As night

went on the clouds thickened, the storm increased, and a wet driving mist set in—a real south-easter. We had to outspan on the open sandy veldt, tie up the oxen, and get what rest we could. We managed to send the sisters some hot rice, and the kettle. At 2.30 A.M. the order to inspan was given, but I had to administer a ‘tot’ all round, to put some life into the staff. It was an anxious moment for the oxen, as after lying in the cold and wet (and rest they must), animals sick and exhausted, or any way below par, stiffen with the cold and never rise again. It was a great relief when I heard all the waggons move on without a single defaulter. The weather had no way improved, but on we rolled for two or three hours till we came to a solitary stone, a wild spot half-way between Makari and Fort Charter. The oxen could not travel in the wet, as the humps get sore, so we laagered the waggons again, and Father Richartz prepared a snug place for Mass; but all was so wet and dirty that we had to yield to circumstances, and give up. We were now in the highest part of Mashonaland, just over five thousand feet. During the forenoon the weather gradually cleared, and by the afternoon all was sunny and dry again. We had really passed through what we had most feared: a storm on the hills, and, thank God, without loss. Next day, when our oxen were grazing on a wooded slope, the long grass was suddenly fired, and presented a grand appearance, the flames leaping ten feet high as they were driven before the breeze. Next morning at daylight the up post-cart drove past. Fitzpatrick jumped out on his return journey. He had had trouble with the ‘boys.’ As they had not a stitch on in spite of the cold, the night before he had pitied them and bestowed a blanket on each, whereupon they

made off, and gave him a rare chase before he overtook them. At Umniati an excellent grass, so we resolved to rest twenty-four hours. Mr. Henry Short has farmed here. He showed us his first beginnings; his kraal circling round a kopje is a model. He had already planted many trees. Natives from all parts came to trade, and he said the country was healthy. He had been raided by a tribe beyond the Sabi, but afterwards got compensation. The Matabele are not the only enemy; the tribes raid each other, and speak well of the former, whom they say behave fairly as long as they pay their tribute. Natives came freely to the waggon to barter. We find the diaries and maps of the first fathers very useful. Father Boos, who keeps us posted with these reminiscences, declared we were now crossing the path of Father Law and Father Weld in their expedition to Umzila's kraal. The deaths of such valuable fathers was certainly a most mysterious dispensation of Providence, and we refreshed our souls by talking over their journey and their sufferings. We chanced to have a MS. volume of Father Law's Meditations with us, and in some form or another we all profited by his thoughts on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen.¹

"We bivouacked at a spruit we named the 'Milky Way,' from the colour of the water, and in the evening did the first part of a very heavy sandy veldt ride to Fort Charter. The poor oxen had a hard struggle for nearly three hours, and then we had to stop short of our goal. Next morning we trekked at 2 A.M., and reached Fort Charter just at daylight. Four guns went out to shoot, and by a cruel irony of luck Berry's dog coursed and devoured a young steinbok—the only bag!

¹ See "Life of Rev. A. Law, S.J.," by Miss Clerk, Quarterly Series.

In the evening I walked up to the dismantled fort and dilapidated huts, and found two white men, one down with fever and the other nursing him, the telegraphist and the storekeeper. It was a sorry sight. I did not overtake the waggons till they had made their seven miles' trek. Near a good water we spent what we confidently hoped might be our last Sunday on the road. Father Barthélemy said late Mass with a 'few words.' At four o'clock Rosary, Litanies, and some hymns; and at daylight we crossed the Umpili River, rather a hard drift, but excellent water; grass all burnt, however, even to the river-sides. Here we helped to recover some oxen supposed to be dying, which belonged to two men who were camping on this spot. One of the men has a relic of De Beer's great trek last year. They left Kimberley sixty strong, lost five hundred oxen on the way, and settled down to farming near Salisbury. Their leader died, and the party broke up. Only five young men are still in the country. The other has a prospection; an interesting man. He had small faith in the gold. One of our drivers had fits yesterday, but they are passing off. Another, one of our best, seems always at the last gasp. It is really hard work in difficult bits, the flogging and shouting at the patient ox. This is the first day of the Novena to St. Ignatius. We follow the German custom and make it publicly. I am quite content to leave the rest of the journey and the day of arrival in St. Ignatius' keeping, so we advance without concern; but should like to be at Fort Salisbury on the 29th, and at Loyola Farm on the eve of the feast. The party were now again in the lion country, and camp fires were resumed. One of the brothers heard a roar of the king of beasts, at least, so he declared. The next water was too far to reach in

one trek, and so a shooting party was organised, who went and returned as usual. It is good practice, however, for the brothers at the outset of their missionary work, and they readily go. As for the fathers, they show no inclination to join, and only necessity, I think, would induce them to handle the 'Winchester.' The country since Umniati seems depopulated owing to the former raids. We are longing to be at our journey's end and at work. Loyola Farm is talked over day by day. It is about twelve miles north-east of Salisbury, and is twelve thousand acres in extent. It is said to be surrounded by hills, and to have three rivers running through. The treks varied from four to eight miles during the next two or three days. One of four hours (some ten miles) to the Hanyani River, which was further than we expected. Here we met a man on horseback, who proved to be Mr. Watkins of the hospital, armed with letters from Father Prestage and the Mother Superior. He had been waiting since yesterday, and had ridden on seven miles to reach us. Father Prestage was laid up, alas,¹ and could not come, but he sent a warm note of welcome. That evening we trekked to Six Miles Spruit, and next morning I walked on with one of the brothers, and shortly after one o'clock greeted Father Prestage! a most cordial meeting. I rejoiced to see him so active and well in spite of his ailment. The rest of the party arrived soon after dark, and, after taking their supper, made preparations to go on to the farm, which they reached on the following evening, Saturday, July 30. I joined them on the feast. We planted a cross on the central kopje, and sang the Te Deum in thanksgiving for our safe arrival."

It was not until November 21 that Schomberg was

¹ At Fort Salisbury.

able to resume his report. This date found him making a fresh journey to Victoria from Fort Salisbury, accompanied by the Dominican nuns, who were to form the nursing staff of the new hospital there.

“ON THE ROAD TO VICTORIA HOSPITAL,
“November 21, 1892.

“MY DEAR FATHERS AND BROTHERS, P.C.,—Since our arrival at Fort Salisbury I have been so constantly on the move that I have not been able to give you an account of our doings. I must try now to make up for it. I think I told you how the Germans reached the farm on the eve of St. Ignatius’ Feast, and how on the morrow we raised the Cross on the top of the central kopje. Then followed a fortnight’s suspense, during which the place was inspected and various sites proposed for building upon.

“Brick clay, fountain-heads, rich soil, fair timber, all passed under review. At last Father Prestage, who had been laid up for some weeks, was able to come out himself and do justice to the potentialities of Shishawasha, and then a site was finally determined upon and building commenced. Father Richartz had already drawn out a plan of a compound, the most striking feature of which was the church. However, it was thought better not to commit ourselves to an ecclesiastical edifice just at first, and so the proportions of the three-roomed verandah house came well to the front. The building materials at hand were poles, wattling, and daga. Brick-making was considered, but for the nonce shelved, and for roofing the long dried grass still standing, but daily, nay hourly, in danger of being fired by any wanton Kafir. A number of natives were set to work to collect this at the price of a blanket a

month, with food, while the brothers cut the poles, prepared foundations, wattling, and the rest. Meanwhile, the day after the Assumption, I started to the relief of Father Hartmann, some hundred miles to the north-east in Motoko's country. Father Prestage had sent him necessaries by runners every three weeks for the last few months, so I had to hurry off in a Scotch cart with eight oxen. Van Rut, the hero of the forty-three days' fast, came with me.¹ Being an Afrikaner, he was at home on the veldt, and proved a very useful and pleasant companion. We travelled quickly across sluit and marsh, falling lands and heads of water, and after eight days passed the first Motoko's kraal. Now we entered upon a land of granite kopjes, and upon the highway, against one of these, twenty miles west of Mount Bismarck, I greeted the good father. He was living in a house of some seven cubic feet, hastily raised during his arrival in the rains, but was now engaged in erecting quite a handsome square pole hut. He was a novice at the work, and so his labours, as well as his difficulties, were not small. However, it gave him occupation, and brought many natives round, which so far had answered well. He was not very hopeful of the situation himself, as 'Dawa,' the chief, still declined to see him. By a bit of ill-luck the late Motoko died after an interview with Selous, hence the superstition. This young man sported himself on some neighbouring hills not long since, and sent the Induna to tell Father Hartmann of his approach. The father went out to greet him, but the chief, rather than risk bewitching, took to his heels. Under the circumstances I did not

¹ This is an allusion to Van Rut's wonderful experience. He was lost in the veldt for forty-three days, at the end of which a party of gold-prospectors found him, still alive, but a mere living skeleton.

ask to see him. Next day, having previously resolved to call Father Hartmann in for the rains, we started back. Quite a number were drawn around, men, women, and children, and I was delighted to find the silent influence he had gained. House and goods were left in charge of the chief Induna, and off we went with a large following, which did not dwindle away for some miles. The parting had evidently touched a sympathetic chord, which I doubt not will reverberate a warmer welcome when he returns. At first we sped quickly back, but owing to hard roads, and harder burnt stubble, the feet of the oxen were sorely tried, so, following the advice of Spillman, the driver, we had to slacken down. On the third day, these being anxious to be back, I was reluctantly obliged to leave Father Hartmann in charge, and make a forced march of three days with Van Rut and a couple of carriers. We averaged more than twenty miles each day, and on the morning of the last of August reached the farm in time for Mass. I thus gained my first experience of sleeping on the veldt. We knew we were in a lion country, but were only reminded of it one night by our two boys creeping during sleep between the fire and ourselves, which we wondered at, and on comparing notes it was further resolved that a lion's roar was heard. But the Scotch cart the following evening was closely set upon by two, and Spillman, when outspanning, had to take a kraal rifle in hand. However, they did no greater harm than prowl and growl. Waggon and span are quite a new idea in these parts, and strange to the noble beast. Father Hartmann was greatly alarmed about us, but we were then beyond their beat. It was on this same journey to Motoko that Father Hartmann had spent part of three months with Spillman during the rains.

It was interesting to hear them recalling their adventures. Indeed the road at best is bad enough in parts, and so I am not surprised that the crew, as well as waggon, were nearly wrecked. On the farm considerable progress had been made. Father Prestage had thatched the first hut, and besides presided daily at the waggon bartering for meal, a somewhat tedious affair. He also superintended the grass cutting, a most important work considering the advanced period of the year. Father Richartz, with Brothers Book, Meyer, and Lindner were busy building. Walter Jordan paid his attentions to the cattle kraals. The indefatigable Brother Burman was kitchening under difficulties, while Brother Löffler, having planted out all the trees he nursed with so much care during the long journey, had commenced to garden along the brookside. Father Boos was supplying in town, and had given during his stay a double Retreat to the nuns, one in German and the other in English. There was good news too from Father Barthélemy, who had started for Victoria about the Assumption. He was kindly received by the Government officials, and indeed was living with them. He selected the church stands, and with the help of the native assistant had visited the native kraals on the northern road and established relations with them. When the question of the hospital was raised, the committee, referring in terms of the highest praise to the work of the Dominican Sisters elsewhere, accepted Father Barthélemy's offer with evident satisfaction. The good father also summoned the Catholic men of the place, and though only a handful, such was the goodwill, that money, labour, and bricks for a small chapel-house were soon forthcoming and the work put in hand. To complete the aspirations of Victoria, Father

Hartmann also was wanting in order to take the native chiefs properly in hand; but though he arrived at the farm soon after me he could not well be spared, and besides he had frequent attacks of fever, a common occurrence when passing from a lower country to the high veldt. I remember a commissioner at the Mazas—only 25 miles out from town and 300 to 400 feet lower—told me that he got fever every time he went to Salisbury. It was the same in Cyprus after the first occupation, and similarly elsewhere. Father Hartmann followed me into town, and the attacks, which were usually accompanied with vomiting, were distressing and tedious enough. However, good food and bracing air will, I trust, soon rehabilitate the liver. I had now to set out for Umtali (September 16), and this time took a waggon, with Walter Jordan for companion. We set out late the first night to overtake our travelling hut, but were put by a trusty guide on the wrong road! We walked miles awry and lost ourselves. At midnight we made a fire under a kopje, and there remained till daylight. By the help of a native guide we then walked across country, and by 9 A.M. found the waggon with Father Boos waiting for us. He was destined to come too, but the farm begged hard for his services, and so I let him return. We travelled briskly along the Manica road in our empty waggon with little worthy of note. The features of the country presented little change, and there was marked absence of natives and their kraals. No bartering, no greetings reached our ears save one only kraal, who came running from their kopje heights with the Induna at their head. He was a friend of Father Prestage's, and thinking it was the Umfundisi waggon came to see. They were very friendly, and kept us

company for some distance, hoping we might outspan. On parting I told the old man that Shishawasha wanted grass. He said, 'I will turn out every man and woman to collect and carry to the Umfundisi.' At fifty miles we passed Manudella's kraal. At 100 miles Lawrence-dale Settlement of Van der Byl and his crew of twenty-five. The old man lies buried by the stream, and the party afterwards broke up. Some fifteen miles further we neared Mount Zonga—a monster granite hill, where a good Catholic named O'Reilly trades and has much influence. Here we spent Sunday (September 25). We were now at the extremity of the high veldt. To the east the land fell 1000 feet and the road was steep enough. I determined to let the oxen rest and take the waggon no further, and so leaving Walter to hunt and amuse himself as he liked, I joined company with Lieutenant Jesser Coope, forest officer, who was returning to Umtali with Scotch cart and staff. He had been some weeks on the veldt, and only struck the road by accident. Down the hill we went, driving our ponies ahead, and at sundown reached the sugar-loaf kop at the fort, where we found the cart already outspanned and the kraal complete. Coope formally welcomed me to his forest home, for he said, 'Out of the respect I have for Father Prestage and the sisters I will gladly do you any service I can.' And these were no empty words, for, till I left Umtali, he put himself entirely at my service. On entering we found the table to the left, further round the beds of straw, then came the stables, and close to the door the oxen stood, while round the fire, in the middle, the boys were gathered busily preparing the food. These arrangements seemed more than enough for one night, but his staff were accustomed to form camps on the veldt, and just at

this point there was some need, as an ox had been taken from the postcart the previous week. He, too, had had some experience on a late expedition, where his pony was badly torn by a lion, which made him careful. Nearly every one has a lion story to tell, and travellers soon vote the noble beast a nuisance, as after a long trek they have to watch the midnight hours; while on the other hand, sportsmen are out for days and weeks without finding any. One of the men of the day had just returned from a shooting expedition as I left Salisbury, and the only lion he saw he caught napping in some long grass at noon. The boys who pointed to him quickly climbed the first trees to hand, while he considered the situation for some minutes. He then stepped some twenty paces back, and with the stick of his rifle made a noise. The animal rose, and he shot him dead. Having skinned him he waited for nightfall, knowing well that the carcass was the best bait for the lioness, and so it proved. He fired his shot and heard the telling *thud*, but in the dark she managed to get away. Coope's affair was more serious, and is worth telling also, for its effect in a critical moment on the native chief. The magistrate had gone out with a force of some twelve or fourteen men to visit some refractory kraal, and had outspanned for the night at the foot of the hill, ready for further operations in the morning did not the chief give in. The party slept round the fire, and the horses were tethered near at hand. Suddenly they were roused by the cries of a Kafir boy from the jaws of a lion just outside the camp. The boy was wonderfully brave and quite self-possessed. He reported progress every crunch the lion gave. 'Now he has me here—now there'—and begged them not to fire. However, when

some of the party were sufficiently prepared, and could distinguish between the lion and his prey, they opened fire, but with no immediate result, and it was not for some time, till the beast had calmly received several bullets, that he released his grasp and moved off growling round the camp. Meanwhile there was great commotion among the horses—one line broke their tethers, and evidently the lion was in their midst; but it was not till daylight that the mischief could be realised. Then the spoor of some five lions was made out. Some half-dozen horses had been severely mauled, and, though desperately wounded, had managed to shake off their assailant; and the man-eater was at last shot dead and the carcass brought to camp just as the poor boy was dying of his wounds. On comparing notes it was found that the lion had passed by at least two white men as he sprang into the midst of the camp and seized his Kafir victim. The lion attack on the white man's camp was witnessed with considerable interest by the native chief and his kraal. It was a good omen—a message from their gods to fight also—and so accordingly they made ready to attack. But when, in the morning, they heard that the lion lay stretched in death before the camp, the omen was reversed, their courage failed, and superstition bid them parry the fire instead. And so the object of the expedition was gained more quickly than was expected.

“Thank God, on the night of September 25 we had no such experiences. At daylight we were off on our ponies, and by noon had ridden easily enough our five-and-twenty miles, and reached Umtali. I knew no one, and had nowhere to go. Coope, however, introduced me to the Resident, Captain Graham, who kindly begged me to come to him, which of course I gladly

did. He was then walking home with his secretary to luncheon. Umtali township is a plateau valley some three miles to two across, through which a stream runs into the Umtali River. All four sides are bounded by hills, and at the foot of the western ridge the town is rising. Against the southern hills is the hospital and police reserve, and there the magistrate has his quarters. There was not much hut room, and at mess I found the doctor joined the captain and his secretary. I went round the hospital, and left satisfied with their sense of religious freedom and fair play. My few days at Umtali were well filled up viewing the land selection, church stands, riding round to all possible sites for future work, and the rest. Coope served as my guide, and one night I slept at his nursery farm to be in readiness to visit Umtali's kraal next morning. He was filled with ardour to get on, and during these last three years he has had hard work in the British South African force, and has done well. He was fortunate enough to be under good officers, and six months with Selous especially helped him much. At daylight we started to view farms in Umtasa's direction. He arranged the day, and cleverly took an Umtasa boy with him. The kraal is buried among rocks on a remarkable bluff, prominent peak, fifteen miles to the north of Umtali—easily capable of defence, and without a guide almost impossible to find. Leaving our ponies to graze, we trudged for two hours after our guide up the mountain side, then we had to wend our way among granite boulders and jump from rock to rock. At last we found ourselves in a sort of open square, and many natives gathered round us; but without hesitation Coope urged on his boy through narrow alleys, gates, and kraals. The men behind

shouted, but the more they shouted the more the guide was urged, and in another minute we had to stoop low as we entered the double-gated door of the chief's palisaded home. A large gathering followed us in, more angry than pleased, among them Umtasa's son. Our guide was promised death as his reward by the noisy throng, but in a trice all calmed down. *We were in*, and they had to make the best of it. Here, said Coope, is an historic spot, the place where eight Englishmen forced their way just two years ago and arrested three leading Portuguese—Baron, Colonel Andrada, and Garcia—who had a force of some hundreds of men supporting them. It was a splendid bit of filibustering—no time for parleying, not a moment's hesitation, white men and black were equally overawed, and the three prisoners were marched down the hill. When they found out the state of the case and the meagre number of their captors, who had hardly food to give them, *the three* were wroth enough at being so duped. 'Why,' said the Colonel, 'the very dogs in the streets of Lisbon will laugh at us.' The effect on the natives was of course excellent in our regard. The alliance with Umtasa was secure, and Portuguese attempts to outwit us again were of no avail. Coope was evidently celebrating the anniversary of this feat. As I knew it would take hours to wait an interview with old Umtasa, we went our way, and once outside the chief's palisades all were at ease again. We afterwards held a sort of equality dinner, at which men and boys, chief's son and Indunas assisted, while women peered round corners and out of grovelling huts. The centre-piece was a calabash of Kafir beer, of which all partook, and even the boys eagerly licked the platter, which disgusted me, so the little urchins were driven off. This introduced the question of the hour,

and I proposed in the vaguest terms the possibility of a school. The Induna was equally prudent, and so, while expressing gratification, said these matters belonged to the chief to arrange. Knowing well that Untasa's was one of Knight Bruce's cherished hopes, and that probably every word I said would be repeated, I said no more, relying on action rather than word when the moment arrives. We soon got down the mountain, saddled our ponies, and rode back. Looking round half-way, we saw the mountain side on fire—the result of a match with which we had obliged a Kafir. On my return I visited the hospital, and the Protestant sisters were instant in suggesting that, as I had now a Catholic patient, it would be nice if I said Mass in the ward. I was struck by the somewhat novel idea, and arranging that the said patient would go to his Easter duties, I consented to say Mass there the following morning (Saturday, October 1). The ward was duly arranged, the sisters attended, Caulfield and Heyland also, and the patient accomplished his Easter Communion.

“I just did fifty miles within the twenty-four hours, and reached the waggon on the banks of the river Chimney. My letter had miscarried, and so Walter Jordan was in as much perplexity as an Africander can be. I had sent for him, and hoped to see him off on his eight days' march to the coast. Now, as he still elected to go, he would have eleven days to undergo. However, it is quite the best way of travelling in the dry season for young men. Next day then, October 4, we parted, he with his two carriers to halt at the police camp, Umtali, where my friends would help him on, and I with the waggon back again. More companions along the road than we wanted, both of us were sure to meet. The steamer was timed to leave Beira October 19,

so he had three or four days to spare, quite long enough to linger in those parts, which is a great temptation to a man with a gun. Returning I touched at Lawrencedale, and also went to see Rhodes's farm, on the high veldt near Manenbella, and on Monday, October 10, rode ahead twenty miles, and reached our farm at dark. Great progress had been made, especially in gardening and farming, and the house building was only held back by the want of grass. They had had the mortification to see the last patch of farm grass, on which they so much depended, burnt before their eyes. For five hours Father Richartz tried to stem the flames to no avail. They had thus to depend mostly on what natives would bring. Father Hartmann, therefore, rode round the kraals pressing and promising Indunas! And all did something: some gave a hundred bundles, others less, and all got limbo, according to weight and size, on delivery. Father Hartmann's visits were much appreciated, too! In more than one kraal, by common consent, they asked him to be their king! and in all he made friends. What a power language is! and absolutely necessary if we would do any good at all. If Ours will only gain a fluency in Chiswana we need fear none. Father Prestage has worked hard for six months and has succeeded, and so this Christmas I am anxious the two fathers should bring out a grammar and vocabulary, if only a first attempt for private use. In the meantime Father Temming's manuscripts are doing duty, and are found useful enough. The sisters, too, have had some lectures, and are making progress. For two months they had a camp on the farm, and went out and in as convenient. Next season I hope they may find a permanent home on the veldt. All life up here, especially outside the

town, is experimental, and a short trial is enough for the first year. And as it happens, it is well they were still free, for otherwise we should not have been able to secure Victoria Hospital so readily. I speak of Mother Clare and her little community. As for the sisters in Salisbury Hospital, they are as active as ever, and on the Feast of St. Luke opened school in a hut, and now have some dozen children. The kindness of the administrators to the sisters is extreme. Not only were the new sisters rationed on arrival, but accommodation was provided for them. Indeed, so general is the esteem in which they are held for their work in the past, that Mother Patrick's wishes and words are supreme. Father Daignault's canvas marquees still do good service: one as a ward, one for the sisters, and the third for the chapel, which is nicely fitted up, and suits admirably. Next year a new hospital is to be built, and we ought to build a church, so I hope these three convenient shelters may find their way on the mission. But it would be a great mistake did I lead you to suppose that the kindness of Dr. Jameson and his able second, Mr. Duncan, was confined to the hospital. I have travelled in many parts, and seen many official circles, but never met with as much genuine, considerate charity and attention as I have witnessed in Mashonaland. I do not speak of the wide question of administrative government, but rather of passing daily acts, and I will make bold to say that there is no one in distress who has applied and has not been helped: some with rations, some with means, some with farms or implements, some with appointments, some with protection, all with encouragement. No one has an interview with the 'Doctor' who does not leave the better for it. He has a wonderful power of imparting confidence and con-

solation. Though still in his thirties, he has long had the reputation of the first physician and surgeon in South Africa, and all the tact and talent required for such a position he throws into his present work. He is Governor, Commissioner, Judge of High Court and Appeal, and often Magistrate, and, now Mr. Duncan is absent, holds all the portfolios—in fact, is ‘all hands.’ A *mauvais quart d’heure* is generally considered worthy of note and enough, but the administrator of Mashonaland and his Socius have borne bravely a *mauvais deux ans*, and at last the cloud is lifting. Randolph Churchill and Labouchere, experts and prospectors, have had their day, but now the reality smiles at all they say. The country is being *boomed*, and next year not an acre nor a claim will be left unpegged. It is a remarkable instance of what can be done by a man with means, determined to carry out an idea, with his *alter ego* at the wheel. We shall never know what this occupation has cost the millionaire—hundreds of thousands at least. I daresay we shall discover his ‘Power of Attorney’ in Jameson’s cashbox, with orders to keep things going with justice and honour. Under other circumstances, the Chartered Company would have long since followed the fate of other less ambitious African ventures, but Rhodes, though deserted by others, relying with full confidence on the administration, has saved the country, and the company, too, in spite of itself. For my own part, I may say that I have never yet met with a refusal. All I have asked has been granted willingly, and a kindly interest shown in our welfare from the company’s representatives in Tuli, Victoria, and Umtali, to the surveyor-general and the administrator in Salisbury. We have free grants of land for church and institution in each township, a

farm in the neighbourhood of each, and elsewhere where we will, and in Motoko country we stand alone. All the bricks we require for the church in the capital have been given gratis, and time alone is needed, I am sure, to develop more signs of kindness and goodwill. The administration are not church-goers, but they are fair to all denominations, and I am sure each would confirm what I say.

“After a few days on the farm I came into town and joined Father Prestage. The season was already breaking, and Salisbury had had its first showers. I had still the country to the north to see, and so on October 20 I rode out twenty-five miles to the Mazas Valley, relying on the Gold Commissioner’s hospitality for the night. After twelve miles I left Mount Hampden to the left, and the land fell away gradually. Entering the valley I passed several kraals, in one of which I spied the shell of an Anglican Chapel Hut, which I presumed meant occupation. At dusk I just made the Poorte, a gap in the hills through which the river runs, and opposite I ought to see the Commissioner’s hut. At first I looked in vain, but a second glance just revealed its outlines, and I made quickly for it. A few minutes later and all was darkness. I clambered up the hill, and was kindly received by Mr. Nisbet. Next morning I crushed and passed a bit of quartz, which gave two ounces to the ton; discussed the mining situation, and visited neighbours, one of whom was a Catholic. I dined at the Mazas Hotel on Kafir meal and cookies. The weather was certainly warmer than at Salisbury. I had now, according to arrangements, to make the best of my way across country, and join my waggon near the Umrikene range. I was shown the direction, and more than one declared that there was

nothing easier than to find the Umrikene road. Off I rode, therefore, across the veldt for three or four hours, twice the time and distance I expected, but saw nought of road and waggon. To save being benighted, then, I made towards my only landmark, Mount Hampden, and there picking up the Salisbury road rode into camp by dark, determined to take a fresh departure on the morrow. On Sunday afternoon, therefore, I rode quietly out of camp, and striking the Umrikene road rode twenty miles to Drake's huts, the first sign of life along that desolate way. It was long past dark when I sighted the homestead, and I had already begun to consider a night on the veldt. After dusk it might be midnight for any hope of finding one's way or meeting a human being; even round Salisbury I have been lost. The best veldt authorities say you should stay where you are, light a fire, and, with St. Paul, wish for daylight. Father Hartmann is a grand hand at losing himself, and a night on the veldt is no rare event with him. Father Richartz also knows the veldt between the farm and camp, having spent several midnight hours waiting for daylight. The chief danger, besides exposure, is wild beasts, which may turn up anywhere. Father Prestage will not even go from his hut to the hospital without a lantern, and experience says he is right. Drake received me very kindly, and gave food and shelter, such as he had, to man and beast. Next morning we were round by Mr. Spreckley (Gold Commissioner at the Northern Fields), on his way into camp. He had had some trouble with the natives round Lo Magundis when getting carriers for Descès, the French traveller, across the Zambesi. On these occasions prompt measures have sometimes to be taken, but the tribal patriarchal system, which makes the Induna responsible

for all, is of immense advantage. He is squeezed or punished, as the case may be, and though sometimes it seems hard, justice and equity are mostly gained. By six I was on the road again, but after an hour my pony broke down, and I had to drag him along six miles more till the waggon gladdened my eyes at the appointed spot. Alas, it was the deserted home of a Dutchman and family. The old man had died last season, and so the rest lost heart. A well-built waggon shelter marks the stead where the family had evidently lived for a while also, and the somewhat neglected tomb was hard by. 'Woodburn,' who was in charge of our waggon, had strolled away. He had kindly come to show me some farms in the Umrikene Hills. Towards evening then we trekked, and next morning crossed through the pass, a small rise, but about the most stony road I had met. It is almost impossible for a laden waggon to cross without a break, yet it is the only gap in the long voyage leading to Lo Magundis and the gold-fields. We outspanned at a charming stream on Woodburn's Farm, and during the day went farm prospecting with little result. Water was scarce and natives few. We resumed, and continued our adventures on the other slope, but with no better result.

"'Selous' Camp of 40,000 acres covered excellent sheep pasturage, and the remaining good land was pegged by Woodburn and his friend. We then steered back, and reached Salisbury on Friday, October 20. Next day I was due at the farm to celebrate the Feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, on which day the new house was to be blessed and opened. One room was destined for a temporary chapel, and there at the Community Mass I had the happiness of placing the Blessed Sacrament. The room was nicely paved with wood,

the stations hung round the Daga walls, and the altar was neatly furnished. In the afternoon we had Benediction. Natives crowded round the door, and afterwards had their usual instruction from Father Hartmann. At dinner the new refectory was thoroughly warmed, and fathers and brothers did honour to our holy patron. The opening of the new house was a great addition, as now the brothers can really get to bed instead of lying on sacks in waggons and carts, as they have had to do for the last seven months. The three rooms open into the verandah which encircles the house, and besides affording shelter preserves the walls. This day marked quite an era in the foundation of the farm, as, now the great work was complete, smaller ones sprung up like mushrooms all around, guest hut, instruction hall, boys' hut, workshop, sawpit, store-rooms, stables, shelters and kraals of all sorts. Thatch was still the difficulty, but it continued to come in by dribblets. Brick-making, too, was tried. An experienced hand searched the farm diligently, and found good material hard by. Brother Löffler turned out 10,000, but not without delay and difficulty, as just at the time the early rains set in. This set the plough vigorously in motion turning over new lands, and about the same time twenty sheep and goats, and the beginning of a poultry yard, were added to the stock.

“It was now time to think about the sisters going to Victoria for the new hospital, which was building, and timed to open next month. Waggon and Scotch cart were got ready, but the rains commenced heavily, which caused delay. Meanwhile our trusty driver was dismissed, and we had great difficulty in filling his place. Several offered themselves: one was inexperienced, another demurred at the wages, a third thought the

journey short. At last, however, we got a Zulu who was highly commended, and made his preparations in a most business-like way, but he decamped the first night. It is thought that the prospect of one or two of Khama's boys for companions did not suit him. This reminds me of an incident on the Umtali road, when two of our boys made off, one being a faithful 'leader' from near Palla. We lay down about ten o'clock one night, but at three o'clock we could not find him. A lion was the only explanation, and Walter Jordan remained behind to search while the driver and I went on with the waggon. The sun was a long way up before we got to the water, and no wood was to be got. I herded and carried water, while the driver tried to boil the kettle with an only bit of stick. Walter came up in the afternoon, and we were glad enough to get on. He had no tidings of the missing boy, and the matter remained a mystery for some time. When I got back I found him at the farm, and he had a story about being sick and the rest. Soon after he got into trouble again and was dismissed. Happening, however, to meet him again I detained him, as I knew he suited the sisters on the journey well. In fact, he is the only reliable boy I have. Just at the beginning of the rain it is difficult to get boys, as it is a sort of principle with these Mashonas that the whole family should work in the fields and gardens. According to their laborious system, ploughing and spading by hand, it is very hard work, and requires much time as well. I determined then to put myself into the hands of some respectable transport rider going down with his empty waggons, and get him to supply what was needed and take charge, for, as the season was advancing, I felt the journey of the sisters to be a responsibility that needed

every precaution. On the 17th of November then we started in company with McGear's transport train, Mother Clare and three sisters in the waggon, while I occupied the Scotch cart. My immediate return to Salisbury was somewhat uncertain, and so I took leave of my friends. Doctor Jameson had at last paid his long-promised visit to the farm, and was delighted with the progress as well as the prospects. He thought there would be fever for the first few years, and that we had built too low, but that with our regular life and good cook, whose preparations he appreciated, we should not suffer much. His visit, short as it was, gave pleasure to the Germans as well as encouragement, and I was glad to have his opinion, which was no exceptional one. No doubt the position is low, sheltered, and in parts marshy, and for that reason a good farm, with a likelihood of some fever at first, and if it proves all this I shall be satisfied. Other prophets have foreboded worse things. The almost impossibility of getting a sound opinion in practical matters is one of the difficulties of a new country. First, it is hardly to be expected from the class of people one meets, then no one has any experience, and lastly there seems a sort of traditional want of faith in one's neighbour's veracity in South Africa which is really appalling to one educated in other climes and other countries. Well! we made a good start along the road, and on Sunday morning after a long trek outspanned at a spruit ten miles short of Fort Charter. The two McGears put on their Sunday best and came for Mass. Later on Mr. John O'Reilly of Taungs—a hunter, and well known as the finder of the first diamond in South Africa—came over from his camp on the veldt. Tuesday evening we passed Charter, and next day reached Umniati. The weather was

showery, but on the whole good, and roads also. Next evening the sisters had a disagreeable time, as the rain overtook us in a sloppy place and we had to outspan.

“On Sunday, 27th, we stopped at a Dutch farm on the telegraph road, having covered 128 miles. It was rather a wild spot on the high veldt, but plenty of water, and nice clumps of trees and granite boulders relieved the eye. The country was now looking as beautiful as it was bare six months ago. This land of desolation was now a smiling sward, and every one was loud in praise of the land and veldt they had last year condemned. The fact is, in 1891 travellers were scared and half-hearted, never went off the road, and took care to be well away before the first rains. Now people are bolder, and they see the country at its best, and say the grass vies with any in South Africa. This confirms what I was saying just now regarding the extreme difficulty of getting an opinion worth having. Taking, for instance, the question of sour and sweet veldt; it seems a mystery; no men will tell you the same, and it is most difficult for the inexperienced even to distinguish. Sunday evening we continued our journey. We had spent the day quietly; the morning rest is a great relief to all. At Mass we were alone, nor was there any scope for missioner efforts. We had just reached the crossing of the main road when rain obliged us to stop for the night. Next morning we outspanned some six or seven miles further on near a Dutch trek of half-a-dozen families. After Mass the ladies paid the sisters a visit, and then they trekked on uncertain of their future. At Makowni, 160 miles, the first question asked us on arrival on Tuesday the 29th was this: ‘Have you been attacked by Matabeles?’ Then we learned that yesterday two gangs had harassed

the store. The first were pretty well mannered, which deceived them, and so the second were all over the place before discovered. They were very troublesome, and carried off four women and two boys who were caught trading within the compound. The Matabeles went on to raid or tax some kraals, and were expected to come lower down on the morrow. I determined to wait for McGear and his waggons, who were a trek behind us. Meanwhile the sisters were very brave, and went some distance away to find water for their weekly wash-day—right in the direction of the marauders—and did not return for some hours. On Wednesday night we trekked on twenty miles without meeting a soul, and the following night completed the remaining fifteen miles, reaching Victoria by daylight. Knowing the direction of things I made for Father Barthélemy's 'domuncula,' and had the satisfaction of finding him, I will not say in bed, but at rest. He quickly came out, and after a warm greeting discussed the situation. Neither the hospital nor the sisters' huts were ready. The townsfolk were still celebrating St. Andrew's day. We took the waggon, therefore, to the kopje property, just half a mile outside the town—a spot destined some day for a convent or charitable institution—and there the sisters pitched their tent, and made themselves at home. I celebrated the first Friday Votive Mass, and after breakfast went my rounds. Captain Chaplin, the magistrate, was down with fever, but kind as usual. The next authority had ridden out to meet us, and must have started just as we got in. An inspection of the hospital buildings showed us they would not be ready for some weeks. Thatch was the difficulty, and heavy rains had thrown them back, likewise the huts. However, the Feast of St. Francis

Xavier did not pass without bringing some work. Captain Chaplin's case took a bad turn, and nursing was declared indispensable, yet there was nowhere to put him. Father Barthélemy therefore offered his little building close to the hospital, which was gladly accepted, and late that evening he was moved in, and the sisters took charge. Four or five similar cases of jaundiced fever had all died, and Dr. Butt had little hope of this one either. But the townsfolk had great faith in the sisters' care, and the captain was deservedly popular. Morning and evening anxious inquiries were made. Dr. Jameson talked on the wire, and every assistance was given. The days passed slowly on. Father Barthélemy was in and out of the sick house constantly, besides visiting other sick also. His turn for nursing has won him quite a position in the town, and people of all classes appreciate him highly. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception we said Mass for the first time in one of the sisters' huts, and the whole party was ready to move up on the first sign of rain, anxious to be nearer their work. Father Barthélemy had his meals with me at the Scotch cart, and during the day we found plenty to do."

CHAPTER XVI

ZAMBESI—*continued*

HERE there comes a long gap in the letters, and for the next year and a half we have no real record of Schomberg's work. A few lines written to his brother from Salisbury, in January 1893, show us, however, some of the health difficulties which beset the missionaries at that time, as well as constantly afterwards. "Our fever season has commenced," he writes, "and the German brothers are having more than their share, all five getting it in turn. Quite a necessary experience, and we must be glad that they are well through this trial. We have much to thank the Sacred Heart for, and must increase our confidence for the future; we have no right to expect any exception, but we must fight and hold together as true sons of St. Ignatius, and I think all promises well. Of course, more attacks will follow, but with experience they are usually milder. In Salisbury Father Hartmann constantly gets them, and Father Prestage was in bed the other day; but, as some one remarked, on the whole, fever is a very good exchange for the ills of other countries."

Father Anderledy had been succeeded as General of the Society by Father Martin, an appointment welcomed by Schomberg not less than by the society at large, and in 1893 another event of special interest and importance to the Zambesi Mission took place. It had, as we know, been hitherto placed under the immediate care of Pro-

paganda, and was therefore not united to any Province of the society. The new Father General, however, determined to attach the mission to the English province. This was effected on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. "I pray God our Lord," writes Father Martin on this occasion, "that this assignment may prove to be for the greater glory of God, and for the greater spiritual profit both of the English Province and of the Zambesi Mission."

Schomberg's letters and journals, interesting as they are, give us but the outward history of the work he was doing—a history which we must try to supplement by the recollections of those who knew him intimately. As always, his intense sense of duty, united to a great spirit of self-sacrifice, carried him through far more labours than his state of health really permitted. Constant attacks of fever coming on an already enfeebled system, with the depression induced by the South African climate, made the work very difficult for him, but never for a moment was his bodily weakness allowed to interfere. "His ill-health," writes one of his brother priests, "prevented him from bringing out his *natural* qualities to their best, but perhaps it brought out in stronger relief his acquired virtues, which were especially prayer and a love of poverty." This love of poverty which was so great a characteristic of his holiness is well illustrated by the following little sentences taken from his letters to one of the fathers on the mission:—

"*April* 27, 1891.—Avoid as a most certain snare a house, or any arrangement that may merit the name of comfortable.

"*May* 23, 1891.—We can only do good according to our constitutions by humility, self-contempt, self-

sacrifice. God will not bless good done in any other way. We must commence silently and quietly with much prayer and self-denial. Good must be done according to the spirit of the exercises; good done in any other way is false and fickle, and to be despised by us. Our weakness is our strength. *Viriliter age.*

"August 15, 1891.—We must trust God. He will bless obedience and devotion to poverty. And paying debts is an obligation of poverty.

"September 27, 1891.—May God make us daily more and more true beggars who stand at the door of His Sacred Heart, and knock without ceasing.

"October 16, 1891.—I had no idea you had novices. Make all keep the *rule* strictly, especially as regards the *tria* of Sanctus Pater Noster,¹ to which I add *poverty*. On this matter Father Nicot will pass on Father General's letter for your meditation. It is my text-book.

"November 20, 1891.—If we pray and are obedient and humble, I am sure all will turn out well.

"January 26, 1892.—A thousand miles *on end* in a waggon will turn out a man either a sinner or a saint! I believe the less we have provided we get on the better.

"March 18, 1892.—Leave room for poverty. Let us pray much.

"April 23, 1892.—I am a thorough believer in Mother Poverty."

Schomberg would willingly have done more than prudence allowed in his love of poverty. Two very characteristic incidents are mentioned:—

When in Mashonaland he was going to undertake a

¹ *Tria sunt Religione domus rite instituta; si clausura, si munditia, si lex silentii exacte observetur—ex selectis S.P.N. sententiis.*

long journey on foot, without taking a native to carry his blanket, &c. Another father, knowing the country, protested. Schomberg said he must travel like a poor man; the other father replied that fever might overtake him, and Schomberg then gave in.

Another time he said to his companions, "We ought to live mortified lives to draw God's blessing on our work. Why should we not be other St. Francis Xaviers? I propose that we live on native food." Father —— said that he would not be able to stand it; that fever would take hold of him, and so it happened.

Another who worked under Schomberg tells us of the way in which he impressed him.

"To any one who had become acquainted with Father Kerr's daily life, or who became intimate with him as the subject generally becomes with his superior in religion, the first and strongest impression made on one was the thoroughness and completeness of his religious life. He was a religious not only when he preached, or when he gave an exhortation to his community, or when he offered the Holy Sacrifice, but also in the everyday routine of life, in his intercourse with his brethren in religion, as well as in his dealings with people of the world with whom his duties brought him in almost daily contact. Add to this, also, an intense missionary spirit, a spirit which was always on the watch, and seemed never to be satisfied unless it was communicating some of its own warmth to hearts less warm, or altogether grown cold. I remember very well as an exemplification of this, how one year when he had charge of us scholastics, during our annual fortnight's sojourn at the seaside (Port Alfred) in South Africa, he always put before us, in his own gentle way, the idea, if one may use the expression in the spiritual sense, of combining

business with pleasure. He was always the first to discover the opportunity where good might be done. A family were neglecting their religious duties ; they might be visited as we returned from such a walk. A man had given up the faith ; see what he had in the line of fishing tackle for our next day's fishing, and if we could not draw him into conversation on religious matters, and bring him to a knowledge of his state. A poor family up in the hills were suffering from hunger ; take them some bread and meat as we made an excursion that way next time. And thus he was always on the alert for doing good. Not that these things were forced on us, or that he showed the least displeasure at their non-fulfilment, but one felt a satisfaction in doing what gave him such great pleasure ; and apart from the personal interest in the various cases, one was only too glad to satisfy his least wish in that which made him most happy. A deep-rooted religious piety is, it seems to me, at its best when it can make its influence felt on its surroundings, without even what might be called the accidental ostentation which many pious people carry about with them as a part of their atmosphere. Piety that is far-reaching never makes itself obtrusive. Those whom we admire most are those who do least with the set purpose of exciting our admiration. And so it was with our dear Father Kerr. An inflexible consciousness of duty governed his every action. What the world thought, or what individuals might think about his actions, was to him only a matter of minor importance."

Other friends speak of the special gift which Schomberg possessed of helping and consoling the dying ; his thoughtful kindness and generosity to his fellow religious, being *aux petits soins* with regard to their health and consolation, and his love of humility and

humiliation, of which the following is an instance. One afternoon in Salisbury he chose to go and see the Administrator "riding a donkey, and screening his head from the sun with an old, broken umbrella, formerly of white colour. His long legs on the small donkey and the umbrella made a strange picture, which, of course, many looked at, since he was going to the most crowded and fashionable centre, but no one who knew him a little could mistake the intention that prompted him."

In the words of yet another brother in religion, "Father Kerr appeared to me a remarkable illustration of the manliness of sanctity. He was a thorough *man* in his vigour, his power of command, his force of character, his power of endurance, his intense straightforwardness, his superiority to all human respect, his overpowering sense of duty; and to all this he joined what is also a necessary element in perfect manliness, a strong power of sympathy, a profound humility, and an unswerving obedience to his superiors. He was one of the most loyal men I ever met, one of the most unselfish, one of the heartiest and most sincere. He had a beautiful face—one that told of a noble character—not beautiful with any remarkable physical beauty, but deriving its attractiveness from the beautiful soul within."

In spite of his scanty leisure, Schomberg did not neglect his friends at home, and wrote to them often, if only what he called "chits." Among the letters which have been preserved are two to his much loved friend, Admiral Pollard, by whose kind permission we give the following extracts. The second letter was written on hearing the news of Mrs. Pollard's death.

"ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN,

"March 2nd.

"MY DEAR POLLARD,—I am very glad to hear from you again. I long wondered what had become of you till my sister told me of the pleasant surprise you gave them one day. When I passed through town in 1891 I failed to get tidings of you, and since then I have been out in these wilds. I think you seem to have settled down in pleasant meads, and I hope to hear of you again from Beccles way.

"If you have never seen Blickling Hall, you must certainly make a family trip there some day. It is an interesting old place. Now, as to your cheque, I will gladly get some curios; that is comparatively easy, but the carriage down is the difficulty—both expensive and ruinous—but I'll do my best. I daresay I may get a stray chance some day, only you must give me time. This is a benighted country, and there is not much piety even among the faithful, and the Kafirs are less inclined than most to care for any religion at all. Under these circumstances a missionary's work is without much fruit. But Zambesia is our district, and we must do our best. Now that the Matabele power is broken, a great obstacle is gone, but the Kafir will not change his skin.

"By God's grace we may sow, but we shall not reap. We sailors do a good deal of roughing it in our time, but I can tell you it is child's play to pioneering in tropical Africa. It is thê dirt and disorder that troubles a man-o'-war's man most, and sometimes there is no pipe to dinner! However, an Africander likes the freedom, and the missionary the blacks."

"IN A WAGGON, VICTORIA, MASHONALAND.

"December 10, 1894.

"MY DEAR POLLARD,—Your touching letter regarding your irreparable loss reached me only too late. Would that I had been nearer home, in order not only to share your grief, but to afford you some words of consolation. You bore, however, the first shock in such a Christian spirit that I feel you have now long since gained the comfort that hope gives.

"May God make you realise more and more the truths of Holy Church, and grant you the peace and joy of accepting the divine will in all things. Your good wife struck me much. I was impressed with her goodness, and I may say with her anxiety, so often a sign of a sincere and earnest soul, striving to do her best. She, no doubt acting up to her lights and graces, met her last end in good faith, and we may have confidence then in the divine goodness. To me the doctrine of Purgatory, and the thought of helping the holy souls there detained is strengthening, and so reasonable and natural that I turn to it with pleasure when a friend has passed away, hoping (sometimes even against hope) that infinite mercy has spared and will purify the dear departed. As for yourself, my dear friend, your heart will now more than ever be on high. Persevere with courage. Let no ennui or desponding cares trouble your soul. Strive daily to know the divine will, and to do it, whatever it may cost you. God has high designs for you and yours, and that you may be generous and realise the divine intentions will be my constant prayer. My future is uncertain, but I hope to lay my bones in Zambesia, and so I may not see you again. Be sure however that, near or far, you will always be affectionately remembered and longed for by—Ever yours most sincerely,

H. SCHOMBERG KERR."

In the summer of 1894 Schomberg again visited Salisbury, travelling this time by Durban and Beira. He thus describes the journey—

“S.S. ‘ARAB,’ DURBAN TO BEIRA,
“*July 1894.*

“MY DEAR FATHERS AND BROTHERS, P.C.,—The railway journey through the Free State to Johannesburg presented little variety. The somewhat dismal-looking Karro veldt continued without interruption to Bloemfontein, and there it gave place to grass veldt. After crossing the Vaal the country got bigger, as well as more fertile. But speaking generally, not a tree nor a bush is to be seen after leaving the Zourburg. Did a virginal forest once cover the face of the land?

“Arrived at Johannesburg at 6 A.M., Father Schoch met me, and continued his unremitting attentions till the following morning, when, rising at 3.30, he served my Mass and saw me off at the coach-office for Charles-town. Mr. St. John Carr was also most kind, and devoted the whole day to me. He entertained us at luncheon, and then conducted us over the Robinson mine works, and in the evening would insist on showing me over the hospital, and these two make up the sights of the South African Eldorado. The day, however, was chiefly ruled by the lawyers, and at sunset the transfer of Vleischfontein was concluded in the presence of the firm of Messrs. Hudson & Hutchinson, as well as of Messrs. Bell & Mullins, assisted by a Justice of the Peace, and the deed sealed and signed by Father Schoch and myself. May this change speed on the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

“The journey from Johannesburg to Natal is thoroughly South African, bare, bleak, and barren, but with

labour potent for good. It measures one hundred and fifty miles, which in another year will be spanned by a railway. Towards Charlestown (the present terminus) the country becomes more hilly, but the aspect of the country is not changed till one descends the steppes into the altitude of the capital, Maritzburg. The first hour by train was consumed in rounding the ill-fated Majuba Hill, which crowns the heights of Charlestown. I was fortunate in having an old resident for a fellow-passenger, who reviewed the history of those times in a doleful tone. He felt keenly the disgrace, and to this day could never bring himself to set foot on that mountain top. That Colley lost his head by overstrain is certainly the kindest and perhaps the only explanation of the extraordinary manœuvres that brought about the destruction of that chosen band, and indirectly the undying contempt of Boer and Kafir alike for English pluck and prowess. Passing Maritzburg at night my carriage was shunted, and at daylight I got out to say Mass and see Bishop Jolivet. His lordship was vigorous and kind as usual, giving me the fullest power in our new Transkeian district of St. Mark's. The run to Pinetown is interesting, and the scenery romantic. The prior met me with a led horse, and we soon covered the short three miles which took us to the monastery. During an absence of two and a half years much progress has been made, fertile fields and fences, roads, and buildings need no trumpeting. Having, however, made the round of the Trappist works on a previous visit, I spared the Prior, and only went over the improvements. The most noticeable is the interior decoration of the church, which is now being completed with much artistic skill and taste. The congregation has grown to one thousand, and prospects in the neighbourhood are

brighter. In the evening I went the round of the boys' schools, where half-a-dozen of the community were employed teaching some hundred and fifty boys, young and old. Tuition was conducted in Zulu, but many learnt English. I heard a sample of reading, and I was struck with the ready way in which the scholars translated what they read. I thought it was a lesson by heart, but the master convinced me of my mistake. On my return to the guest-house I found I was unfortunately late for the *Salve Regina*. It was past seven o'clock, and silence reigned throughout. At 2 A.M. the bell sounded loud and long, and again at four and five; and at six o'clock I said Mass. Before leaving I begged for masons to build Keilands Chapel, but in the absence of the Abbot nothing could be done in the matter. Nor could I learn much of the arrangements for the coming Retreats to be given by Father Richartz. But he is anxiously expected, and will do much good. The ride down by rail to Durban is charming, the scenery wonderfully green and rich, and the climate perfect. A great change to the barren-looking Cape. Smiling gardens and pleasant villas abound on either side; pine-apples, bananas, mangoes, guavas, oranges, and a host of lesser fruits grow in great luxuriance, while the berea is entangled with tropical growth of varying size and hue. On my arrival I made my salaam at the Presbytery, and then hastened to inquire about the *Arab*, which, owing to bad weather, had not, I found, yet left East London. This gave me some leisure. At dinner I met his lordship again, who had come down to bless two chapels and give the convent Retreat. At this season of the year Durban is the pleasantest of the South African towns, and it is justly proud of its fine streets and buildings. The town hall is a noble pile, in

every sense the centre of the town, and next to it ranks the Catholic church, a remarkable building designed by Goldie. In style, a free use of Gothic adapted to Oriental taste and tropical wants. The tower, with its pagoda-like features, charms the eye, and is the envy of a local genius, who still sighs out, 'What would I give to claim that tower as my own.'

"The *Arab* arrived on Saturday morning, 21st. Two days was she rolling off East London unable to communicate, and now time must be made up. At ten, therefore, on Sunday morning passengers embarked, and by noon we were off. I found the brothers well and comfortable. In fact I was agreeably surprised at the second-class accommodation, about the best I have seen on board any ship. There was an average number of passengers, including a lieutenant and some sixty bluejackets for the Zambesi gunboats, also a number of Portuguese officials, mostly bound from Lisbon to Mozambique. All get on well together, and seem quite at home. My cabin mate is an experienced prospector named Morris, one of the exceptions, a student as well as a wanderer, who intends spending the long darksome hours on the veldt preparing for his pass examination as surgeon. For this purpose he has armed himself with a full series of mathematical works, including our old friend Todhunter, Hall, and Stevens, and Proctor's 'Differential Calculus.' I took up the latter, and was delighted with the author's simple treatment of a difficult subject. Next morning I said Mass in a convenient little deck-room, which, by the kindness of the steward, was duly cleaned and placed at my disposal by 7 A.M. Two little Portuguese children found their way to join us, but their reverence, if not their education, was sadly deficient. By noon we were up to Cape Colatto, the

southern horn of Delagoa Bay. The whole afternoon we were steaming measuredly in, and did not reach the anchorage till near sundown. The approaches are full of sandbanks and shallows, nor is the channel buoyed, consequently great care is necessary. We came in with the young flood, dragging some distance through the mud. 'A quarter three' (19 feet 6 inches) was called by the headsman for some little time, while the ship's draught is 21 feet. However, the shallows have their advantage, as they protect the open points of the harbour, and prevent a big sea tumbling in. The harbour has great capabilities, no doubt, but the entrance is disappointing. The town is a larger and brighter place than I expected. There is a cliff point some hundred feet high, and the inner slope is covered with buildings, terminating in the Customs and railway stations, and after dinner we landed and paid a visit to Lorenzo Marquez. A few minutes sufficed to take in the situation. There was little to be seen, and less business going on. The railway rush had come and gone, and till the line was open times would be dull. We found the church locked, but succeeded in getting the key and paying our devotions. All was clean and cared for in the usual Portuguese style. The Padre was not at home, but Père Henri received us kindly. He does duty as chaplain to the hospital served by the Sisters of St. Joseph de Cluny, who also teach a school. The boys' school, numbering sixty, had been closed a few days before by order of the Government, and the Padre, who had been waging a paper war, suspended. The Government *est tout*. It builds the church, school, and all the rest, supports the clergy, houses its officials—in fact, does all. Hence a want of energy and independence. Delagoa has a bad name for fever, and I tried to ferret out the cause, for

the surrounding country looks better than I thought. The water supply is certainly defective, and this, coupled with imperfect drainage and sanitary arrangements, accounts for much. As the town prospers, so will the health of its inhabitants. Cargo and perverse tides detained us till Thursday, July 26, when we made a pleasant run to Beira, where we anchored on the following Saturday at noon. Here we met much kindness from the commandant, Colonel Machado, who furnished me with letters to his subordinate chiefs up country. Monsieur Amavet was also very obliging. He is the agent of Messieurs Fabre & Cie., an excellent French house, who trade on this coast with their own ships, and put themselves entirely at our disposal. Here I found all our delayed boxes safely housed, and here they must remain at least another year. On Sunday morning I said a private Mass very early, and before eight we were steaming up to Fontesville.

“The little church at Beira was very devotional, but I could not advance much with the Padre, as he only spoke Portuguese. Colonel Machado is an excellent man, and attends Mass regularly. Our companions in the little steamer which towed our luggage astern were Mr. Ras, the English Consul, Captain Andrews, superintendent of the Boating Company, and Mr. Hensing, German Consul and railway agent, who were all going through to seventy-five mile peg. The prospects of a successful journey were therefore good. We reached Fontesville at 4 P.M., after grounding once or twice, passing yesterday's steamer (with her cargoes), high and dry, waiting for the flood. The channel is most tortuous and shifting, and for small boats the rapidity of the stream sometimes makes it dangerous. At Fontesville we stayed the night. Here

too we found a pretty little chapel, with fully decorated altar, but no priest; indeed his life here would be too hard a one, as we felt. The commandant was absent, but his secretary came to Mass next morning at 5.30, and by seven we were all off in a covered truck attached to the daily material train. For the first eleven miles the line was perfectly level and straight, bounded on either side by high rank grass, amid which herds of zebra disported themselves. Then the gradual rise commenced. After about thirty-five miles we passed the Doctor Camp, and then at forty miles we met the down train; did much shunting, and finally got away, leaving half our trunks behind. The ascent became more in earnest now, and at sixty-two miles we had to part with more trunks, till just at dark we reached seventy-five miles with only our baggage and ourselves. Here in a bustling, noisy railway camp we had to find shelter for the night. Fortunately we got an empty hut to ourselves, and on the morrow, very early, we had the satisfaction of saying Mass on the Feast of our Holy Father. The circumstances were somewhat trying and difficult, as there were voices all round, and hard by the wonted bar, which has much more meaning in South Africa than at home. However, we all three had Mass and Holy Communion, which we feared to miss.

"The scenery so far disappointed me. Up the river mangrove bush; then after the long grass the country assumed the usual South African hue. We seemed to be in Mashonaland already, perhaps the growth was a little more luxuriant, but there was nothing tropical, with one exception—seemingly a virginal forest which covered one hill, whose circuit we made. It reminded me of 'darkest Africa.'

"The whole day was spent by the brothers in cutting

down the luggage to fifty-pound loads. But being strong in the Lord their arms deceived them, and on mustering the carriers they nearly all refused the loads, which, indeed, were often ten pounds and twenty pounds beyond the weight. Hence endless confusion and delay. However, about five o'clock we got away with blankets and food, and just after dark stumbled upon some empty huts, where we stayed the night. Daylight found us moving on, and we marched nine miles before we reached water and wood, having, to our after amusement, missed a contractor's camp where we thought to find a 'good breakfast.' At noon we continued our march another stage, and then just as we were reaching a camping ground, having covered some twenty miles, we met Father Richartz followed by a troop of boys pressing on to seventy-five. He looked well, as we all did, and we camped together under some trees. Our meeting was most providentially arranged, as from Chimois to seventy-five point there are two roads, and up to the hour of starting he had settled to take the other.

"We had a great deal of news to exchange, and the evening hours passed quickly enough. Next morning at six we parted, and the same evening reached Chimois, where I immediately presented my letter. The commandant proved equal to the occasion and invited me to dinner. I told him that the morrow was the first Friday, and that I should like to say Mass.

"'Certainly,' he said, 'here's my hut entirely at your disposal, and we'll all come.'

"Then he sent for his lieutenant, and gave orders for the force to attend at seven o'clock. After a few minutes the officer returned with a message from the men to the effect that he could not compel them to

attend Protestant service. This matter being righted, the evening passed quietly on. Next morning the brothers prepared the altar, round which some fifteen congregated—the Mass being enlivened at intervals by the military words of command. We were late starting on our day's march, and it was night before we reached a shelter-house, where we found little food and no blankets. We were just starting off again to walk on to better our prospects when our boys came up, so we remained the night. Twenty miles more brought us to Massikessi.

“Being Saturday night, I immediately went to the commandant and arranged for Mass next morning. He courteously put his hut at my disposal, which he decorated with flags for the occasion. Morning came, but no altar box; and there were rumours that the carriers had taken to dropping and were stealing their loads. However, I waited on patiently, and by ten I was able to say Mass. Some eleven or twelve were present of various nationalities. Afterwards I breakfasted at headquarters, while the brothers collected the carriers and went on. However, before they had gone a mile, the boys declared that they were going a short cut across the mountains, and Brother Kury, fearing to lose sight of the things, kept with them, while Brother Puff remained on the road to tell me. On coming up I judged it useless to strike off on an unknown footpath without a guide with a falling sun, so we trudged on fourteen miles to Leslie's, which we reached about eight o'clock, commending Brother Kury with many prayers. However, as he had all the food and blankets with him, we thought he was best off, if only he would make the best of his opportunity and use his authority with the boys. Leslie and his mate scraped together enough

food and blankets, and in the morning we went on. It was a pretty spot, where three valleys meet, and the mountain views were beautiful. Ten miles brought us to the top of the Christmas Pass—a steep climb. The remaining few miles were easy, and we reached Untali at noon on Monday, August 6—the distance from seventy-five mile peg through Chimois and Massikessi being one hundred and ten miles. We were both very well, and prepared to go on. But at two o'clock Brother Kury arrived with his string of boys, hungry and footsore, sick and weary. He had fared badly during the night, and when starting early fell into a deep pool of water and had walked on with little food. Consequently a chill with fever. Dr. Farmer attended to him, and after four days he was sufficiently well to take the post cart to Salisbury, where he arrived the following Monday morning. He walked up to the house, and in Father Nicot's absence conversed with Brother Lindner. Both brothers, however, being equally prudent, neither recognised the other, and the new arrival declining to wait, returned breakfastless to town. Meeting Father Nicot, all was soon put to rights; and next day the two brothers walked out to Loyola to assist at the celebration in honour of Father Hartmann's last vows.

“As to Brother Puff and myself, failing to get waggon, cart, or carriers, we were sore put how to get on, as there were several Catholics along the road I wanted to see. However, at last, through the kindness of a trader who had influence with the natives, we got eight boys who bargained to carry loads to Coupe's camp in the Devil's Pass, some thirty miles. It was now Friday, so we started off, determined to reach our destination in good time for Sunday. We just saved our daylight crossing the difficult Odzi (ten miles), and there we

stayed the night. Next morning we walked on, and about 5 P.M. reached Coupe's road works in the pass, where several hundred natives were at work. Van Rut and two or three Catholics were there also. Coupe, an old ally, welcomed me warmly, and soon made us at home in his grass huts, perched among the rocks at the head of the pass. He was then doing time-keeper and settling up the week's wages; and it was pleasant to see with what a firm, fair hand he treated all, and how the boys accepted his dictum without a murmur. Dealing with natives is a most difficult matter, and not more than one white man in ten seems to have the tact in a new country. Englishmen are too uncertain in their treatment; Portuguese habitually spoil; Dutch are somewhat hard, but uniform, and on the whole succeed the best of the three. On the following morning (Sunday, August 12) we had three or four at Mass, and the only defaulter made his Easter duties. Coupe spent the morning on the quarter-deck seeing and settling wage cases; but declared emphatically he could not spare me carriers to go forward. However, later on he softened, and said, 'Well, I'll give you the donkey cart for three days' journey, which will take you to Marandella's, some sixty miles, and there you will be able to get boys. This plan will only take one of my boys besides the driver.'

"This important matter being settled, we prepared to start in the morning. However, I managed to catch a chill; and fever taking a mean advantage as usual, we stayed a day longer. Meanwhile the whole camp and pass was disturbed by lions; three had lately killed an ox right in the midst of the camp, and one was in turn shot dead by the waggon-owner, and now on Sunday night two more had been killed at the bottom of the

pass. Coupe rose to the occasion, saying rightly enough that there was no peace for man or beast in the camp till these marauders were shot, and so straightway he made his plans for Monday night. A scaron was built close to a carcass—the other being removed—and seven o'clock found him within, ready with his rifle. At five minutes past seven a lion came up the spruit just as he had expected, and a bullet through the head settled him. Not long after, just as he was expecting another shot, Coupe's two companions came up to pass the night, and the chance was lost. At midnight, however, Coupe got a first shot again and wounded another lion, which went off into the long grass. At daylight, getting dogs, they tracked him, a somewhat dangerous exploit, and a round from the sportsmen settled him also. There were great rejoicings throughout the camp, and scores of boys brought the monsters up for my inspection. One was a beautiful lioness with a faultless skin, pegging about nine feet; the other measured a little less. Coupe was much satisfied, as indeed he deserved to be, and felt revenged of the lion that once mauled his favourite steed. After breakfast we got away with our chariot and four, and that evening reached Lesapi, where we found an Austrian in charge. We had only made thirteen miles, but as it was the eve of the Assumption, we stayed the night that he might get Mass in the morning, which pleased him. Our little function was fortunately just over when the down post cart, with its span of mules and hungry contents, drove up unexpectedly. There was little to eat in the house, and this little had now to be multiplied by further division; which is interesting for the passer-by, who pays just the same for much or little, good or bad, being entirely at the mercy of these wayside inns. In

half-an-hour all moved on, and the little Austrian was left again in solitude, sick and worried, sorry for the nonce that he had tried his luck in these new fields.

“We had a long task before us of some twenty-nine miles, and donkeys across country travel slow and require much patience. ‘I perceive,’ said Brother Puff complacently, after some delays, ‘that there are difficulties in every mode of travelling in this country.’ A most true word; days and weeks here count much as minutes and moments at home, and this is why the patient ox and the imperturbable Boer thrive so well. It was near midnight when we crossed the Urnberkine and outspanned at the next house. However, the men were obliging. The following day’s trek of twenty miles brought us safely to Marandella’s, but here we were disappointed again—not a cart or a boy to be had; so leaving extra weight behind, we jumped into the post cart, and that evening met our own cart, which Father Boos had thoughtfully sent to search the offing. We arrived at Loyola at noon next day, August 18, receiving the warmest of welcomes, and found Brother Kury hard at work.

“Altogether the journey had been much blessed, and as far as Umtali a record one; but on account of the break in the fly, and dearth of waggons, the expenses were nearly double what they ought to have been. Just at the moment, too, there was a ‘ring,’ which has since been happily broken. If in two months’ time the brothers get their tools and other packages, they will be fortunate indeed. Looking back now on the month’s journey, I am glad that circumstances led me to gain the experience myself, and not submit another father to such an ordeal. The brothers behaved ad-

mirably throughout, and, notwithstanding the hard work and occasional privations, never once hesitated nor made a single difficulty.

“Begging the prayers of the community for the many wants and anxieties of the mission, believe me, my dear fathers and brothers, yours sincerely in Christ,

“H. S. KERR.”

CHAPTER XVII

LAST DAYS

THE letter recording the tour from Durban to Beira and Salisbury just given was the last written by Schomberg.

During the next year—the last of his life—he spent his time chiefly at Salisbury and Buluwayo. His health continued to be very uncertain, and the old complaint of sleeplessness added greatly to the trial. He was in hopes of being relieved from his office of superior, and of being allowed to work as a simple missionary, but always desiring, as he said, “to lay his bones in South Africa.” Once some one suggested that it would be a good thing if the missionaries were sent home to England every ten years to recruit; but he replied, “When we come out we make the sacrifice of our lives. We must work until God calls us,” and so it was with him. The following letter written by one of the Dominican nuns of the Buluwayo hospital, gives us interesting details of these last months:—

“MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BULUWAYO,

“*November 24, 1895.*

“Dear Father Kerr’s death is to the mission and to us in particular a greater loss than any one who is not fully acquainted with the circumstances can imagine. He, I am certain, is enjoying great happiness now, and will hear the prayers which I am always inclined to

make through him. There is no doubt he is one of God's great saints.

"It was last June three years, that I met Father Kerr for the first time in Macloutsie in Bechuanaland. He was then on his way to Mashonaland with some fathers and brothers whom he established on a farm near Salisbury. Though he only stayed a few days with us, we all learnt to revere and love him as the best of fathers. The following year, in November, on his return to the Colony, he passed through Macloutsie again. During his stay in Mashonaland he had suffered much from fever, and a great change in his appearance was visible; he was so shaky that he could hardly genuflect at Mass. This time he made his visit last some weeks, greatly to our benefit, the climate suited him, and he got quite strong again. On the Feast of St. Cecilia, on the 22nd of November, he wished for a 'Missa Cantata,' which he himself celebrated; afterwards at breakfast he was very happy, and said he would like to sing Mass every day. That same evening he would have a 'musical treat,' as he called it, and sang his favourite 'Tantum Ergo' for us. In saying good-night, he said: 'I did enjoy this evening, you have really cheered me up, sisters.' The natural result of much fever in Mashonaland is discouragement and depression. He left Macloutsie on the 8th of December to start for the Colony, quite strong, and during his stay there we received unusually long letters full of cheerfulness and even fun. In August the following year (1894) he ventured to revisit Mashonaland a second time, but made his journey by the Pangwe route. Shortly before this he had us removed from Macloutsie to Buluwayo, the capital of Matabeleland, and we were not a little disappointed when we heard that he would not come

overland and see us at our new destination first. On his arrival at Salisbury, however, he wrote and said that he would try and be with us on the Feast of our Lady on the 8th of September. This was something to look forward to. Business detained him longer than he expected, however, and we had the pleasure of welcoming him to Buluwayo only on the octave day of the Nativity of our Lady. At the end of October he paid a visit to Victoria, where he made his Retreat (his last one). When he returned about the middle of December, he told me that he would make Buluwayo his headquarters for the rainy season, which was then setting in. Father Prestage, who was the priest here so long, was requested by Government to take food to the starving Matabeles, and he was away for nearly three months distributing corn and meal that was sent out to him by the magistrate. Father Kerr had now no easy task. The old hospital where we then were living was about three miles from the town, where he was living in an iron house. Acting chaplain and confessor to us, he would say Mass at the old hospital every morning during the week, and walked that distance backward and forward every day, and sometimes twice. Very seldom would he hire a horse. To hear him, of course, this was all agreeable to him, and just what he liked. On Christmas Day he had dinner with us, and was particularly bright and cheerful. The day after we went into Retreat, which he conducted. Those were really wonderful days, and I shall never forget the beautiful practical meditations he gave us. He would often quote sayings of the Reverend Mother Kerr. As we had to perform our duties at the hospital in the usual way, we were not able to go through the exercises completely; but while we were at work he would not move from the foot of the

altar, but knelt there for hours praying, and, as I suspected, doing penance for us. The new hospital building in town was in the course of erection, and he watched its progress most eagerly; he would go and exhort the contractors to proceed at greater speed. The rains had begun, and made his work doubly hard. At this time he had to go to the hotel for his meals, which he often detested, but his health was excellent until Lent began, when he got very thin. On the Eve of St. Patrick's Day, going to his house after tea in the dark, he walked into a hole and sprained his ankle; he was then obliged to go about on a horse, but did not omit coming out to the hospital once all the time his foot was so painful.

"The people in town, Protestants as well as Catholics, loved him. They would do anything for him. He had started a collection for a church, but his rule was not to rush anything, and though the people would have liked to see the church go up before they had half enough means, he prudently put it off until better material could be procured.¹ Bricks he hardly thought good enough for the house of God; he wanted to build in white stone. For this purpose he undertook a long ride to a quarry about twelve miles out of town; the day was extremely hot; he knocked himself up, and had to see the doctor the following day. From that time he did not seem so well, and he often told me he could only sleep three hours at night. This was shortly after Easter. Father Daignault had now come up to take his place as parish priest, as his presence was clamoured for at Salisbury. Father Kerr had been with us now over six months, and it was with heavy hearts that

¹ This church is now being raised as a memorial to Schomberg's memory.

we received the news of his leaving us, as his plan was to go from Salisbury by the coast to the Colony, and we should probably not see him again. Pentecost he spent with us, and the day after he left for Salisbury by coach. On his arrival there he wrote to me and said his health was not good, sleepless nights, &c. I felt very anxious, and begged of him not to go down the other way, but to come back here, as serious troubles concerning our house in the new hospital had turned up. Dear father settled all that by writing, and on the 1st of July we moved into the new hospital. Greatly to my surprise and joy we received a telegram from Salisbury to expect Father Kerr by the next post cart. He arrived here on the 18th of July, very worn-out and fatigued. We all implored him to stay for a time and rest before he should continue his journey to the Colony, but he was determined to go on by the same coach, which started after two days. 'They are expecting me in Grahamstown and Dunbrody, I must go,' he said, 'but I will be back before the rains.' These were his last words to us in saying 'good-bye.' From Mafeking I had a telegram from him, saying he had arrived well. This was on the 5th of August. On the 16th we had a telegram from Grahamstown: 'Reverend Father Superior dangerously ill.' We prayed and hoped that our dear Lord would spare our good father to us. But God had willed it otherwise. Three days later we heard the dire news, which cast a gloom over this whole town.

MOTHER JACOBA, O.S.D."

It seems as if Schomberg had felt that he had not long to live, for in the beginning of the year he had told the sisters that his birthday was on the Feast of the Assumption, and that he would like to die on that day. His journey down country was marked by a signal act

of mortification, as it was discovered that he did not take anything to drink for the last hundred and sixty miles, in spite of the great heat and dust.

He left Buluwayo, as we have seen, on July 20, and on August 19 the sad telegram reached England telling of his death. In relating the account of his last days, we use the words of those who were privileged to be with him, and whose letters with their affectionate details helped so much to comfort those at home.

The first letter is from Father Ryan, Superior of St. Aidan's College:—

“On Wednesday evening, August 7, Father Barthélemy and myself met Father Kerr at West Hill Station. We were delighted to find him looking well, for we had been afraid of the effects of a stay in Matabeleland and Mashonaland during the fever months. The consultants here had wired him a strong remonstrance, hoping to bring him down to the Colony, but in a letter he wrote in reply, he said that our strong advice had been weighed in the balance and had been found wanting.

“In a private talk on Wednesday night he owned to me that he felt physically run down, and that he was in consequence mentally unfit for work. Next day he had a consultation before dinner, and again after dinner. I induced him to come out for an hour's walk in the evening to freshen him up. Next day, Friday, he did not say Mass and kept to his room. Both he and we thought he was undergoing the effects of latent fever, which never left him long. On Saturday I induced him to see the doctor, who found nothing the matter with the lungs; but next day there was a suspicion, and on Monday a certainty of pneumonia. It was deemed best to secure him the trained attention of the hospital

staff in a private room, a course which had cured quite lately two fathers who seemed to be in a much worse state of health than our dear superior. On Tuesday he felt quite hopeful, seeing, as he said, that the enemy was being fought systematically. On Wednesday I did not like his look, and gave him Viaticum and Extreme Unction, with the assistance of Father Wright. Before Viaticum he wrote and sealed a letter to be opened in the case of his death. It named his successor. On Thursday morning he asked not to be left alone, so we priests arranged to be with him night and day until he died. On Wednesday he had said it would be a nice thing to leave the world on the day on which he had entered it (the next day, August 15). About 6 A.M., Friday, he asked me if it was twelve o'clock yet (midnight). This showed, I think, that he had thought it likely that the call would come before midnight of the 15th. I told him that he had been sleeping off and on, and that I had hopes that he would rally and do good work yet. He was quite content to live if it was God's will. All through he was most devout, glad to have his crucifix in his hand, and to kiss it when it was put to his lips. He had arranged to squeeze my hand when I mentioned the Holy Names, or made an ejaculatory prayer. When he wandered, he was travelling to Cape Town and wanted the company to hurry up, but he did not wander much. About half-an-hour before the end, on Sunday the 18th, he raised his arm and got it to his forehead to make a grand sign of the cross, but it lay helpless there, and I had to finish the cross for him. He had no struggle, was breathing rapidly, and ceased to breathe so gently that I was praying with him for five minutes after his last breath before I felt sure that he was dead. We buried him at 3 P.M. on

Monday by the side of Father Weld, who received him into the society. The funeral was very impressive, though simple, and was attended by the students in uniform and many friends.”¹

“During the whole of his sickness,” says Father Barthélemy, “he was true to himself, calm, resigned, and ready to do his duty. Even in his delirious moments there was still much to show his grand, generous nature: often he would seize my hand, and with a beautiful smile full of fervour would say: ‘Now, my dear father, let us go, let us go, come along.’ His was a beautiful soul full of the love of God. He wore himself out for God, and died for Him. *Beati mundo corde quoniam Deum videbunt.*”

Another friend adds the following words: “—

“I was with him for the space of an hour or more, on the Sunday previous to that on which he died. The day was intensely warm, and he was very weak. In spite of that, he held his crucifix in his hand the whole time, now resting it beside him, now laying it on his breast, and raising it up at intervals to look at the sacred image with deep devotion. He asked me to talk to him for some time; he was scarcely able to speak himself, but he nodded his head from time to time as I told him about the work of the college, and whatever news there was of interest. Then he asked me to recite some prayers for him, and so we prayed together for nearly half-an-hour, he with his

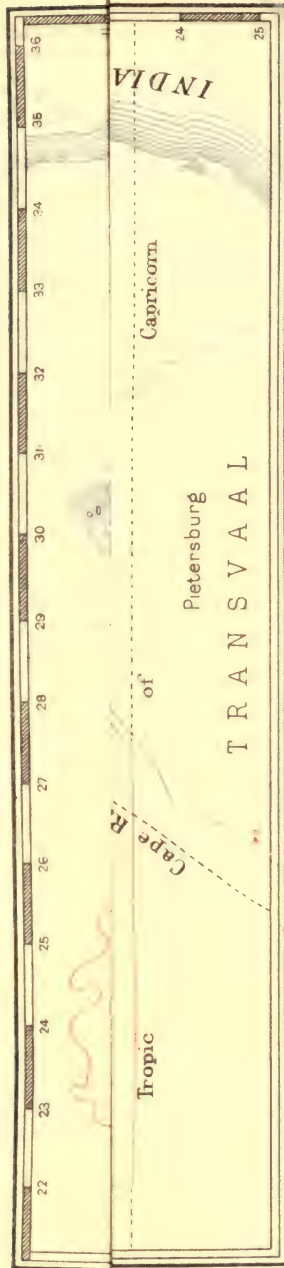
¹ Unfortunately the sermon preached by Father Ryan on the occasion has not been preserved.

² Rev. Michael MacMahon, S.J.

crucifix raised, and I kneeling beside his bed. I had to leave him then, and I still remember the cheerful, encouraging farewell he gave me as I parted with him. It was the last time I saw him alive. By the same time on the following Sunday his grand soul had gone home. He was buried in the Grahamstown cemetery. Full military honours would have been paid, had the local authorities known in time of his death, but the college cadet corps turned out in uniform with their officers, and a firing party fired a salute over his grave. There was one thing that impressed me very much as I looked on his face after death. The angel had touched him, and in doing so in his gentle way, seemed to have left on his features the impress of the beauty of God's messenger. His face was beautiful, a combination of calmness and strength and tenderness. It seemed to me that he still thought of duty, and that he had fulfilled it to the last in surrendering his soul to God.

With twofold wreaths now let that brow be crowned,
Sailor and priest, thy country and thy Lord
Thou'st served in truth and strength, comes thy reward.
Who gives, he shall a hundred-fold abound ;
But, while we toil along the thorny way,
Be nigh to greet us on the trysting day."

MAP OF THE ZAMBESI MISSION, S.J.



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| <i>a.</i> BULAWAYO—Church, Convent, Boys' School, Girls' School. | <i>e.</i> SALISBURY — Church, Convent, School. | <i>k.</i> PANHALENGA—Site for Mission Station. | <i>w.</i> PANDAMATENGA — Former Mission Station. |
| <i>b.</i> EMPANDENI—Mission Station, Convent, Schools. | <i>f.</i> CHISHAWASHA—Mission Station, Convent, Schools. | <i>l.</i> MT. DOMBO—Site for Mission Station. | <i>x.</i> VLEISFONTEIN—Former Mission Station. |
| <i>c.</i> BEMBEZI — Proposed Station. | <i>g.</i> VICTORIA—Church. | <i>t.</i> MATOKO — Former Mission Station. | <i>y.</i> TATI—Former Mission Station. |
| <i>d.</i> GWELO—Church. | <i>h.</i> MZONDO — Mission Station. | <i>v.</i> OLD BULAWAYO — Former Mission Station. | <i>z.</i> MACLAOUTSIE—Former Mission Station. |
| | <i>i.</i> UNTALI—Church. | | |

N.B.—The Boundaries of the Mission are marked in Red.

m. Place of Fr. Law's Death.



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